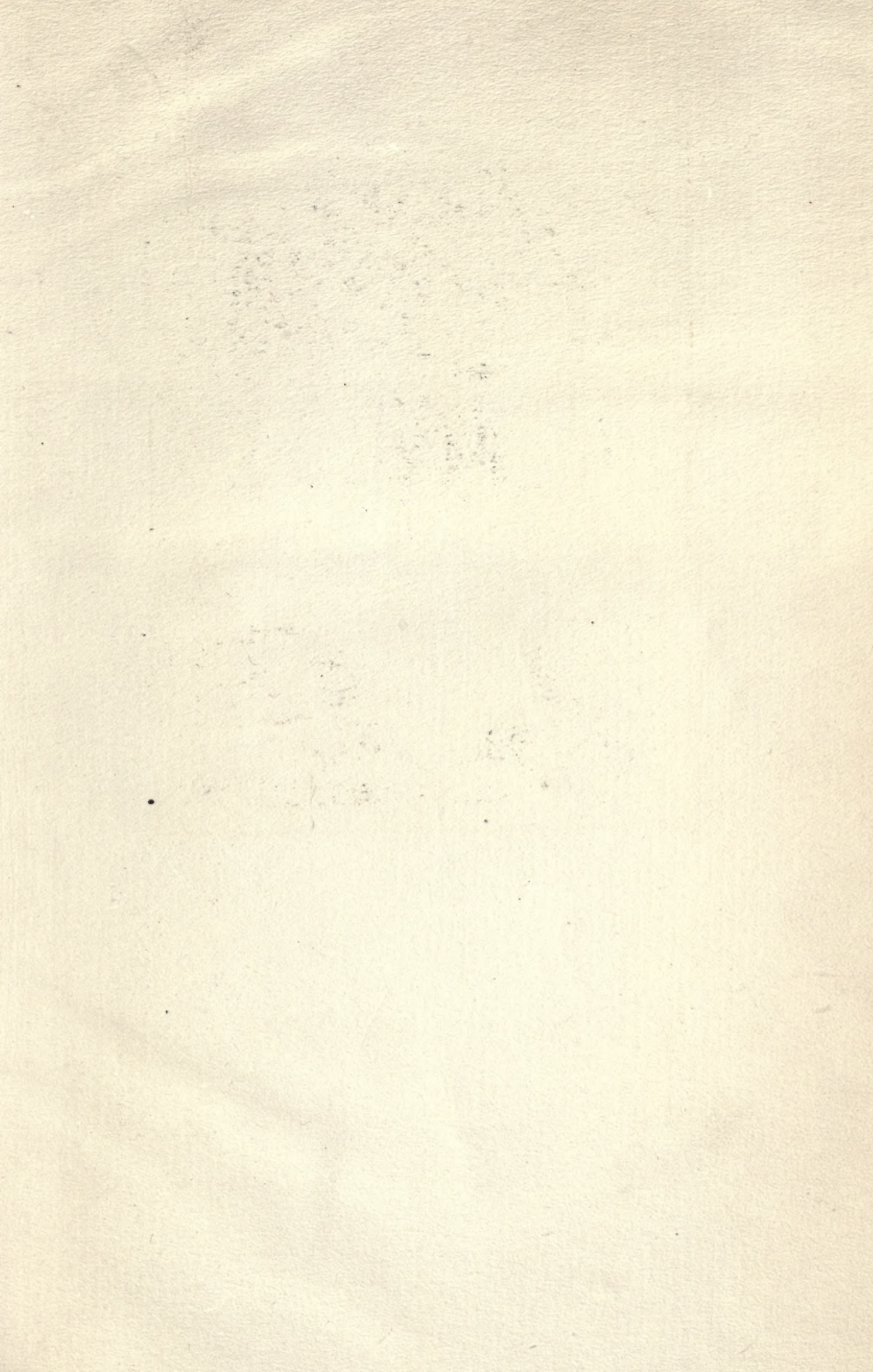


Poems

BY

MARTHA L. HOFFMAN









THE AUTHOR—MARTHA L. HOFFMAN

P O E M S

BY
MARTHA L. HOFFMAN



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BELCHER

PREFACE

The Author of these poems, Martha Lavinia Hoffman, was born in Jackson Valley, Amador County, California, July 21, 1865.

When three years of age her parents moved to Ukiah, California, where her girlhood and young womanhood were spent, and where she received inspiration from the beauties of nature in that, and adjacent valleys, for many of her poems.

From childhood she evinced an unusual love for the true and the beautiful.

When fourteen years of age she was stricken with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which left her in frail health and terminated in her death, from consumption, at the age of thirty-five; but her spirit rose above the sufferings of the frail body and made her the joy and the life of the family.

To her mother she was devoted and the two were the closest companions and intimate friends.

One thought seemed at times to burden her mind and cast a shadow over her otherwise sunny nature and that was, that she was hindered by frail health from doing the good that her heart prompted her to.

A short time before her death she said to her mother and sisters: "I want my poems collected and printed, they may do some good, and you know it is the only way I have of doing good in the world."

And so we dedicate this little volume to those who read, hoping that some thought in it may touch the heart and lift it to a nearness with the Divine, the source of all that is true and beautiful and good, and that our darling sister who fell asleep so peacefully and with such sweet content may some day gather an abundant harvest of precious sheaves to lay at the feet of the Saviour she loved.

A SISTER.

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POEMS

THE SPIRIT OF POESY

A viewless Spirit walks this changing earth
All unattended in her artless grace,
Phantoms of sadness blent with gleams of mirth
Play o'er the beauty of her child-like face.

She clasps a lyre in unfeigned ecstasy
And blends its music with her gentle voice,
Weird fancies steeped in subtile phantasy
Through its wild chords lament but to rejoice.

Not only to the lofty does she come,
To Nature not to Art her song belongs,
Oft is her music to the monarch dumb
While Nature's children revel in her songs.

She makes the forest trees speak words sublime,
She bids the flowers break forth in songs of praise,
Commands the stars a voiceless language shine,
Teaches the brooks to sing through stony ways.

In her is centered all that earth may boast,
That beauty, imagery and time have wrought,
The blooming vale or rugged cliff-bound coast
Are powerless if her wand has touched them not.

Her footsteps gild the sands upon the beach,
Her smiles reflect the heaven's supernal blue,
There is no height her magic cannot reach
And call forth gleams of beauty strange and new.

She prisons all the sunset's richest dyes
And pours them out to Nature's humblest child,
Age and disease her wondrous lyre defies
To hush its notes of rapture quaint and wild.

She softens sorrow with a plaintive grace,
Envelopes death in twilight's mystic spell,
Weird lights and shades through all her working chase
And glory lingers where she loves to dwell.

Deep in the ocean's fathomless abyss
She delves for pearls and visits briny caves,
Paints the bright sea-shells, enters to possess
The empire where the coral garden waves;

Gathers rare blooms unknown to sunny climes
And mosses in perpetual dampness sown,
Bears them aloft to Thought's immortal shrines
And claims the storms' dominion for her own.

Myriads hear the music of her voice
But few can grasp her deathless melody,
Many can see her beauty and rejoice
But few have power for other eyes to see.

Thousands can feel her presence and the spell
She sheds throughout the precincts of the heart,
But few her subtile influence can tell
And none can teach her teachings but in part;

For her sublimest songs no language find
That eloquence can conquer and control,
She writes them on the tablets of the mind,
They find an echo only in the soul;

But not alone for gladness has she songs,
She loves the storm and mighty ocean surge,
Varied emotion to her lyre belongs,
Her happiest song is followed by the dirge.

Thus does she come with songs of grief and mirth,
With life's dark scroll in majesty unrolled,
She breathes upon the troubled seas of earth
Lo, they gush forth in streams of liquid gold.

Come Poesy, thou sea-nymph quaint and wild,
Thou seraph destined 'midst the stars to sing,
Thou fairy, Nature's own untutored child,
Come when the bloom of life lies withering.

Touch the dim eyes to Nature's glory blind,
Kindle the smoldering embers of the heart,
Waken the slumbering grandeur of the mind
And make the desert own thy magic art.

THE DEPTHS

Sublime and wonderful art thou, O deep,
Illustrious ocean, vast unmeasured waste!
Lost in thy contemplation, I do seem
Even as a grain of sand upon thy beach,
That shouldst thou reach thy giant arms to grasp
Would melt away in thy dissolving foam,
Nor yet be missed among the myriads left;
Yet in thy calms and tempests, I can read
The moods and passions of the human soul;
Nor are thy changing winds and tides more real
That those that sweep and sway the depths of thought.

Calm is thy breast to-day, thou fitful main,
And yet perchance before the eastern star
Sheds o'er thy surface her supernal beams,
High on yon crags thy maddened spray shall dash
And the wild roar of elemental war
Shall cause the dwellers on thy cliffs to quake
And the brave mariner to grow sick at heart.

Why is this murmuring, this wild unrest?
This never-ending conflict with thyself,
As if thou wouldst burst through thy massive gates
And fling thy treasures through celestial space,
Strew the pale Occident with coral sprays
And the blue zenith with ten-thousand gems;
Or scatter pearls throughout the Orient flames;
Or yet go seething through yon crested heights
And with a voice like Gabriel's trumpet, tell
The pent-up secrets of thy hidden depths
Unto the flaming beacon of the day?

'Tis vain—with all thy vast gigantic power,
Thou canst but cast a few frail treasures forth,
Perchance a seaweed spray or tinted shell,

Dripping and glistening from thy briny surf,
Cast out upon the sands, that wheresoe'er
Fate or caprice may bear its fragile form,
A whispered song from its pink lips is heard
That seems to speak of caverns deep and lone
Sunk in thy heaving bosom, restless sea,
That eye hath never seen, nor yet a ray
From the bright flickering lamps of Heaven has pierced.

Thus do the surges of the spirit rise
And dash against their narrow prison walls,
Clap their rapt wings and long for liberty ;
Or in a vague unrest beat to and fro,
Forever striving to yield up the things
That pent in their own beings will not rest
Ah ! like the sea, they only render up
Perchance a thought from out their hidden caves,
That, like the sea-shell, murmurs of the depths
That slept before undreamed of far below ;
Within the human soul lie depths as deep
As ever slept within the ocean's breast,
And heights that rise beyond the breaker's crest
In the vain wish to pass their narrow bound.

Lo, o'er the depths of ocean and of soul
Breathes forth a voice that calms their wild unrest :
"Peace, be thou still," "to me thou shalt yield up,
The garnered fullness of thy hidden things ;
To me the deep shall pour her treasures out ;
To me the ocean shall her secrets tell ;
At my command the sea shall burst her gates
And the chained treasures of the depths come forth ;"
So shall the soul break forth at last in song ;
So shall her pent-up longings be unloosed
To sweep adown the aisles of endless time ;
So shall the depths therein in endless praise
Pour out their garnered fullness unto God.

TRUST

Fear not to tread the unknown way, my heart;
If God takes from thee any earthly part,
He fills the measure up with better worth;
As much of Heaven, as hath been lost of earth.

Shun that mirage upon whose shifting brink
No dying traveler ever stooped to drink,
For no alluring pleasure turn aside
From where the landmarks of your duty guide.

Not unto bliss or misery are we born,
To wealth and honor or to want and scorn,
But to a world where each his work is given
The reward of faithfulness,—one common Heaven.

Our destiny in our own hands we sway
Claim if we will or cast the prize away,
By no degree of judgment unexplained
Is Heaven lost, or Paradise regained.

Fear not, my heart, though God hath taken all
Thine earthly cup of happiness contains,
When all of earth is lost beyond recall,
Lo, all of Heaven remains.

FAME

Millions have gazed upon thy towering height,
O envied Fame!
And millions fain would on thy record write
A fadeless name.

But oh, how many of this mighty throng
While years have flown,
Have lived and died and left life's changing song,
To fame unknown!

Ah! many a fair ambition-gilded gem,
So dearly prized,
Has faded from Hope's golden diadem
Unrealized.

And are they lost—gone never to return
Dead songs of vanished years —
And nothing left but lessons hard to learn,
Through bitter, blinding tears?

Yes; many who might stand at Honor's side
With laurels crowned,
But struggle to fulfil through Time's slow tide,
Life's common round.

And some, who might have found Fame's golden throne
A well-earned destiny,
Leave not behind a monumental stone
To tell their history;

Too good to leave for other hands to do
Their common daily task,
Faithful to duty, to their Maker true;
No higher lot they ask.

Forgotten? Oh, those many unmarked graves,
 Strewn over land and sea!
Naught but the desert winds and ocean waves
 Rehearse their memory.

But oh! in immortality arrayed
 In Heaven they dwell,
Though years have vanished, since to earth they bade
 A long farewell.

But not alone the poor and humble rest
 Where willows wave,
The highest paths of power and fame, at last
 Lead to the grave.

Ah! hear the dirge that all mankind must learn:
 Place not on earth thy trust,
For dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return,
 Dust unto dust.

A queen lay on her death-bed, 'round her shone
 Beauty and luxury;
But what to her was now her princely throne
 And mighty monarchy?

Lost to the world would soon her presence be,
 And ghosts of vanished years,
Thronged 'round her bed, laughed at her misery
 And mocked her tears.

But memory saw another being there,
 Her crown of gold,
The jewels sparkling on her waving hair
 Roused fears untold.

Again she saw the warrant she had signed
To seal another's fate,
And sought for peace and mercy but to find
Her search too late,

And uttered; knowing that 'twould soon be o'er,
The last words she could say
Before the proud tongue paused to speak no more,
"A kingdom for a day!"

A kingdom—all its wealth and princely dowers
To gladly give,
Just for a few more, weary, lingering hours
In which to live.

In which to make her peace with Heaven secure
Before her tongue was dumb,
In which to make her blackened record pure
Ere death should come.

How short 'is human Fame, how very soon
Is passed Life's little day,
Her wealth and beauty journey to the tomb;
Her glories fade away.

How small is Fame—beyond her golden sands,
Beyond the clouds, we see
The shining bow of promise, spans
Time and eternity.

THE REQUIEM OF THE DOVE

Across the marshes' willowy fringe and seas of sunlight
 golden,
Across the meadows purple-tinged with buds but half
 unfolden,
Where helpless, yearning tendrils cling,
And fancied fairies lightly swing,
With all the gladsome springtime bloom that brooks no
 phantom thought of gloom,
Is blent one song of sorrow.

Who is the bard that dares to sing one note of aught but
 gladness?
Who is the sprite that comes to ring one floral bell in sadness?
 When perched upon the mossy wall
 The meadow lark is prince of all,
While joy ecstatic at his call resounds from mere to mountain.

From orange groves and spicy isles gay minstrels are
 returning,
While roses glow with sunny smiles, their blush to ashes
 burning,
Stray ripples laugh through banks of fern,
Grim rocks the gladsome message learn,
The trees rejoice at Spring's return, and clap their hands for
 gladness.

But over all this vernal glee 'midst Nature's reckless wooing,
Intrudes like sorrow's prophecy a mournful, plaintive cooing;
 Somewhere a lonely songster sings
 Of scattered leaves and vanished springs,
And all her pent-up anguish brings to mock the joy of Nature.



"Tall mariposa tulips smile, among the reeds and rushes"

Wild thickets, dense with briers and weeds, are glad with
sounds of pleasure,
On grassy slopes the shy fawn feeds and gambols at his
leisure;
But one sad seeress from her hill
Casts over all an icy chill,
Sways the rapt listener at her will, and floods his soul with
sadness.

How canst thou come, thou mournful one, each breeze with
sorrow loading?
Why chant beneath a smiling sun one note of dark foreboding?
When light is dancing in the dells,
When music through the forest swells,
And fairies ring their dewy bells, why chant that all are
dying?

Tall mariposa tulips smile, among the reeds and rushes
Wild tiger-lilies droop the while to hide their conscious
blushes;
But still from meadows far away
Resounds that plaintive, mournful lay,
Rebuking all the thoughtless play of Nature's artless children.

Come in the Autumn, dauntless seer, when withered leaves are
falling,
Then is the time o'er Nature's bier to mind thy mournful
calling;
But not in Spring's supernal bloom
Should Nature whisper of the tomb,
Or prophets come with thoughts of gloom to blight her youth
and beauty.

But still from out her lonely haunt is borne her sad replying:
There is of youth no lasting font, there is no end but dying,
The flowers that on the hillsides bloom
And all that share their sweet perfume
Shall mingle in one common tomb, for all but love is dying.

Awake, rapt songsters of the grove, and sing of mirth and
gladness,
Drown with the melodies of love that solemn voice of sadness;
The winds her mournful omens waft,
Then let them bear your notes aloft,
Ye at the font of love have quaffed, and love shall live
forever.

Hark! what a mingled burst of sound with every breath more
thrilling,
From ridge to ridge its echoes bound, the loftiest hope
fulfilling,
Wild rapture rends the balmy air,
Soft carols find an echo there,
The dove's low requiem has its share in Spring's complete
outpouring.

Join with the rest, thou gentle dove; there is no song of
gladness
But grows more tenderly complete when linked with notes of
sadness,
Then chant thy sweet, pathetic strain,
Spring waits to hear thy soft refrain,
Calling her to accept a throne
Where gladness cannot reign alone, but joy and grief are
blending.

SONG OF THE CRICKET

When the Summer moonlight evening, weird, fantastic shades
creating,
Wrapped within her sombre mantle, treads the sunset's
slanting bars,
An unrivaled nightly singer in some unseen crevice waiting
Times his slumbrous twilight sonnet to the twinkling of the
stars.

Hushed is now the plumaged songster, finished is his rich
outpouring,
While the honey-bee in silence seeks his darkened royal cell;
The grasshopper no longer chirps from Nature's grassy
flooring,
But one tireless voice undaunted chants no Summer-night
farewell.

Not the royal moth's low whirring, or the breeze's whispered
story
Makes the stilly air seem teeming with the same repeated
note;
Not the cry so weird and stirring of the night-owl, old and
hoary,
Is the serenade that nightly through my window loves to
float.

Floating through my open window in its wiry, humdrum
meter,
While the stars so slyly twinkling time his nightly serenade;
Many a song is much more thrilling—many another surely
sweeter,
But a truer perseverance has no other bard displayed.

RAIN ON THE MOWN GRASS

(He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
as showers that water the earth."—Ps. 72:6.)

The sweet wild roses are nodding farewell
To the beautiful month of May,
While the wind-sprites waft on their sunlit-wings
The aroma of new-mown hay.

June, frolicking midst the orange groves
And palms of the southern clime,
Heard the voice of Summer among the pines
And hastened to be in time.

She came o'er the fields with a lightsome step,
The berries with gladness flushed,
While the roses greeting their virgin queen
A deeper crimson blushed.

The asphodel waves on the bare hill-slopes
And down by the crystal spring,
The birds from the alder's inviting shade
Their June-time carols sing.

The fishes are swimming lazily
O'er the sands of the pebbly brook,
While smiling June wreathes the wild grape-vine
O'er many a cozy nook.

But a change comes over her radiant face,
One sigh the Summer hears,
And the eyes of her fair young princess
Are overflowing with tears.

Has she thought of the frosts of Autumn
 Making her leaves a tomb,
Or does she mourn that her roses
 Are withering as they bloom?

But look, there's a smile on her tearful face
 Unknown to foreboding fears;
Happy June is but weeping for gladness,
 She waters her fields with her tears.

Down on the new-mown grasses
 And stubble, the cool showers pour,
The thirsty land drinks up the rain-drops
 And eagerly asks for more.

Down on the drouth and barrenness
 As an answer to Nature's prayer,
The rose may drink of the cooling flood
 And the weeds may have a share.

So over Life's hard, dry stubble,
 From heavens of burnished brass,
The mercy of God is descending
 As rain on the new-mown grass.



EXPERIMENTUM CRUSIS

("The fire shall try every man's work."—1 Cor. 3:13.)

Is it delusion when we break the seal
That false opinion has set on the tombs
Of mighty truths that sleep 'mid silent glooms,
And catch one glimpse of the living real
That rises to confront us?

Thus I saw (but for a moment and in awed surprise)
All the work of my life, and, furnace-tried,
The dross consumed, and but the gold abide,
And God's truth stood unveiled before my eyes—
Then vanished, save to memory.

No more I count my greater triumphs great,
No more my little victories are small;
Since I hold still, amidst the loss of all
The deathless glory of unselfish love and conquered hate,
Brighter than trophies of unrighteous war.

O, little kindnesses that were not set
To sparkle in the crowns of emperors!
O, human victories that the God of wars
Shall not forget!
These, these remain when every work is tried.

No more I covet the reward of fame;
The Christ-like spirit in each given task
Immortal gold—truth, faith, and love—
I ask.
These shall not waste in flame.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

There are romances unwritten, there are poems never penned,
There are battles all unseen and unrenowned,
There are heroines and heroes, that no record shall attend,
There are hidden histories never to be found,
There are songs unsung and comedies and tragedies untold,
There are words of grandest eloquence unsaid,
There are gems of thought and feeling that no settings ever
hold,

Books unprinted, scenes unpainted, lives unread.

On the printed page encircled by the rainbow pledge of Fame,
In the paintings in the gallery of Art,
In the sea of song that surges with full many a deathless
name

Are the things that thrill the World's great mind and heart.
Not alone on walls and bookshelves left by progress far
behind,

Not alone on lips that once could sway with speech,
Not alone on souls and intellects to light and beauty blind
Are the World's great heart-throbs lost to thrill or teach.

Like a bird-song on the silence of the forest's slumbrous aisles,
Like a wild-flower in the weeds and grasses lost,
Like a sunbeam that unnoticed for a moment gleams and
smiles,

Like a sparkling wavelet on a trackless coast,
Unheard, unseen, unnoticed in Nature's vast domain,
Save by the great Creator's ceaseless care,
Are waves of thought and feeling, of ecstasy and pain
Lost with the mists of morning on the air;
A song has surged unbidden through the cloister of a soul
And the angels, yes, the angels must have heard,

But no human audience spell-bound listened to its ocean roll.
Pure and peaceful as the music of a bird
A thought like some sweet wild-flower has blossomed in a
heart

And the angels watched its petals bright unfold
But no mortal knew the beauty of its poetry and art,
No tongue its hidden jewel ever told.
A sunbeam has illumined perchance a darkened path—
A sunbeam bright with love and light and hope,
Or a shadow dark with sadness, or black with hate and wrath
O'er some life's young morn of promise dared to grope;
'Tis but a common life-wave that beat upon the beach
Till broken on the rocks and backward cast
It left no spray of seaweed or tinted shell in reach,
Forgotten 'midst the surges of the past.
When the clang of war is over there are heroes lifted high
Whose noble deeds a nation's tongue applaud
But oh, the many thousands who have dared to do and die
Unhonored, for their country and their God!
Where would the great commanders' illustrious laurels be,
The generals' career of high renown
But for the common soldiers unknown to history
Like grain before the harvesters cut down?
O'er the dust of battle-heroes there are monuments upraised
Where the pennon of their triumph proudly waves
But oh, the battle-heroes unhonored and unpraised
At rest where grasses creep o'er unmarked graves!
And some as brave, unshrinking in Duty's arduous path
As the grandest hero history can name—
They faced the red artillery, the cannon's demon wrath
And wrote in lines of blood another's fame.
Oh, the heroes who have figured on the great world's changing
stage!

Oh, the names that have been handed down the years!
Every Nation has its heroes, its famous, every age,
Monarchs of its scrolls and parchment, swords and spears;
But like a few sands gathered from the ocean's glittering
 beach
To the heroes and the heroines (are they)
Who have fought life's battles bravely, who have lived to
 learn and teach
But whose memoirs with their lives have passed away.
Oh, the books that have been published, the histories compiled!
Oh, the words that have been written, sung and said!
They are nothing to the volumes o'er which few have wept or
 smiled
Books unprinted, scenes unpainted, lives unread!

ANGELUS

Angels are singing, angels of light!
Angels are winging their homeward flight,
Lo, while we grope in the darkness to-day
Guardian angels are leading the way!

Had we but visions like Jacob of old
In dreams Elysian their forms to behold,
Would we not see them seraphic and fair
Treading the steeps of the sun-gilded air?

Lightly descending, or rising above,
Each one attending an errand of love;
Each on a mission of mercy intent;
Each on a wonderful pilgrimage sent.

What are they noting, of hearts and of homes?
What message floating to yonder bright domes?
What through those gates will their entering bring?
What are they bearing aloft to their King?

Some may be telling of souls clad in white
Patiently dwelling in sorrow and night,
Some may be telling of evil and wrong
Saddening the strains of their beautiful song.

(Long years ago with his wonderful skill
Michael Angelo sought to fulfill
All his high thoughts of the angels of light
Thronging our pathway in daytime and night.

In the cathedral where grandly he wrought,
Toiling on, faithful and true to his thought,
Angels look down from their stations to-day
Though the great artist has long passed away.

Angels encamping around and on high,
Angels adorning the miniature sky,
Legions of angels in fanciful air
Lovingly guarding the worshipers there.

Beautiful thought, may our life-work be crowned
By troops of angels encamping around,
Guardian hosts that their vigil shall keep
Through the long years while from labor we sleep.)

Oh, are we treading the beautiful way?
Angels encamping around us to-day
Gladly will bear up the message to-night
Souls have been walking in garments of white.

What though the road seemeth tedious and long,
What though no word of their beautiful song
Floats from the heavens our pathway to cheer,
Angels are singing and angels are near.

Far, far, above us their glad songs arise
Oh, do they love us at home in the skies?
Sometime our harps to their choir we will bring,
Learn their glad anthem and sing as they sing.

EASTER ANTHEM

(Arise, shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—Is. 60:1.)

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the heavens and earth be glad;
Lo, with her unnumbered voices
All the universe rejoices
In the excellence of glory He from the beginning had.
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the heavens and earth be glad.

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the stars together sing,
With His glory on them falling,
Higher yet His name extolling,
In exceeding rapture telling of the universal King.
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the stars together sing.

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the cedars clap their hands,
With His sunshine o'er them streaming,
With His glory 'round them gleaming;
Lo, from out death's darkness risen, in eternal life He stands!
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Let the cedars clap their hands.

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Open wide the starry gates
Of the universe before Him;
All His wondrous works adore Him;
Lo, he cometh, cometh, cometh; for His word His chariot
waits.
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Open wide the starry gates.

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Everlasting life is thine,
Thine the glorious life He liveth,
Thine the light He only giveth;
In His own exceeding brightness, oh, arise and shine!
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Everlasting life is thine.

The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Angels rolled the stone away,
Praises winged from harps and timbrels
Hover o'er earth's living symbols,
Lilies wake from dark earth's keeping; bright wings burst
your bands to-day
The Lord liveth, alleluia!
Angels rolled the stone away.

ROCK OF AGES

1884

"Rock of Ages," sang the maiden,
Knew she not of fear or dread,
Stifling air with hot smoke laden
Beat about her youthful head.

Red flames curled above, below her,
Shrieks of terror rent the air,
Angry flames leaped closer, closer
'Till they almost touched her hair;

Still the song's sweet, peaceful music
Rose above the wails of woe
'Till the breezes bore it downward
To the hurrying crowd below.

"Hark!" they said, "Who is it singing?"
And they strained their eyes to see
While the sweet song went on ringing
Forth its peaceful melody.

Dimly through the smoke and blackness
They beheld a woman's form
Clinging to an upper casement
Singing midst the fiery storm;

Listened they in breathless silence
Through that burning, seething sea,
Came the words distinctly, clearly:
"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

"Raise the ladders, we will rescue
Her who sings mid fire and smoke."
"I will go, she shall not perish,"
Thus the strong, brave fireman spoke;

Soon they reached the lonely figure
Standing on death's frightful brink,
The flames almost caught her garments
But she did not pause or shrink;

Back again to earth they brought her
To the frightened, wondering throng
And they asked in eager questions
All about her wondrous song.

"Could I fear," she said, "when o'er me
Seeing, hearing, knowing all
There was One who ever watchful
Heeds the sparrows when they fall?"

Wondrous faith, to stand there singing
With what seemed her dying breath,
Sweetest song when angels listened,
Glorious victory over death!

ACCEPTED AND REJECTED

A modern bard of some renown
Scribbled a few weak couplets down
And sent them to his printer,
Then fell asleep to wait the fee
That purchased gaiety and ease
For all the coming winter.

The printer read the name thereto,
"Not time to look the poem through
What use to question further?"
No doubt a treasure he possessed.
The sum is sent with the request
Ere long for such another.

An humble, unknown pen inscribed
A poem, yet by gold unbribed,
Inwrought with Truth's pure spirit,
Rich with the costly gems of thought
And all with glistening beauty fraught
Of real and lasting merit.

The printer giving half askance
The signature a passing glance
Consigned it to the stubble,
Ignored the simple terms proposed
But kept the return stamp enclosed
To pay him for his trouble.

LEONARD LAKE

Up where the tall Coast mountain peaks
Smile neath the azure skies,
Where the voice of nature's goddess speaks
And the startled deer through the forest leaps,
A calm little lakelet lies.

On its green banks the redwood towers
And drops its bursting cones,
Sweet bird-songs while away the hours
And the south wind rustles through the flowers,
Or in the tree-top moans.

To the oak-tree the wild-grape vine
In emerald splendor clings,
From the deep shade, pink star-flowers shine,
And the graceful bell of the columbine
In the gentle zephyr swings.

I remember the slopes where the tulips blow,
And the cool refreshing spring;
The banks where the beautiful green ferns grow
And the waters dark and deep below,
And the songs the wild birds sing.

In vain do I sing of the exquisite grace
Of mountain and lake and tree;
Should an artist's skillful pencil trace
The varied outlines of rustic grace,
'Twould at best but a shadow be.

Fain would I picture each perfect part,
With the sound of the dashing oar,
Though deeply engraven on mind and heart
I cannot to other minds impart
The charms that for me they wore.

CALIFORNIA

A land with peace and plenty crowned,
Where luxury and wealth abound ;
A land where Freedom's goddess reigns
Unfettered by Oppression's chains.
A land where every clime is found,
Where different races till the ground.
Here tropic fruits and flowers grow
And Summer's softest breezes blow.
Here too, tall mountain-columns glow
In regions of perpetual snow ;
While various climates lie between
Hills clad in robes of living green,
And vales with golden harvests blest,
By sunbeams and soft winds caressed.
The great Pacific's broad expanse
Spreads out before the traveler's glance,
And in her ceaseless song, he hears
The memories of forgotten years ;
Ere man beheld her peaceful shore
Or listened to the breaker's roar.
Yosemite lifts her domes and spires
And tunes to Heaven her native lyres,
Her cataracts in torrents fall,
Her mountains form a mighty wall ;
And all their princely peaks combine
To guard proud Grandeur's loftiest shrine.
The mammoth trees, like giants stand,
Stationed to guard their native land.
Kings of the forest's leafy throne
By countless angry tempests blown ;
Resisting ruin and decay,
They live, while nations pass away.
The tall Sierras, towering high,
Print the pale arches of the sky ;

And like proud, princely monarchs, throw
Their shadows in the lakes below ;
And o'er the flowery bowers of green,
Where Calliope dwells unseen,
The grandeur of their lofty domes
Falls softly, o'er the peaceful homes ;
Where man can undisturbed abide
Far from the gilded pomp of Pride.
The birds, their flight through tree-tops wing
And sing at eve their vesper hymn,
And when the sunlight hails the morn,
Chant through the woods their native song.
The rivers, flowing from the hills,
The flowers, low-bending o'er the rills,—
All help to make the land more fair,
And scatter beauty everywhere.
Long years ago, our fathers came
To seek a land, whose wide-spread fame
Had echoed through the world abroad,
And sounded o'er the eastern sod ;
'Till hundreds with bright hopes, elate,
Journeyed to find the golden State.
O'er wastes of land, through trials untold,
They came to dig the precious gold.
At night they made their lonely bed
Beside some winding, silvery thread.
At morn the trackless plain they pressed
And faced again the sunlit west.
O'er mountain paths, their way they wound ;
'Till on fair California's ground,
They stood beneath her stately pines
And viewed at last her famous mines.
Some chose no more abroad to roam
And made the western State their home ;
Some, who had come for gain and gold,
Went back to find their homes of old ;
But all unsatisfied were they

From such a golden realm to stay,
So crossed the wilderness again
To find the land of gold and grain.
The dark-browed natives gazed in awe
And with fierce, war-like anger saw
Their loved and cherished hunting-ground
Changed into farms and peopled towns;
What wonder that in rage they rose
For vengeance on their pale-faced foes?
What wonder that each swarthy brave
Strove his Elysian home to save?
But all in vain, there soon shall be
None left to tell their history;
And even now, earth can but trace
A remnant of that mighty race.

* * * * *

Fair California, land of gold!
My hopes for thee are yet untold,
But ere I lay my pen aside
These wishes I would here inscribe:
That vice should haunt thy hills no more
Nor crime infest Pacific's shore,
But right and loyal truth increase,
And all the votaries of peace
Should enter at thy Golden Gate;
My childhood's home, my native State!

TOO LATE

In his arm-chair the old man sat, his head
Rested so heavy on his wrinkled hand,
One gray lock by the evening breezes fanned
Moved on his forehead, thus the merry band
Of revelers found him, spoke his name and said:
"Awake to fortune, leave thy lonely hearth
The world at last has recognized thy worth."
He moved not, and they saw that he was dead.

Dead and alone in poverty, yet calm
Was his cold brow and on his lips a sweet triumphant look,
The outward vestage of an inward prayer
As one who suffered long,
A sweetness like the sadness of a song;
Angels had told him what, alas! too late
Men came to tell him, that his soul was great.

A PRAYER

(And golden vials full of odors which were the prayers of saints.—Rev. 5:8.)

Breathed in the soul's deep chamber
When none but God, were near;
Wrung from a weight of anguish
Or a burden of mute despair;
 But gathered up, by viewless hands,
 And wafted upward on pinions fleet,
 Welcomed by joyous angel bands,
 A golden vial of odors, sweet.

Sung in the house of worship
By a spirit, tuned to praise,
Forgotten amid the tumult
And bustle of later days;
 But guarded through Time's dissolving flight
 By faithful watchers, who never sleep,
 Unsullied by earthly rust or blight,
 A golden vial of odors, sweet.

Lisped by infant voices
In the hush of the evening hour,
Lost on the balmy breezes
Like the scent of a fragile flower;
 But evermore shall the angels
 Their scattered perfume reap,
 For even a child's petition
 Is a vial of incense, sweet.

Uttered in broken accents
By the trembling voice of age,
Or inscribed in true devotion
By the pen of an earnest sage;
 O, the saint's unheard, unuttered prayer
 In its garnered fullness complete,
 Shall perfume Heaven's unclouded air,
 A golden vial of odors, sweet.

Wrung from the anguished bosom
Of the stricken, dying, brave,
Murmured in faltering accents
O'er the cradle or the grave;
 Forevermore shall the angels
 Faith's last petition keep;
 And love's true invocation
 Is a vial of odors, sweet.

Vibrating the chords of gladness
Like the praises of happy birds,
Or swaying the chords of sadness
In notes, too deep for words;
 How many a priceless treasure
 Is flung on the silent air,
 When a golden vial full of odors
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer!

TO THE WILD CANARIES

I have watched you so oft when a child, blithe canaries,
Beside the cool stream where you warbled and drank;
When you helped me to gather the luscious blackberries
That trailed their long vines o'er the moss-covered bank.

'Neath the tall alder's shade with their green and gold tassels
Dropping on the swift current and gliding away,
I have watched you and built such aerial castles
They stayed not to fade with the close of the day.

You swing to and fro on the rough Spanish thistle
And gather its seed for your wee baby-broods,
You mingle your songs with the mocking bird's whistle
And on each quiet pause your blithe twitter intrudes.

You bathe where the ripples play over the pebbles
And dash the light spray o'er your beautiful wings,
While the brook's cheerful music in clear little trebles
Joins the oriole's song where he carols and swings.

You belong to the woodland choir, and your sweet voices
Add much to the charm of their anthems of praise;
In Spring when all nature awaking rejoices
You chant with the rest Summer's sweet prophecies.

You are friends to the lover of nature, your beauty,
The gold of your breasts and the grace of your forms
Are beautiful gems, linked with every-day duty
And sunbeams to cheer after bleak cloudy storms.

I have climbed to the nests of your marvelous weaving
And looked at the dainty eggs guarded within,
I have watched your young birdlings their cozy homes leaving
New homes in the world for themselves to begin.

I have wondered if on your own native sea-islands
You are happier, lovelier, brighter than here;
You are charming enough in our own mossy woodland
And the charms of your music cannot be more dear.

When away from my home and the haunts of my childhood,
Sweet memory paints you in lines of delight,
So real, I seem in my own leafy wild-wood
Where the song of the bird and the brooklet unite.

THE CAVERN BY THE SEA

(An authentic tradition.)

The tropical islands of Tonga
In the Southern Pacific sea lie
Like fragments of cool rainbow color
Dropped down from the melting blue sky.

They are gardens of clustering palm trees
Of creepers and tall waving fronds,
Flowers, colored by sunshine and sea-breeze,
Fruits, painted by tropical dawns.

In these beautiful islands of Tonga
Dwelt a chieftain, young, stalwart and brave,
Who dived like a fish in the ocean
And rose with the foam on the wave.

One morning while swimming and diving
He ventured so deep by the shore
That he rose in a wonderful cavern
Which had never been heard of before.

A cavern that no one could enter
But by diving deep down in the sea,
And stalactiles hung from the center
And sides of its arched canopy.

No sunbeam illumined its arches,
No moonbeam lay on its stone floor,
Its pale pensive light was reflected
From the depths of its watery door.

Bright sea-shells and fragments of coral
And seaweed in chaplet and spray
Cast up by the waves' angry quarrel
In ledges and crevices lay.

The chieftain, transfixed in his wonder,
Gazed long with his dark eager eyes,
Like a warrior rejoiced o'er his plunder
He spoke to his wonderful prize.

"Thou art mine, O my beautiful palace!
No other my secret shall know,
My refuge from envy and malice,
I tell not my friend or my foe;

For a secret revealed to a brother
That hour is a secret no more,
One wave whispers low to another
And the surges speak loud on the shore."

There was silence once more in the cavern
Then a splashing of sea-foam and wave
And the daring young chief of the Tonga
Rose up from his submarine cave.

Time passed and a ruler tyrannic
Reigned over the peaceful domain,
So cruel was he that a panic
Spread over the isles in his reign.

One chief planned a great insurrection
And well were his secret plans laid
When the news spread in every direction
That the deeply laid scheme was betrayed.

And he who had planned insurrection
And all of his family with him
Were sentenced to speedy destruction
By the dreadful, tyrannical king.

This chief had a beautiful daughter
Betrothed to a chief of high rank,

Like a great stone cast into the water
At the dread news her happy heart sank.

The youth who discovered the cavern
Had long loved the damsel in vain,
So he brought her the news of her danger
Which inspired him with hope once again.

He begged her to trust him to save her,
Though his terrible peril he knew
Naught but hope of their safety he gave her
As they fled in their little canoe.

On the way he described the lone cavern,
The place of their hasty retreat,
'Till he paused where the rocks towered above them
And told her it lay at her feet.

With warcries the island resounded
'Till the birds hushed their songs in affright
Then a yell as of victory sounded;
Had the dread king discovered their flight?

Dim forms on the shore became clearer,
Then the splashing of heavy canoes
Just behind sounded nearer and nearer,
They had not a moment to lose.

These women can swim like the mermaids
And dive like the fish in the sea;
So the young chief sprang into the water
And cried to the maid: "Follow me."

Down, down through the shadowy water,
With her hair streaming out on the tide,
Sank the great chieftain's beautiful daughter
With the young island chief at her side.

A splashing of waves and then silence,
By the gray rock an empty canoe;
And they rose in the wonderful cavern
That none but the young chieftain knew.

It was fifty feet high at the center
And the widest part, fifty feet wide;
What foeman could ever there enter
To harm the young maid or her guide?

And here the chief hid his brave lady
'Till the angry king gave up the chase
In the great cavern, silent and shady,
Lit but by the sea and her face.

And here to her palace he carried
Costly clothing, food, mats and perfume,
And none knew what treasure was buried
In the great cavern's silence and gloom.

And here by his kindness and daring
His love to the maiden he proved
And won for his bride the fair damsel
Whom long without hope he had wooed.

Meanwhile he prepared for a voyage
With all of his tribe to depart
From the land of a cruel oppressor,
The islands still dear to his heart.

At last they embarked all in safety
Unknown to the treacherous king,
He told them to wait in the shadow
And his bride from the sea he would bring.

He dived at the foot of the boulder,
His wondering tribe waited amazed

And half (each astonished beholder)
Believed that the chieftain was crazed.

Alarmed at his long disappearance
His people began to deplore,
O, surely the young chief had perished!
And they waited in fear by the shore.

A sound like the rushing of water,
A sparkling of foam from the tide
And the gallant young chief of the Tongas
Rose up from the sea with his bride.

Her dark hair streamed over the water,
Her eyes shone like stars in the blue;
And the dead chieftain's beautiful daughter
Was safe in her waiting canoe.

In a far distant kingdom they rested
'Till the cruel oppressor was dead,
Then returned to their homes unmolested
Where a better king reigned in his stead.

And long in their palm islands, shady
Dwelt the chieftain, so noble and brave,
With his tribe, and his beautiful lady
Whom he hid in the deep ocean cave.

UNDER THE VIOLETS BLUE

Under the violets blue, under the lilies white
Dearest, must I or you hidden be first from sight,
One left to mourn behind, one nevermore to sorrow?
O, while we live be kind, glad bells may toll to-morrow!

Waken fond heart to prize
Sweet days too brief—too brief for careless, vain forgetting,
Soft light from happy eyes
Heart knows no sorrow like the sorrow of regretting.
Look, from the morning skies
In clouds and in glory the golden sun is setting.

Over the violets blue cast wrong and strife behind,
O, while we live be true! O, while we live be kind!
Over the lilies white make sweet life's deepest sorrow,
Ring happy bells to-night, bells that may toll to-morrow.

EASTER HYMN

'Tis morn in Joseph's garden now
Where death and night and darkness were,
The lilies still in sadness bow
Around the Saviour's sepulcher,
Angels in shining garments clad
Speak first the word that mortals heed
'Till Nature, wrapt in gloom, is glad;
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed.

Gladly they bear the message on
Who stood beside His empty tomb,
The night is o'er, the darkness gone
The angels sing, the lilies bloom.
Powerless the chains of death to bind
The captive from their bondage freed,
Death's dreary dungeon left behind,
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed.

As rose the sun above the heights
Chasing the gloom from earth and skies
Behold above the night of nights
The Sun of Righteousness arise;
Burst are the chains of death and hell,
Go ye, who hear the message, speed,
Above the graves of nations tell
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed.

'Tis morn upon the earth, once more,
Sweet Easter morn when lilies spring
To greet the sun from shore to shore
And saints rejoice and angels sing;

All nature now breaks forth in song
And Easter anthem angels lead
With joyful hearts the strains prolong,
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed.

'Tis morn, the gospel light has streamed
From Africa's coast to India's strand,
The dawn of which the prophet dreamed
Is flooding each benighted land.
Above the vanities of men
O'er crumbling shrine and moldering creed
High o'er the mountain tops of sin
The Lord is risen, is risen indeed.

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A BOSOM FRIEND

I have a friend, a bosom friend,
'Tis many years since first I met her;
And while my path and hers don't blend,
I pray the kindly Fates to pet her.

She seeks the country, for her health,
"Runs over for a flying visit;"
The months pass by with noiseless tread,
It isn't any wonder, is it?

There's one, at least, admires her style,
And one, at least, who thinks her pretty;
And at the distance of a mile
You'd know, she's lately from the City.

She calls me now, "her bosom friend,"
And then again, "her country cousin"
And airs, where'er our way we wend,
Her street-flirtations, by the dozen;

And, just for recreation's sake,
Her arts on some poor youth she'll practice,
Then o'er a frog, a spasm take;
(She's studying to be an actress.)

She's sad at times and sometimes gay,
Grows suddenly so sentimental.
She's perfect in a tragedy,
Her fame will yet be—continental.

My mode of dress, she doesn't commend,
She'll criticize my every feature;
But then, she is my bosom friend
And such a perfect little creature.

She trills the sweet Mikado airs,
This gushing little maid unwary,
She finds out all my least affairs
And makes them like her music—airy.

Her charms I fully comprehend,
I know my imperfections better;
And while her path and mine—don't blend,
I pray the kindly Fates to pet her.

May sweet Mikado airs repeat
To make sublime, life's prickly cactus;
May dudes still wither at her feet.
Long may the City keep its actress.

But should this darling bosom friend
Be drawn by sweet affection's fetter,
Another flight with me to spend,
O, pitying Fates, I pray, don't let her!

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

In through the Golden Gate

The stately vessels come,
Cheering the ones who watch and wait
'Till their faithful ships come home.

A speck in the distant blue,
A glimpse of a flashing sail
Or a steamer ploughing the waters through
And facing the freshened gale.

One by one they come,
Some early and others late;
But all to be anchored safe at home
Inside of the Golden Gate.

From the Orient ports they come,
From the islands of the sea,
Ploughing their way through the crested foam
To the waves' wild melody;
While, close in their pathless way,
The gulls from their rude cliff-nests
Flap their wings in the driven spray
And bathe in the foam, their breasts.
Flags on the sea-breeze chill
Streaming their colors wide,
Splashing of waves when storms are still
On the rising and ebbing tide;
Vessels from foreign lands,
Steamers from distant climes,
Rock in their cradle of silver sands
To the wild waves' rolling rhymes.
Side by side in the blue
Of the dimpling waves at play,
As up to the busy wharf they drew
From the golden gate of the bay.

Out from the Golden Gate
One by one they go.
Each to her fortune or her fate,
What waits them who can know?
Who can tell if they come
Again o'er the harbor bar,
Ploughing their way through the dashing foam
In the light of sun or star?
Who knows but that stately form
In the distant blue, a speck,
May lie ere the light of another morn
In the whelming floods, a wreck?
Lost! Lost! in the deep
To the maddened waves a prey,
Lost! Lost! where the caverns sleep
In fathomless mystery;
Or lured by the siren's song
On merciless rocks to dash,
To sink while the midnight shadows throng
And severing timbers crash.

In through the Golden Gate
In the twilight's deepening hush,
Out through the Golden Gate
In the morning's rosy flush;
With the port of rest in view,
O'er the perilous waves to ride,
Sail the proud ships of our country true
With the flag of our nation's pride,
While close in their pathless way
The gulls from their rude cliff-nests
Flap their wings in the driven spray
And bathe in the foam their breasts;
And the dark blue waves I love,
In their aimless frolic reach

For the shells in many a sheltered cove
And the sunbeams on the beach ;
And another ocean spreads
Her waste behind, before,
Where the stern cliffs lift their fog-veiled heads
And the wild waves laugh and roar.
And I, in my tossing boat,
Through the perilous waters, steer
And strive through the foggy air to note
Some sign of a haven near.
Hark! 'tis the syren's song!
Look! 'tis a hidden shoal!
Dense and dark are the mists that throng
To hide from my sight, my goal ;
Many a wreck I've passed.
Lost! Lost! Shall I share their fate?
O, to be safe with my anchor cast
Inside of the Golden Gate!
Where the everlasting hills
All mansion-crowned, appear,
And no dense fog veils and no damp wind chills
The beautiful city, there ;
But where in that haven-home
There are some who watch and wait
For each worn, storm-driven barque to come
In through the Golden Gate.

THE CREATION

From the blackness and darkness of chaos
Jehovah said: "Let there be light."
And the first sunny morn knew its dawning
And the evening stars welcomed the night.

Through vistas of sunlight and shadows
The golden shafts melted in space,
While the new world traversed her bright pathway
With the smile of God fresh on her face.

She moved in her beauty and grandeur
Leaving chaos and darkness behind,
A world that had first had its being
In the wealth of the Infinite mind.

The waves caught the tint of the cloud-lands
And shouted aloud in their glee
'Till the Creator silenced their voices
And shut up the gates of the sea.

"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further
And here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."
The sea heard her Maker's commandment
And the fierce briny ocean obeyed.

The vales smiled with verdure and blossoms,
The proud rocks rose, silent and gray;
But whose were those magical fingers
That fashioned each delicate spray?

And who was the marvelous sculptor
Whose chisel, unheard and unseen,
Carved out the great rocks and deep basins
For the cool brooks that fretted between?

Did the angels glean fragments of sunlight
And tints from the blue of the skies,
Deep shades from the roseate dawning
Starry halos and rich sunset dyes

To wreathe in fantastical splendor
Around the first beautiful morn,
And cut into rubies and diamonds
The bride of the heavens, to adorn?

The power that subdued the fierce ocean
Created each flower in the dell,
The brooks and the bird's brilliant plumage
And the crags and vast mountains as well;

And placed in the midst of these treasures,
In the Eden of beauty and mirth,
Man, made in His own divine image
And formed from the dust of the earth.

Oh! fair was the first bridal morning
That God in His wisdom ordained;
But alas! the lost charms of its promise
Humanity never regained.

Oh! the matchless perfection of Eden,
The center of beauty and love,
Where the Creator blessed the first union
Recorded by angels above.

And down through the sin-tarnished ages
Comes that record, so stainless and true,
Of the pure and unsullied completeness
That the world in its innocence knew,

Ere man, by his direful fall, made it
A prey to destruction and death,
When the glory of God was upon it
And Peace, ladened each spiky breath.

When sparkling with fresh dewy garlands
She traversed her orbit of light,
And nature's electrical voices
Rejoiced at the wonderful sight.

How the glad morning-stars sang together
While the moon in the blue zenith hung,
And the sons of God shouted for joy
In the days when the green earth was young.

And their happy songs glanced on the waters
And echoed from mountain to glen,
'Till a few stray notes borne on the ages
Floated down to the children of men.

LILY OF THE NILE

Queenly lily, fair and fragrant,
I have watched thy charms unroll
'Till thy gold embossed scepter
Gleams against thy spotless scroll.
Stately Ethiopian princess
From thy realm a fair exile
Vieing with the rose in sweetness.
Queenly lily of the Nile.

Lovely in thy child-like beauty,
Yet majestic in thy pride;
Could'st thou be more sweetly gracious
Nodding by the river side?
Breath like zephyrs freshly laden
From some flower-wreathed ocean isle;
Snow-white Ethiopian maiden,
Modest lily of the Nile.

Dost thou feel no pang of longing,
Dost thou breathe no weary sigh
For thy native, Orient splendor—
For thy native, sunlit sky?
Far away, thou knowest not whither,
Many, many a weary mile,
Thy fair sisters bloom and wither,
Stately lily of the Nile.

Bloom beneath the palm-tree's shadow
Just along the river's brink,
Where gay birds, with brilliant plumage
Soar to sing, and stoop to drink.
Plucked by Egypt's dark-eyed daughters
To adorn some granite pile—
Fresher from their native waters,
Snowy lily of the Nile.

'Midst those scenes of Eastern splendor
Thy ancestral race began—
Where the night of heathen darkness
Spread abroad its withering ban;
Yet no spot of man's transgressing
Could thy purity defile,
Looking heavenward for each blessing,
Saintly lily of the Nile.

Did they view thy purer glory
With their darkened minds unawed?
Did they learn of thee no lesson
Of the power and love of God?
Like a spotless, white-winged angel
Sent to them untouched by guile,
Did they spurn thy glad evangel,
Spotless lily of the Nile?

O, could they have looked from Nature
Unto Nature's God alone,
Would they not have scorned to worship
Images of wood and stone?
Would they not, thy beauty seeing,
Have looked up in faith erewhile
To the God who gave thee being
Matchless lily of the Nile?

PACIFIC GROVE

(Dedicated to the Methodist Episcopal Annual Conference,
meeting at Pacific Grove.)

Again the pines wave welcome at our coming ;
The waves sound forth glad ecstasies of greeting,
And like an old-time friend, Pacific Grove
Makes room for all the joyous throng, who love
Her sea-breeze, where in blended charms are meeting
Fragrance of flowers and church-bell's mellow chiming.

Once more we look in kind, familiar faces,
And clasp glad hands,
And see friends meet who have grown wiser, older,
In distant lands.
For Thou, O Lord, who formed this resting spot,
Thou only changest not.
Though storms dissolve the beach's granite boulder
To shifting sand, that at their mercy rolls,
They enter not thy temple's holiest places
In human souls.

A little while to gather living pleasures,
Like flowers from crag and cliff,
And cast old care, like sea-weed on the billows
To drag and drift.
"Peace," is the motto of this seaside nest ;
Fold tired wings and aching hearts, and rest ;
World-weary brains find sleep on Nature's pillows
By blossoms overgrown,
And leave to heaven the earth-begotten treasures
Thy human heart has known.

Again the pines wave welcome!
Shall we, coming, bring hearts alive to swell
At artist's visions, poet's inspiration—
The true musician's spell?
Souls with the Christian's heaven-born hope attune,
And from the earliest dawn to night's high noon,
In street and temple—by the grand old ocean—
We shall see pictures, feel immortal poems, hear God's
Recessional.

GOING DOWN HILL

You may not travel very fast
 When first you've started down,
You may not stumble at the first
 And fall and break your crown,
You may find only flowery slopes
 So easy to descend;
But heed a warning voice, in time,
 'Tis not so at the end.

Steeper and steeper will become
 The dark defiles before,
Faster and faster grow your speed
 'Till you behold, no more,
The grassy slopes, the flowery glens,
 The first bright shallow rill
You crossed, with such a buoyant tread,
 When starting down the hill.

You may be half way down, if so,
 Just pause awhile and think,
'Twill be too late for thought, you know
 When quaking on the brink
Of the great, awful precipice,
 To which your footsteps tend,
You surely would retrace your steps
 Could you but see the end.

Though near the end, there may be hope
 And help and safety still,
Stop! learn where you are standing now
 On this great moral hill;
Ponder on all that's gained before
 And all that's lost behind,
Turn back, and purer, clearer air
 At each brave effort, find.

Help from a strong arm, reaching down
From Heaven, in mercy ask;
Remember every step you climb,
Easier grows your task.
Above you lie the flowery slopes
And sunny, taintless air;
Below, oh, stagnant, poisonous sloughs
And cruel rocks are there!

Yet though brave hearts may strive in time
To warn you, if you will,
In spite of friends and Heaven and sense,
You'll travel down the hill;
When mangled by your awful fall
Into a dark abyss,
Remember that a friendly voice
Warned you in time of this.

THE TRUE DIGNITY OF LABOR

Sometime, somewhere, on art's high walls shall hang
A picture that all men shall turn to praise,
Forgetting that these broken harp-chords sang
In the far past its golden prophecies;
Beholding, strong, courageous, from the fight
The dignity of labor's armored knight.

And will one say the artist's dream is wrong?
False sentiment has nerved his eager hand?
The honest laborer is the column strong
On which all universal structures stand,
Hew down these pillars standing side by side
And great will be the fall—the ruin wide.

Picture great cities clamoring for food
While plenteous grain-fields stand unharvested,
Picture the fires gone out, no coal or wood
And children crying for their daily bread,
While vineyards lie unpruned and orchards spoil
Because the laborer has ceased to toil.

Still fancy painteth scenes—the half-built dome,
The unfinished glory of the architect,
The slow decaying beauty of the home
For want of paint and reparation wrecked,
The flocks unshorn—want that no hopes assuage—
Because the workman ceaseth on life's stage.

See higher stations, by the lowlier fed,
Deserted for the fields where labor delves;
The learned and great striving for daily bread
While wisdom gathers dust on idle shelves;
Then tell me honest labor is no part
Of the great world of intellect and heart?

But view the dust-stained sons of toil return
Like a vast army in their solemn march,
Would not for them ten thousand welcomes burn
In splendor from one grand triumphal arch,
And wealth and fashion honor haste to do
Unto the many who must serve the few?

When shall the artist's canvas honor him
Whom a false bigotry will not perceive
Rising from mists of ignorance, low and dim
'Till side by side with all who would achieve
He stands with noble aim for human good
In light of universal brotherhood?

He looketh not in dumb dejection pressed
Down to ignoble clods, but up and out,
His calling—it is one among the rest,
He meets it without questioning or doubt
And though he flaunts no sword and breasts no spoil
All honored be his implements of toil.

Thus leave him—the erect and noble-browed,
Whom future generations gather round
When he who o'er his task an exile bowed
Stands as a prince upon his native ground,
Strong his right arm to wring by honest toil
The Nation's life-blood from a hallowed soil.

THE WILD DEER

Fly for thy life, fleet, frightened creature, fly!
Fly for thy life, or thou art doomed to die!
Swift in thy track, the hounds, thy hoof-prints scent,
Faster and faster, on their prey intent.
O, pause not in the grassy dingle now,
Nor think to rest upon the mountain's brow;
For life and liberty, thy speed increase!
Broken is now the forest's slumbrous peace,
As bounding onward, swift as a gazelle,
Through manzanita brush and chaparral;
With panting sides, but fleet, unfailing limbs,
O'er fallen trees, down gorges, grand and grim.
The startled rabbit, swift before him flies;
Quick! to his hole, the frightened ground-squirrel hies.
The quail flocks, feeding in the forest's shade,
With whirring wings, desert the weedy glade.
Nearer and nearer, come the fearless hounds
But far and swift, the frightened creature bounds,
Through tangled thickets, reedy marshes, through;
Until his graceful form is lost to view.
With hopeless zeal, the fierce hounds follow on;
They turn, they pause, the fleet-limbed prey is gone.
They snuff the mountain air, but all in vain,
They try to scent the missing track again;
At last they stop—give up the useless chase—
The fleet-limbed deer has won the breathless race.

* * * * *

Away beyond the ridge's pine-fringed crest
The panting creature stops at last to rest,
Sad-eyed and beautiful, but trembling still,
He scans with anxious gaze the distant hill;
Fear not, proud, gentle creature, still for thee
All Nature spreads her table, thou art free,

Free, to quaff nectar from the spring's fair face,
To view in glassy pools, thy mirrored grace;
Free, to roam leisurely the grassy hills,
Or browse the tender herbage by the rills;
Free, to wade knee-deep in the reed-fringed pond
Or rest, at noon-tide, in the shade beyond.
Thy late pursuers, baffled, cease their chase,
No foe will harm thee, in thy resting-place;
Soon, with thy faithful, boon companions near,
Forgotten all thy terror, danger, fear,
Thy fearless feet shall roam thy native sward
Unstained, unsullied by thy warm life blood.
The hunter's tiresome search is all in vain,
Lost is the splendid prize he hoped to gain;
Yet I can but rejoice that thou art free,
Fleet, gentle creature, born to liberty.

WHEN SANKEY SANG

I longed for heavenly harmony to raise
My soul from earth to heaven, that I might lose
My earthly burdens in that glory, whose
Walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise,
But no; I felt the worth of everything,
 When I heard Sankey sing.

He sang of Heaven, but deep and rich and strong
A mighty undercurrent seemed to speak;
To fret for Heaven, were selfish, mean and weak
When earth needs help from suffering and wrong;
I, patience gained for duty's tarrying,
 When I heard Sankey sing.

I was a little tired of earth before,
A little weary of life's common things,
I wanted golden harps and angel wings,
On sweeps of song above the clouds to soar;
But glorified, seemed every common thing,
 When I heard Sankey sing.

O, sadly would God's work unfinished lie
If every pilgrim dropt his load to-day,
No faithful one, "Thy kingdom come" to pray
And do God's will on earth as in the sky,
None patiently to Christ's earth-cross to cling,
 No Christian left to sing.

BABY MAY

I cannot mourn for you to-day
Amid life's dizzy whirl,
I miss you since you went away
And yet I cannot truly say
That I would wish you back to-day,
Dear little angel girl!

I cannot sigh for you, or weep,
It may seem strange and wrong,
But woman's path at best is steep
Its troubled waters dark and deep
And oh, so tranquil is thy sleep,
So tranquil and so long!

Sometimes I half rejoice to know
Thy little weary feet
Shall never stumble tired and slow
Up life's hard road of sin and woe
But evermore rejoicing go
Along the golden street;

And then sometimes a magic book
Seems opened to my eyes
Where on fair scenes I long may look,
Where smiles thy face from flowery nook
Or calm as when thy spirit took
Its journey to the skies.

JOSEPHINE

(The last word spoken by Napoleon the Great, before his death, in the prison at St. Helena, was the name of his first wife, the Empress Josephine.)

Sternest soldiers are the guards
Of these rocky battlements,
Bright the glistening of their swords,
Keen their bristling bayonets.

Not the martial power of France
Dares this fortress height to scale,
Britain here her standard plants,
Streams her pennons on the gale.

Past the scowling battlements,
Past the British lion bold,
Past the bristling bayonets,
Stalks a monster grim and old.

None beside has dared to storm
Fortress rock, or prison bar,
Death, with sure release, has come
To the prisoned Emperor.

Burns the tropic sun o'erhead
With a fervent, lurid glare.
Sounds the soldier's measured tread
Guarding Britain's prize with care.

To a narrow cell consigned
On a lonely isle outcast;
Where is now that mighty mind
Midst the ruins of the past?

Does the fatal Waterloo
To Napoleon's mind recall
Martialled armies into view
Trooping through his prison wall?

Amid Russia's frozen snow,
Over Egypt's burning sands,
Do his armored warriors go
At their leader's stern commands?

Does the eagle, that has won
Victory's zenith for his brow,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Thrill with pride his bosom now?

Or does she, the Empress Queen,
Careless of his hopeless fate,
Grace his life's brief closing scene
In her royal robes of state?

Is her name upon his lips
Who his crown and crime could share,
Watch his glory's dark eclipse
And forsake his deep despair?

One face only does he see
Fresh on recollection's scroll;
One loved name, one memory
Soothes at last his troubled soul.

She, the wronged, the fair, the good,
Victim of ambition's greed,
In her injured womanhood
Can she soothe him in his need?

Does her angel spirit, strong
From some distant sphere descend,
With forgiveness for her wrong,
O'er his dying couch to bend?

Broken-hearted, beautiful,
Last to close his weary eyes
With her gentle spirit full
Of the love that never dies.

He the strong and yet the weak,
He the lofty and the low,
Moves his ashen lips to speak
Ere the monster bids him go.

One alone Napoleon crowns
First and last his Empress Queen,
List! his mighty spirit sounds
Its last echo, "Josephine."

BETHLEHEM

(A Christmas Song.)

Bethlehem, fair Bethlehem!
Judea's glittering lustrous gem!
Of thee, unending songs shall sing,
Thou birth-place of the Saviour, King.
 O Bethlehem, fair Bethlehem!
 Resplendent stars thy heavens gem;
 Stars that with holy radiance shine
 And angel songs are ever thine.

O Bethlehem, bright Bethlehem!
No mist of time, thy light can dim.
Thine every terraced, vine-wreathed hill
Is lit with heavenly splendor still.
 O Bethlehem, bright Bethlehem!
 Thou loveliest in earth's diadem,
 An angel choir above thee sings
 Thou birthplace of the King of Kings!

O Bethlehem, glad Bethlehem!
We see thee as thou wast to them
Who bore their costly gifts, afar,
Beneath thy guiding eastern star.
 O Bethlehem, glad Bethlehem!
 We fain would sing of thee, with them
 Whose heaven-born songs majestic rolled,
 As heaven swung back her gates of gold.

O Bethlehem, blest Bethlehem!
Judea's glittering, lustrous gem!
Angelic songs seem still to fall
In hallowed music over all.
 O Bethlehem, blest Bethlehem!
 When, in the New Jerusalem,
 We greet again our Saviour, King;
 Our thoughts will turn to thee and sing.

IN THE REDWOODS

Before, behind, on either side they rise,
Roots in the ground and summits in the skies,
Huge trunks that tower like ancient pillars high,
Gigantic roots that deep embedded lie
And starry sprays of tiny twiglets swung
To the still breeze, and each a living tongue

Meeting and mingling in the mournful shades
Whose plaintive sadness all the air pervades
Like an imprisoned soul of song that pines
And all her pining into music twines,
Deep as the buried roots that live below,
Sublime as the proud summit's sunlight glow,
Yet wandering like a spirit smothering
The prisoned requiem she fain would sing
That ever and anon will swell and rise,
Then into sombre silence sweetly dies.

By yonder circling stream wild roses throw
Their pale pink petals in the depths below
And where obscurest shades dark waters hold
Frail feathery ferns their fairy fronds unfold
And swaying, stirring, straying o'er the brink
Exhaustless moisture from the streamlet drink;
While far above some wandering recluse
Lets all his wildest, richest, numbers loose
And in sonorous song sweet sadness drowns,
And stays the soothing sense of softer sounds,

*Before, behind, on either side they rise,
Roots in the ground and summits in the skies."*



Away through bending boughs, soft shadows through,
He speeds, nor pauses once to bid adieu,
Æolian vespers lead the listless strain
And tiny twiglets tune their lyres again,
To pensive musing every fancy goes
And Nature's ballads lull to sweet repose.

Beneath the tall tree's shade a cabin lone
Falls into ruin, while the ceaseless moan
Above its desolation shrieks and stirs
Chanted by hosts of princely conifers,
Around its lowly door rank verdure thrives,
The yerba buena fresh and green survives
The slow decay that dooms the cabin wall
Of which prophetic Nature chants the fall,
The wild wood oxalis in beauty spreads
Matting the doorway where no footsteps tread
And plants of every shade of emerald hue
Twist, twine and tangle all the door-yard through;
While busy chipmunks seek the hazel brush,
Where their blithe chattering breaks the slumbrous hush,
To gather hoards of nuts and gaily frisk,
O'er fallen redwood logs, graceful and brisk.

But still the voices of the trees complain
And still the wandering winds sob forth the strain
Though the wild wind that rocks the giant trees
Trembles the low plants through, a summer breeze,
Queen of the West, what fortune gave to thee
Nature's sublimest, grandest orchestra?

The throbbing keys of ocean rise and lower
Timing the lofty choir upon the shore
No other clime can boast, no country claim
Thy royal heritage of world-wide fame,
Before, behind, on either side they rise
Roots in the ground and summits in the skies.

What sound of distant harmony is heard?
The redwoods listen. Hush! their twigs are stirred
By sea-breeze notes, Pacific's organ swells
And answered from the mountains, rocks and dells
Before, behind, on either side the surge
Of praiseful anthem, of prophetic dirge,
Soars to the skies and backward to the sea
Queen of the West, this is thy orchestra!

UNREQUITED LOVE

He was a youth of doubtful age
Not more than forty, one would guess,
But wise as many an older sage
And faultless in his dress.

His hat was of the latest height
And hue, such as the dove might own,
The path by which he took his flight
Was smoky with cologne.

And oh! the fragrant cheap cigars,
'Twould take a Tennyson to dwell
(In words that journey to the stars)
On his æsthetic sense of smell.

Where'er he went a loud perfume
Swept like a thunder-cloud behind
And oh! the fragrance of his room
Fit symbol of his state of mind.

For as the poet says, he was
A love-sick swain, that common bird
Whose sweetest note amid the buzz
Of daily life is often heard.

Poor Unrequited Love, his sweets
Were lost upon the desert air,
His girl was tired of candy treats
Or for cologne she didn't care.

For sigh as loudly as he might
And smile as sweetly as he could
She kept discreetly out of sight
Or passed him speechless where he stood.

His candy in his pocket lodged,
His verses to his desk returned,
Returning freight he vainly dodged
Yet still his love the higher burned.

No more within the lamp's warm glare
His charms of rosy splendor bloom,
He walks alone in open air
Beneath the rising moon.

His faithful friend whose willing ear
Oft heard his whispered confidence
Is airing all his secrets dear
Across the orchard fence.

His pillow swims in hopeless tears
And when his weary track
Leads past some serious girls, he hears
A giggle at his back.

But still with pluck to be admired
He hovers sweetly 'round
Though his eye once with joy inspired
Now rests upon the ground.

And still his bosom-friend repeats
His latest agonies
And still his widely lavished sweets
Come back to bless his eyes.

O sad, sad story to relate!
Ye damsels all give ear,
And ye who hope to share his fate
The needful moral hear;

Only a cruel, heartless girl
Could such perfumery scorn,
Compel a lad of tender years
To wander forth forlorn.

Only a brave and dauntless youth
Of forty more or less
Could take this Latin motto's truth
To comfort his distress:

"Dum Spiro Spero"—very short
But quite appropriate,
Listen, ye lads of fainter heart
Who share a similar fate.

Epitaph

Here lie the stumps of cheap cigars,
The ghosts of cheap cologne
Float coldly 'neath the twinkling stars;
Where has the hero gone?

BOAT RIDING ON BLUE LAKES, CALIFORNIA

Dip the light oar by the shadowy shore,
And raise it twined with a dripping wreath
Of trailing mosses, tangled and torn,
Curls from some nymph of the lakeside shorn,
Or fringes from the mantle worn
By some emerald-robed mermaid reclining there.
O, gladly the sun with his brightest smile
Bursts forth from his cloudy sheath,
And the blue, blue heavens lie overhead,
And the blue, blue waters beneath!

The beautiful azure lake unrolled
Mirrors her fringed brim
The sunbeams quiver in pools of gold,
And the gnarled old trees, and the mountains old,
And the vines that droop o'er the waters cold,
Are reflected the depths within.
Merrily sing, while the light boat speeds
Away from the shore with its tangled weeds;
Sing! till the hoary hills awake
And the forest trees into music break.
Countless gifts at her hands we take,
Have we no songs for the bonny blue lake?
O, the glorious sun with a smile benign
Has burst from his cloudy sheath,
And the blue, blue heavens above me shine,
And the blue, blue waters beneath!

Lilies, lilies along the shore,
They stand in the rushes high,

Lightly they bend to the dripping oar,
Around them the blue, blue waters pour
And above them the blue, blue sky.

The tremulous sunbeams quiver and dance,
Then pause as if held in a magic trance.
What care we for aught beside,
As o'er the beautiful lake we glide?
Do we sigh for a glimpse of sunny France,
Could Switzerland's snow-capped mountains stern
Or Italy's breeze our joy enhance?
Let the German sing of his castled Rhine,
And the Scot of his hills of heath,
When my own blue heavens above me shine,
And the blue, blue waters beneath.

THE SONG OF HOPE

Why do you sing, blithe meadow-lark, in joyous cheerful peals?
Night has just torn his mantle dark, from off the waving fields,
The winds but bear your notes away
Where last year's tenements decay;
Soon, soon, shall fade the dawning day, and perish in the
gloaming.

But still you sing, nor count the cost of morning's fleeting hours
Nor deem that all your notes are lost among the heedless flowers;
Your last year's nestlings all have flown
They carol now in parts unknown,
But still you warble here alone, as one who knows no sorrow.

Go back again, thou joyous one, go to thy last year's nest.
Alas! thy work is all undone, oh, art thou not unblest!
Where swung thy cozy domicile
A few loose straws are left to tell,
While those who in it used to dwell have flown away forever.

But still unmindful of your loss, you trill in joyous glee,
Your music floats the fields across, from sorrow ever free;
No thought of vanished Summer-times,
No longings linked with other climes,
No toll of sorrow's mournful chimes, disturbs its sprightly
measure.

Oh! in thy breast a harp is hung that sorrow cannot bind,
The song it evermore has sung, was not for grief designed;
It knows no measure of despair,
Complaint can find no echo there;
It has no chords for grief and care, for hope is all its being.

Why do you sing, oh heart of mine, and join the lark's glad strain,
Your little day will soon decline to never dawn again;

 Your last year's joys lie cold and dead
 And stir not from their silent bed
And stalking dimly in their stead, a thousand disappointments?

Oh! in your inmost, secret shrine a deathless harp is hung,
Its music is forever thine, by other lyres unsung;

 It holds no phantom in its scope,
 No dark foreboding, there, may grope;
'Tis timed and tuned by deathless hope and hope is all its being.

Trill, happy lark, though ruined lies the home once all your
 pride

Though time all loving skill defies, it yet shall be defied;

 Chant o'er the wrecks of stern decay
 Hope's happiest, holiest prophecy,
The wind may bear your notes away but mine shall sound
 forever.

CONNECTING LINKS

There are cables through the ocean
There are wires across the land
There are unseen chords uniting
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
 There are links of love that lengthen
 'Till they measure land and sea,
There are chains that time will strengthen
 'Till they span eternity.

Farther than the mighty cable
These electric chains may reach
Through the heart of life's great Babel
Throbbing with unuttered speech,
 Miles of land or sea can never
 Faithful loving friends divide
 Though great yawning chasms sever
 Many dwelling side by side.

Then may distance, distance only
Have the power to part us here,
Though oft longing, though oft lonely
We can think with hopeful cheer
 Of the links of love that lengthen
 'Till they measure land and sea,
 Of the chains that time will strengthen
 'Till they span eternity.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

How beautiful to think amid the crosses,
Amid the petty cares and daily losses
That every heart must know
That somewhere far above this life's brief story,
Somewhere above earth's mingled grief and glory
There is no care, no woe.

How sweet to think when racked with pain and anguish,
When called in sickness and disease to languish
'Till life is but despair,
That somewhere far beyond our dim horizon
In the bright city of a realm Elysian
There is no anguish there.

How comforting when bowed and almost broken
In the wild sorrow of a loss unspoken
When fled are life and breath,
To look above the wrecks of earthly hoping,
To know beyond where love is blindly groping
There are no tears—no death;

So amid all the trials and tribulations
That to all ages and all earthly stations
Life's few swift years may bring
How beautiful to think, while clouds are lowering
Beyond where there impending gloom is towering
Somewhere the angels sing.

UNDER THE ALDERS

Here within the alder's shadow, in this cool retreat,
Sheltered by the leafy branches
From the scorching heat ;
I have found a sweet seclusion
From all outward things,
Flinging every care and worry
On the zephyr's wings.

In the liquid depths and ripples of the slumbrous stream,
With the wild-bird's song vibrating
Vine-wreathed banks between,
I have sunk life's proud ambitions
And her petty strife,
Gleaning fresher thought and vigor
For the march of life.

Could I ask a throne more charming than this rocky ledge,
Sloping down in gradual cadence
To the water's edge?
Could I ask a song more thrilling
Than the anthem sung
By choristers coquetting
Dark-green boughs among?

Not a sound to interrupt them comes from groves or hills,
Here they chatter, scream and carol
At their own sweet wills ;
Save that down the dusty road-way, winding bare and brown,
Now and then a carriage passes
To the distant town,
Or some teamster noisily rattles o'er the wooden bridge,
Making all the sleeping echoes
Bound from ridge to ridge.

Or perhaps, a dark-browed Indian wanders slowly by
Glancing at this tranquil shelter
With his fierce dark eye.
Do these gnarled heroic warriors
Towering side by side,
Waken no vague recollection
Of his vanquished tribe?

Do no thoughts of nature's grandeur light his darkened mind,
As with noiseless tread, he slowly
Leaves them all behind?
Poor, lone man, a cloud of darkness
O'er your mental vision frowns,
Will not the "Great Spirit" lift it
In those upper hunting grounds?

Overhead the boughs uniting form a temple high
With its massive domes extending
Toward the filmy sky;
While amid its cloistered stillness
On warm Sabbath eves,
One may hear the sweetest praises
Floating through the leaves.

Nature here unclasps her volume, wrought in flowers and vines,
From each page I gladly study
Her own fair designs;
Rugged rocks and sands and mosses
Lessons sweet impart,
Stamping many a thought of beauty
Deep on mind and heart.

Sitting in this old cathedral, in its sombre shades
Where the eloquence of nature
Every heart persuades;

He who does not feel its grandeur
In his very soul
Must be in his nature frozen
As the Arctic pole.

Grand old trees, a thousand questions,
I would yet propound,
For I know with weird traditions
Your past lives abound;
I would bid you tell your story
Since your lives began,
But I know you never told it
To the ear of man;

So content with simply knowing what you are to-day,
Happy as the laughing children
'Neath your boughs at play,
I can gather stores of wisdom
From your very looks;
I can feel what sages never
Found in hoards of books.

THINK FOR YOURSELF

How many we meet as we travel along
Who go with the tide of the popular throng,
What other men think, they think, and no more,
What other men do, doing, they are secure;
So on with the current they eddy and whirl,
Never pausing to look for Truth's beautiful pearl;
But what if Galileo long years ago
Had not dared to steer 'gainst the tide's changeless flow?
And oh! what if Luther had gone with the tide
And done what they did, and done nothing beside?
And what if Columbus had buried his light
And let the world grope in its ignorant night,
Because all alone, he with Truth had to stand,
Where now might have languished our beautiful land?
What banner of Truth over error would wave
If none ever dared false opinion to brave?
But they clung to their pearls while the mocking crowd passed
And Truth twined for them fadeless laurels at last.
And many another whose name is forgot
But whose thoughts, words, and deeds into sunbeams are wrought,
That stream down the ages to light some dark place
Or shine like the stars on a benighted race;
So whate'er you do, though you travel alone,
Think for yourself, have a mind of your own;
For the thoughts we are thinking must fashion the world,
And if false, or if true, they shall sometime be hurled
Far out of our reach down the centuries' flight;
As clouds to their day, or as stars to their night.

THE COYOTE

Forth from his lonely haunt,
Lean, evil-eyed and gaunt
 Stealthily stealing
To where on low chemise
Hang tattered shreds of fleece
Guiding to where in peace
 The flocks are kneeling.

Crackling of underbrush
Breaks on the forest's hush
 Some wanderer telling,
Then on the startled ear
Far off and then more near
Sounds forth distinct and clear
 A hideous yelling.

Haste little lambs and flee,
Quick comes an enemy
 Reckless with hunger,
Lean are his ugly jaws,
Hollow his evil eyes,
As from his den he goes
 Seeking for plunder.

Sheep running here and there
Helpless from sudden fear
 Warned of their danger,
What has the calm flock seen?
Close by the wild ravine
With fierce and threatening mien
 Stands a gaunt stranger.

Short is the cruel chase,
Then from a sheltered place

Strange sounds ensuing
Tell of a victim dead,
Tell of a meal soon spread,
Tell of a fate most dread
 Wily pursuing.

Hark! Now from far away
Echoes a low, deep bay
 From ridge to hollow,
Ears pricked up at the sound,
Then with a sudden bound
Clears he the gory ground;
 Hounds soon will follow.

Crackling of underbrush,
Then, as before, a hush
 Deep and oppressive
Save for the frightened feet
Far off in quick retreat
And now and then a bleat
 Still apprehensive.

Soon on the ridge's height
Hunters appear in sight,
 Hounds traveling faster
Find where the prey was slain
Down in the wild ravine;
Where has the culprit gone?
 No one can answer.

Hunters of high reputation
Back from a vain pursuit
 Weary and baffled,
Stealthy and cunning foe
Still your sly ends pursue.
Culprits more low than you
 Escape the scaffold.

EARTH AND SKY

We claim the earth as ours to sell and buy
None claim the sky.
To the broad, bright dominion of the Sun
Titles have none.
Mile after mile it stretches on afar
From star to star,
Span after span extend its arches, proud,
From cloud to cloud,
Rulers are born or chosen for the earth
Throughout its girth,
The sky's clear distance beautiful and broad
Is ruled by God;
No petty despot will, one planet hath
Swerved from its path
Or caused the loyal clouds to tribute pay
By night or day.
We change the earth's green surface with our hands
Lay waste its lands,
Hew down its forests or with noise and shock
Tear up its solid rock;
No feeble blundering hand can touch to mar
Sun, cloud or star.
Vast domes and monuments we rear and plan,
Great rivers span,
But not one dome 'midst those above we lift
Nor bridge one rift
In all the white cloud-continent that lie
Strewn o'er the sky.
We launch strong ships to sail the ocean o'er
From shore to shore;

We cannot send one fairy yacht to ply
The blue waves of the sky.
We call the spot of earth our hands have sown
By right our own,
But never title to the fields above
Can mortal prove;
We watch it stretched above, before, behind
O'er all mankind;
We claim a little while these earthly clods,
The sky is God's.
Ah! could we take upon some summer night
Our joyful flight
Up to the blue, blue heights that look so fair
And pausing there
Look down to earth through far immensity
What would we see?
One tiny star that none may sell or buy
In God's great sky.

THE BUGLE AND THE BATTLE

Clear are the bugle tones and sweet
That the ether waves of the sky repeat,
Harsh is the battle's roar and din
That the stern hills echo back again.

Bugle, sweet bugle, the bard of fame
With his deathless song has linked thy name
And thy silver tones like echoes play
Through the humble minstrel's sweetest lay.

Battle, stern battle, on history's page
Thy hosts in perpetual conflict rage,
In heroic song is thy glory told,
From age to age is thy discord rolled.

Peace spreads out her wings o'er our land afar
She has hushed the blood-chilling clang of war,
But the battle of life goes on around
Though the cannon's voice is no dreaded sound.

There is discord and danger in human life
But listen, blent with its toil and strife
There are beautiful notes that rise and fall
In heavenly harmony through it all.

Life has its battle, its toilsome fight
Where the wrong oft triumphs, o'er the right,
Where the strong and the brave to their foemen yield
And the fallen are strewn o'er the fiery field.

Life has its struggle, its march of toil
Where opposing forces brave effort foil,
Where the harsh discordant notes of strife
Are heard on the battle ground of life.

Life has its bugle-tones, high and sweet
Above the discord of trampling feet ;
There is music, courage, hope and cheer
In the bugle-tones that all may hear.

Above the stifling of smoke and dust
They float to earth on the wind's wild gust,
They soar and sing midst the thickest strife,
The high, sweet bugle-tones of life.

O clear voiced bugle, your notes shall speed
The fainting heart and the panting steed
'Till truth shall triumph, while error dies,
And the blast of victory thrills the skies !

'Till the dust and the smoke of the fiery fray
Like the mists of the morning have cleared away,
'Till the bravest, noblest hosts have won
And the toilsome march of the world is done.

Awake stern hills to the battle's clash,
Its thunders deepen, its lightnings flash ;
Far, far above it and over it all
I can hear the sound of the bugle call.

EASTER DAY

The happiest day of all the year is this
By song and sunshine ushered in,
Only the tyranny of sin
Can cloud her perfect joyousness,
Only the minor strain of wrongs
Can sadden her immortal songs.

Christmas we sang a Saviour's birth,
To-day that Saviour crucified
Has risen triumphant, glorified,
And waked the Easter song of earth,
That song by Easter angels led
That Christ is risen from the dead.

And the fair Easter lilies rise
From the long burial underground,
Symbols of life in victory crowned
Of Earth responding to the skies,
Of Nature bursting Earth's brown crust,
Of beauty risen from the dust.

Each year the lilies hear the call
Of prophecy, of hope and trust,
Awake and sing who dwell in dust
And the fair lilies waken all,
And old Earth listens for the voice
That bids her waken and rejoice.

Softly the waking call doth come:—
Awake and sing, all hearts that dwell
Earth-burdened like the lily bell,

Wake the glad hymn on tongue long dumb,
Let angels roll the stone away
From life and light and love to-day.

And may the voiceless lilies bear
To every soul a message breathed
In fragrance and with beauty wreathed,
To sorrow,—hope; to sin,—a prayer,
And happy hearts go forth to swell
The anthem of the lily bell.

And sweet shall sound the lily chime
Glad Easter coming, here, and gone,
'Till death and night and sin shall dawn
Into a nightless morning clime
With all Earth-darkness cast aside
And all Earth-brightness glorified.

AMBITION'S CLIMAX.

There is no climax in Ambition's scope,
Behold her wrestling with the angel, Hope,
And beating back the Demon of Despair,
Yet looking for a brighter crown to wear;
Despair enchains her, Hope her transient guest,
Unfurls her wings, and leaves her still unblest;
But naught can keep her quenchless ardor back;
She bears the struggling Demon in her track,
Mounts on the wind's wild wings, her zeal on fire;
And treads the paths to which her dreams aspire.
She goeth forth to conquer, and the fall
Of giant empires, and the leveled wall
Of each strong city, bathed in human blood,
Lift up their voices, 'till from where they stood
Goes forth the oft-repeated, mournful cry
Of: "Fallen! fallen! fallen!" whose reply
Is peal on peal of victory's bugle blast
In echoing cadence, dying out at last;
But what to her is triumph but a force
To spur her onward in her upward course?
Lo, as the last proud empire mourns her fall,
Ambition weeps that she hath conquered—all,
Lifts up her hands, that earth can never feel,
And pants for other worlds to conquer still.
She goeth forth, new countries to explore,
Dark miles of inland and untrampled shore
She breaks upon, and her enkindled seal,
Like a bright torch, their rayless mines reveal.
Into the vaults of Time, she penetrates,
And knowledge, new, discovers and creates;

Braves the wild jungle with unfaltering breath,
And speeds unguarded to the jaws of death;
Defies the poisoned arrows, in her way,
Of fiendish human beasts that scent their prey,
Faces the dread contagion of disease,
If in each awful guise, new light she sees
Bursts forth again, with priceless treasure fraught,
Stars to illumine the broad realm of thought.
But does she then recline in peace content,
Her zeal consumed, her fadeless ardor spent?
No. While the life-blood surges in her veins,
Her zeal revives, her ardor bright remains.
A captive in the palace-courts of ease,
With strengthening aim, her restless powers she frees.
Willingly are the silken fetters torn
In pride and boasting, by so many worn,
Gladly she speeds the glittering portal through
And greets the triumph that her steps pursue.
She gathereth in the gold of Ophir bright,—
Food to her mind and beauty to her sight,
She layeth up the treasures of the mine
No more in grandeur's coronet to shine;
On her bright store, no prying eye may gaze,
That swift increases with the fleeting days.
No eye may know its beauty but her own;
She revels in her treasure-house alone,
And grudges the mere pittance that sustains
The blighted mind and body that remains.
"More! More!" her cry, and eager is her clasp,
O'er added riches falling in her grasp—
On gold, gold, gold, her energies must feed;
But gold has failed to satisfy her greed.
Her riches, like some youth-immortal tree

Grow up—she perishes in poverty.
She delves in Wisdom's boundless, peopled realm,
Resplendent hopes, her youthful sense o'erwhelm,
With living beings, do her thoughts converse,
Who throng the romance of the universe.
She treads, a victor, through each starry host,
And sails the cloud-locked seas from coast to coast;
On the ignoble earth, her mind reflects,
And finds new food in Time's long-buried wrecks.
She culls the simplest blossom from the stalk
And finds it grander than the greatest rock.
She muses on the human frame, divine,
And cries: "O man, what architect is thine?"
And marvels that one dares to desecrate
The temple that he never could create.
Through the rich realm of knowledge, on she speeds
Nor stops to question where her pathway leads.
Jungles of thought, she struggles bravely through,
Emerges, but to plunge into a new;
Hungering still for knowledge, as at first,
While each fresh draught does but increase her thirst,
Starving for higher, loftier, grander themes;
No climax glitters in her loftiest dreams.
She grasps her pen, her glittering pen of gold
Set with its diamonds, bright, a thousand-fold:
Truth, deathless truth, would she write down for men,
Sprinkled with beauty, from her glowing pen.
The years have brought their bitter and their sweet,
Nations have cast their laurels at her feet,
Her name is written on Fame's rising-stars,
But, to and fro, behind its prison bars

Like a caged bird, each fluttering impulse flies,
In hopeless hope to pierce the farthest skies;
Beating their very lives out in their round
And falling, helpless, hopeless, to the ground,
Like a sharp dagger, in her fluttering heart,
Is her bright pen, so glorious at the start;
When sweet success, so lavish in the past,
Crowns not each effort, brighter than the last,
She sweeps the canvas, and fair forms are there,
Instinct with life, they seem, in vital air;
Sweet roses bloom and feathered songsters sing
And ivy garlands to old ruins cling.
Ships (angel pinioned) ride the dark blue waves
Or dash in lonesome wrecks above their graves;
And beings live, immortal as her art,
To touch the well-springs of the human heart.
She casts her brush aside, her grief to quell.
Where is the magic of that secret spell?
What! are success's dreams so quickly o'er
When each is not more glorious than before?
She strings her viol to the western breeze;
She presses, joyfully, the ivory keys:
And waves roll in upon the sandy beach.
Her dreams suggest such notes she cannot reach,
Beyond her grasp, they roll and rise and surge
And break on imagery's farthest verge;
She hangs her harp upon the willows, then,
And sighs that naught can be, but what has been.
She lifts her voice in pure and soulful song.
She steals some notes that to the birds belong.
But voice, divine and human, like a link
'Twixt earth and Heaven, yet to earth must sink.

Daughters of music, this your knell of woe.
Wafted to Heaven, then to earth brought low.
Ambition, what can now thy longing bless
When all thy powers are lost in feebleness?
She sways the mortal mind with golden speech,
Her words are jeweled vessels, launched to reach
The farthest shore that reason can command,
And bring back precious cargoes to her hand.
Unsatisfied, Ambition's dreams eclipse
The deepest waters where her bright oar dips.
Each effort's climax is the throne from whence
She mourns the fall of human excellence.
She gazes out, with clear prophetic eye
On avenues, that plain before her lie.
She reads the longings of her throbbing heart.
She sees the vanity of human art,
Whose glittering future, howsoe'er sublime
Is prisoned by the narrow walls of Time;
Whose triumphs are but mockeries, at last,
Like faded, withered garlands of the past.
She sees the devotee of fame and pride
Turn from her brightest crown, unsatisfied.
She sees the conqueror at last deplore
The glories of his final victory o'er;
And all, yes, all, of fleeting Time's success,
Sinks down to failure and to nothingness;
When o'er their sunset hath no glad hope dawned
To whisper of a brighter day beyond:
She turns away from Time's decaying things
And casts her crown before the King of Kings;
Her riches, honor, glory, power, and might,
She lays them down with all their earthly blight:

He rends for her Time's heavy curtain through,
Eternity lies bright before her view;
As a small inlet of the ocean's shore
Seems the great future, she beheld before
Like stormless, boundless seas before her roll
Through Him, her leader, more than conqueror;
Treasures, unfading, glitter now for her,
Her feet may pace this lonely planet round
But still the universe lies bright beyond.
Her mind may grasp earth's knowledge, but before,
Wisdom reserves a deeper, loftier lore,
Exhaustless as the ocean's full supply
Of freshening moisture, unto earth and sky,
Glad rays of light upon her path descend.
Ambition grasps her never-ending end;
Changes a narrow cell with bolted door,
For glory unto glory, evermore.

TRUE NOBILITY.

Some souls ascend like incense ever burning
In golden censers classed with common clay,
Soaring to sunlit heights sweet lessons learning,
No frowning cloud their viewless wings can stay.

They tune their harps to nature's varied story,
Vibrating all the tender hidden strings;
They deem the clouds below but transitory
And join the happy song the skylark sings.

What though their hands may toil with strong endeavor
At tasks unworthy of a noble mind,
Oft stony pathways lead to heights that never
Would welcome us were these not left behind.

The pure air of the mountains seemeth clearer
Because of the dense fogs that lie below,
So disappointments bear the spirit nearer
To measure out the things that it should know.

Did no cloud mar our skies' serenest beauty,
No blasts of sorrow hush our sweetest song;
We might not care to find our highest duty
Nor prize the good beyond the sway of wrong.

We might forget the possible awaiting
For those who by an ever-onward flight
Reach the sublime of mind and soul creating
Beyond the fogs, beyond the clouds of night.

We might not look above the present pleasure
Were bluest skies and sunbeams ever ours,
We might not seek to find a purer treasure
Were all our sunlit pathways strewn with flowers.

Some never rise to heights of thought and feeling
But in the stagnant air below abide,
Impenetrable clouds arise concealing
The purity they to themselves denied.

Living like beasts, no higher thought possessing
Than base iniquity or selfish gain,
No wish for good in all their lives expressing,
Ah! who can say they do not live in vain?

What though they move among the higher classes
In social life and live in splendid state,
Not always he, who most of wealth amasses,
When measured mind and soul, is truly great.

But they who live above earth's vile pollution
Whose outward things are not their greatest worth,
Whether in public life or home seclusion,
These are the true nobility of earth.

Whether the gentle hand that rocks the cradle,
Or that that sways the mighty powers of state,
Ennobling virtue shall alone be able
To make the dens of evil desolate.

Virtue toils on, above the clouds impending,
To heights all sparkling in the sunlight's glow;
Up, onward, to a purer air ascending,
Leaving the crowd submerged in fogs below.

LINES TO A MAIDEN.

Be not vain, oh, beautiful maiden!

Though thine eyes shine like violets blue,
Though thy lips are as rosebuds from Eden
And thy curls vie with sunbeams in hue.

Remember that violets will wither,

That rosebuds will fade and decay;
For beauty cannot last forever,
'Twill fade with the sunbeams away.

Is there time for false pride and vain pleasure,
Is there time in this life's little day,
When the few golden hours that we treasure
Are silently slipping away?

When hearts that were happy at dawning,
Ere evening are shrouded in gloom;
When all the fresh dewdrops of morning
Have passed from our sight ere 'tis noon?

Life is not, sweet maiden, all beauty,
Nor is it a bright, gilded dream;
We all have a life-work, a duty,
And earth's things are more than they seem.

We may think that the days that have vanished
Forever have passed and are o'er,
But the golden grain has not been garnered,
The harvest time lieth before.

Our lives, they are not a mere story,
Our labor will not be in vain,
But bathed in a sunlight of glory
These lost hours will blossom again.

Be good and do good, Time may rob thee
Of beauty ere many years roll;
But eternity cannot destroy
A beautiful immortal soul.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS.

Ye brilliant orbs that deck the sky,
Shrouded in deepest mystery,
 To thee my song I sing!
I long to know of what thou art,
Of this great universe a part,
I feel thy glory in my heart
 While to the earth I cling!

I long to traverse thy bright spheres,
To stand above the flight of years
 Remembering earth's dark sod;
The terrors of the world defy
And tread the palace of the sky,
Singing of immortality,
 And tell the world of God!

How wondrous is thy silent speech!
Unto my soul thy knowledge teach
 And tell me more of One,
Who formed thy glittering, gilded gems,
Who framed thy starry diadems,
Who all the golden glory blends
 Of the resplendent sun!

What numerous questions to me rise
Whene'er I view the dazzling skies
 Or muse on heaven's dome!
O distant worlds, so far, so near,
What beings breathe thy upper air
And live within thine atmosphere,
 And make thy realms their homes!

Tell me thou glittering evening star,
Tinting the western sky afar,
 On heaven's blue curtain traced;
Hast thou green fields and nodding flowers,
Rivers and hills and city towers?
Art thou a living world like ours
 Or but a barren waste?

Mysterious questions, answered not,
With deepest meaning ever fraught,
 Flooding this life below,
When rolling years no more shall be,
When man shall find his destiny,
When time unveils eternity;
 Perhaps, we then shall know.

The gracious Ruler over all
Who formed this changing earthly ball
 And spake a world from naught,
All of thy gems so rich and rare,
All of thy glories, dazzling fair,
With wondrous skill and loving care,
 With His own hand hath wrought.

Earth, all thy myriad voices raise
To sing of all God's wondrous ways
 'Till heaven's high arches ring.
Lo, from the clouds Thy voice is heard,
The mountains tremble at Thy word,
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
 The stars Thy praises sing!

ALONE

Think'st thou the criminal in some dark retreat
To which from lowering justice he hath flown,
While die the echoes of pursuing feet,
Is left in peace, alone?
Think'st thou that undisturbed he stops to rest,
Forgetting the dark crime that lies behind?
Think'st thou that naught but triumph fills his breast,
That no iron bands his sense of freedom bind?
Not so; for though within a lone abode
His wicked heart of victory may boast,
The fears that crush his spirit like a load
Are far more frightful than a martialled host.
Stronger than chains that bind the helpless slave
Are the iron fetters of the imprisoned soul,
More horrible the boughs that o'er him wave
Than funeral knells that for the just man toll;
Darkness more dense than that of starless night
Falls like a sable curtain o'er his mind,
And o'er that darkness, dawns no morning light;
Who would in such a frame a refuge find?
A silence, like the stillness of the grave
Hangs o'er the beauty of the forest shrine
And chills the trembling coward, where the brave
Would notice but a solitude sublime.
A crackling in the underbrush—he starts—
'Tis but a fawn that seeks the grassy glade—
A rustle—through the trees a grey squirrel darts;
He jumps, and rises to his feet dismayed.
Each simple sound breaks on his guilty ear
Like some dread omen of a coming doom,
What wonder, in each rustle he can hear
The outward echo of an inward gloom;
And in the guilty horror of despair
Fears that the day might bring his deeds to light
And thinks to hide the blackened robes they wear

Under the sable covering of the night.
And hopes in vain; for lo, before him stands,
A Judge, more awful than the one he fears;
The laws of justice written on his hands,
Laws that shall stand unchanged to endless years,
Not as a Saviour to the abandoned wretch
Who sinks in terror to the speaking sod,
Not with the angel Mercy's wings outstretched;
But as the just, unchanged, avenging God.
"Jehovah," sing the stars, the hills repeat,
The rocks and forest trees the chorus share,
Jehovah is the awfulness complete;
"Jehovah," trembles on the burdened air.
Memory awakes, can Memory ever die?
Long she has slept, but now her life revives,
And terrified, afraid to reason: "Why?"
Vainly to hush her voice the villain strives.
Vainly? Ah! What a book of wasted years she holds,
What records to defile the peaceful sod,
What scenes, what deeds of darkness she unfolds!
O man! and thou, the noblest work of God!
Fallen, lost, ruined, by thine own consent,
A demon crowd, thy fit companions, they,
On thy destruction all their arts intent.
Well mayst thou flee by night and hide by day.
Alone! fain would the villain be alone,
His Maker, no more trouble his abode,
His memory, like the vanished moments flown,
His conscience, buried with its fearful load.
Ah! vain his wish, though ocean wastes be crossed,
Or lie concealed within the forest's gloom,
The crimes that marked the years, now worse than lost,
Will haunt him too, ah! far beyond the tomb.
Who would escape the presence of his God,
Flee to the desert? Lo, His throne is there
Whithersoever human feet have trod
The Lord, Jehovah, reigneth everywhere.

How slow the dragging moments seem to glide
To the transgressor in his living grave.
Ah! words unutterable cannot describe
The dread companions of the culprit's cave!

* * * * *

Think'st thou, the Christian on the lonely isle,
Banished from every tie of heart or home
Far from a friendly word or loving smile,
Is hopeless and alone?

No; though he mourns that human love no more
May soothe the lonely pathway he must tread,
And when the weary journey shall be o'er
No loved one comes to soothe his dying bed;
Yet in his soul a calm and perfect peace,
Deep as the ocean, fathomless as thought
Commands the fury of the tempest cease
And bids the lonely wanderer murmur not.
'Tis evening, from the Eastern star there shines
A radiance, unnoticed there before;
While the blue wavelets, traced in beauteous lines,
In a new grandeur break upon the shore;
He listens to the breaker's ceaseless moan,
They wake to being, voices of the past,
Memory is there, with scenes of friends and home,
Like leaves upon the eddying current cast.
He fathoms the sublimity of time,
He views the emblem of life's troubled sea.
Breaker and crag in unity divine,
Sing to his soul a sweeter melody;
And as he keeps his vigil there alone
He feels the living presence of a friend,
Holier than friendship's voice that loving tone,
"Lo, I am with thee, even to the end."
He lifts his voice; hushed is the balmy air
A benediction rests on Nature's things,
Angelic beings breathe their notes of prayer,
And wait in silence while the Christian sings:

“Jesus, the sweetest name on mortal tongue.”
Listen, ye lonely rocks, ye waves rejoice,
“Jesus,” by countless hosts of angels sung,
Awake, lone ocean isle, and lend a voice!
Hark! from surrounding cliffs a chorus rises:
“Jesus, to thee be praise and glory given.”
Angels repeat it through the vaulted skies
And bear the unfinished anthem on to heaven;
Weary, he lays him down in peace to sleep
And pleasant dreams his stony pillow calm,
Bright guardian angels, vigil o’er him keep
And breathe upon the air a solemn psalm.
Away on other shores for him they mourn
Friends, who are shrouded in funereal gloom
Dark are the robes of sorrow for him worn
As one who sleeps within a watery tomb;
But oh! the bright companions ’round him now
Are dearer than when other friends were there,
Brighter the crowns upon each pearly brow,
More glorified the saintly robes they wear.
Ah! not alone the Christian vigil kept
On the lone isle, and faced his fears unawed;
When guardian angels watched him while he slept
And One was with him like the Son of God.

ON THE EVENING TRAIN

Night after night, week after week, month after month and
year after year,
Clad in her garments of dingy black, ragged and wrinkled, she's
waiting here
Watching the passenger trains come in, silent and sad in the
self same place,
Anxiously viewing the careless crowd, eagerly scanning each
stranger face.

Never a word she speaks as she waits patiently every night for
the train,
Sadly and silently turning away, over and over again;
Children have grown to be women and men since the first
evening she waited there,
Close by the station, silently, with that eager vacant stare.

Ah! that was thirty years ago, where she looked for three or
four engines then
She watches, unnoting the flight of time, a score of trains come
in;
And the city has grown to twice its size, yet faithful still at her
post she stands
Grasping her old worn traveling bag tight in her wrinkled
hands.

The station employees scarcely heed the thin bent figure and
anxious face,
They have seen her there 'till she seems to them almost like a
part of the place;

If any of them, as they pass her by, kindly warn her of coming
snow or rain,
She only says, with a faint sad smile—
“He promised to come on the evening train.”

When the lights are extinguished, the crowd dispersed, wearily
she will walk away
Only to come to her lonely post with a feeblér step next day;
Whom is she looking for? you ask.
Perhaps it is not worth the telling o’er
The same old story I know you’ve heard many a time before.

He was her sailor lover and she, courted by many, young and
fair
With rosy cheeks and graceful form and sunshiny golden hair;
She stood that day where she’s standing now, watching the train
’till it passed from view,
Never doubting but he would prove faithful to death and true;

He had gone on a voyage across the sea promising to return in
the Spring
When, with the chime of the early year, their bridal bells would
ring;
But the Spring flowers bloomed and the blithe birds sang and she
waited and waited in vain
For her sailor lover never returned and no message came to
explain.

Whether he met with disaster or death, or proved to his promise
false and untrue
No one can prove or even guess, for nobody ever knew;

Wild with anxiety, worn with grief, disease had found her an
easy prey,
Flickering between life and death for many a week she lay.

And when she rose from her weary couch, restored to life and
health again,
This one thought throbbed in her vacant mind: "He promised
to come on the evening train."
So down to the station she daily walks, standing alone at the
corner there,
Closely scanning each stranger face with that eager, vacant
stare.

She sees friends meet when the trains come in, with clasping of
hands, with smiles and tears
And fond embraces she often sees, and lovers' greetings she often
hears;
But the face that she looks for among the throng will never
gladden her sight again,
Poor faithful heart, you will soon forget the broken vow of the
evening train.

LOVE'S COUNTERFEITS

There's no invention underneath the sun
So basely counterfeited,
Its similes since first the world begun
Have half the race outwitted;
Like spurious coins in form and color true
Put into circulation,
These counterfeits are passing bright and new
Exact in imitation.

True love is like a coin, changeless and pure,
Bright from the mint of virtuous affection,
Whose solid worth lies in its gold secure
Stamped with the soul's reflection;
Though Time may mar with rude and hasty hands
Its brilliancy and beauty,
Its gold unspoiled beneath the surface stands
Alloyed with common duty.

False love is like the counterfeiter's coin,
A criminal deception,
Although a while its face like gold may shine
To close inspection,
Not long it needs the wear that must ensue
Its character to settle,
Its gilt departs and leaves exposed to view
Its worthless metal.

He who treads stealthily his secret dens
Of fraud and knavery dreaming,
For his own selfish, vicious, lawless ends
Another's ruin scheming,
He is the type, yet nobler is his art
Than his who makes to glitter
Base metal for the pure gold of the heart,
—Love's counterfeiter.

THE THIEF

The sweet wild roses told, told me
While the south wind sobbed in answering grief,
As they clutched with their wary thorns to hold me,
With trembling pink lips they told me, told me,
And the wild birds chanted—"A thief, a thief!"

He came from the streets of a sunset city
Where his name was held in high esteem,
But alas! alas! 'tis the world's great pity
That people are not always what they seem.

She was as rich in nature's beauty
As the sweet wild roses she loved to hold,
Timidly locked in the safe of duty
Lay her heart's rich treasure, her love's pure gold.

Alas! alas! the unguarded minute
When the wild rose maiden crossed his track,
When he spied her treasure and sought to win it,
The thief, who had nothing to give her back.

Did he take her honor, her gems, her money?
No, none of these. Is it nothing worth
That he blighted her youth's bright Eden sunny
And left for her future a dead cold earth?

And what to him was his boasted treasure?
So small the triumph in truth appears—
To feed his pride for a few hours' pleasure
On the happiness of a life's long years.

Is it nothing to walk with a heart that's broken
Through days that grow longer than happy years?
O the worth of earth's gold may be spoken, spoken
But the worth of the heart is not told in tears!

And what would men say if they knew it, knew it?
"They would say to his hurt, his hurt, his hurt,"
Sang the birds and the roses, the brook trilled through it:
"O men would say, 'He's a flirt, a flirt.'"

But God looks down on that sunset city
(The God of nature, of joy and grief)
On the broken bird with a father's pity
And God knows his earth has no baser thief.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

We bring no rich gifts like the wise men of old ;
No myrrh and frankincense, no silver and gold ;
No glittering treasures afar do we bring
To lay at the feet of our glorious King.

The songs the glad shepherds heard ages ago
Have melted away like the flakes of the snow ;
The costly gifts glittered to molder and rust ;
The Bethlehem manger has crumbled to dust.

His voice like the breath of the lilies so fair
Has floated away on the wings of the air ;
And the places He trod, whether pathway or street,
Are hallowed no more by the prints of His feet.

We bring no rich gifts like the wise men of old ;
No myrrh and frankincense, no silver and gold ;
We go not to worship o'er Judea's plain
The King who was born through all ages to reign.

For reigning in heavenly glory arrayed,
He wants not earth's gifts, that but glitter to fade
Her gold would be dim by those pavements so fair ;
Her incense a cloud in that glorified air.

But dearer the hearts full of love that we bring,
And sweeter our prayers to our glorious King,
Than all the rich gifts that they brought Him of old ;
Than myrrh and frankincense, than silver and gold.

And the throne where He reigneth shall never decay,
Though the heavens and earth shall have vanished away;
And the hearts that we bring in His temple shall shine,
When melted, like all the bright gold of the mine.

So, we bring no gifts like the wise men of old;
No myrrh and frankincense, no silver and gold,
And go not to worship o'er Judea's plain
The King now enthroned in a heavenly fane.

“CONSIDER THE LILIES”

“Consider the lilies,” they toil not nor spin
Nor lose their fresh sweetness in striving to win

The raiment they wear ;
Yet Solomon clad in his glory complete
With the lilies so perfect, so pure and so sweet,
That sprang up to blossom and fade at his feet,
Could never compare.

“Consider the lilies,” in each bud concealed
Lies a wonderful lesson in beauty revealed
Of trust and content ;
Behold how they bloom in the fresh sunny air
Without thought of complaint, without murmur of care,
For the Lord has provided the raiment they wear
’Till their short lives are spent.

“Consider the lilies,” how soon their sweet breath
Is scattered and lost and they molder in death
In the soil where they grew ;
Yet from the green turf where their fair forms are laid
From the dew-sprinkled sod where they wither and fade
They shall spring in new verdure and freshness arrayed
To blossom anew.

“Consider the lilies,” shall He who bestows
Such care on a flower that a little while grows
Then yields to its fate,

Neglect for His children their wants to provide
With whom He has promised to ever abide.
And their forms from the turf where they fade side by side
Anew to create?

"Consider the lilies," behold how they grow!
Arrayed in such glory as none could bestow
But an infinite God;
And back to the garden of Gethsemane
And the lily-wreathed waters of deep Galilee
They carry us surely as streams to the sea
To the paths that He trod.

SADNESS AND MIRTH

At a beautiful starry gateway
Two sister-spirits met,
And paused to talk of the country
To which they both were sent ;
One wore a robe of sunbeams of gold
Buttoned with sparkling stars,
Her bright eyes were filled with merriment
As she stood by the crystal bars.
In one hand she held a basket
Filled with roses, ruby red,
And a smile of rare sweet beauty
Played over her face as she said :
“Sweet sister, in that far, distant land
We will both have our part to play ;
Let us journey together, hand in hand,
Down the beautiful milky way ;
For I, over many a cheerless path
Must scatter my roses red,
And you must strew thorns o’er the long, long road
That all of mankind must tread.
And I must bring the world gladness
And give to it Love’s sweet wine ;
But you must teach the world sadness
And mingle your cup with mine.
And I must give to the reapers
A harvest of song to reap,
I must teach them to smile and laugh
But you must teach them to weep.”
As she spoke, she shook her silken curls
And opened the starry gate
“Come, sweet sister, come, hasten !” she said
“For our mission cannot wait !”
The other stood with her head bowed down
And her face was so sad and pale,
And down o’er her shadowy, cloudy robe

Fell a beautiful, misty veil ;
In one hand she held a basket of thorns,
In the other a mystical cup,
And she sighed, and she sadly shook her head
As she lifted her dark eyes up :
"I will go," she said, "but your cup is sweet
While mine is bitter to taste."
And gently within the jeweled hand
Her own tiny hand she placed ;
And they moved away in the gray twilight,
By evening breezes fanned,
And sought for the world to which they were sent,
Two sisters, hand in hand.
They traversed life's pathways, year after year,
With a soft and noiseless tread,
One strewing her thorns all along the way
And the other her roses red.
They dwelt oftentimes with the great and high
And oft with the poor and the low,
And mingled with giddy revelry,
And with scenes of sorrow and woe ;
And the infant's soft, peaceful slumbers
Were broken with smiles and tears ;
The maiden trembled to see beyond
A mirage of hopes and fears ;
And the matron marveled that roses and thorns
All life's winding pathway line ;
And the aged sighed that the bitter and sweet
Were mixed in life's mingled wine ;
And so they mused o'er their daily paths
The aged, and the young, and fair,
And theirs was only life's common lot,
A portion that all must share.

THE TOMB OF MAN

What is your pageantry, O earth!
And what your wealth, O sea!
What is your grandeur, spangled heavens,
Upheld in majesty?

Resplendent jewels flash and gleam
On earth's triumphant breast,
But midst her brightest galaxies
Man goeth to his rest.

Down in the depths, the coral reefs
Shine through the glistening wave;
But midst the gardens of the deep
The mortal makes his grave.

Yon heavens in seas of azure lie,
And continents of cloud,
They wrap our frail humanity
In one vast burial shroud.

Beauty and glory vie to claim
Earth's fruitage and her bloom,
To wreath in posthumous designs
The universal tomb.

They gather up the sea's rare pearls
And strew them o'er her bed,
They chant with all her troubled waves
The dirges of her dead.

They visit on their starry wings
The heaven's celestial spheres,
And from the precincts of the clouds
They shed the mourner's tears.

Yet shall earth see her treasures raised
From out her moldering sod,
Yet shall the sea behold her waves
Yield up their spoil to God.

Yet shall yon heavens, now looking down
On mortal blight and ban,
See immortality come forth
From the great tomb of man.

IONE VALLEY

Bright rainbow hues, that paint the scene,
Where childish eyes first gaze,
Though mists of time may intervene
To dim your brightest rays;
Yet through those mists, bright sunbeams shine,
That long ago have shone.
Thy memories are forever mine,
Fair Valley of Ione.

Thy flowers, like benedictions sweet,
In fields of fancy grow;
As once they nodded at my feet
In that fair long ago;
And still imagination strays
Through grain-fields, zephyr-blown;
As in thy Summer's golden days,
Fair Valley of Ione.

Thy roses, wet with nature's tears,
Round memory's urn are twined;
They strew the pathway of the years,
The cloisters of the mind.
Their velvet petals, crimson red,
Lie strewn by fancy thrown;
Where thoughts of thee are wont to tread,
Fair Valley of Ione.

From censers, wrought of sunbeam gold,
Thy lilac's incense burn ;
And apple-blossoms sweet unfold,
Round memory's golden urn ;
And happy birds and honey bees,
Still chant in joyous tone ;
Among the vines and locust trees,
Fair Valley of Ione.

Thy purple clustering grapes are bright
With never fading dyes,
Thy cherries, steeped in yellow light,
To match thy sunset skies ;
And russet pears and apricots
To blushing ripeness grown ;
Brightened thy shady orchard plots,
Fair Valley of Ione.

But like the mildew on the rose,
A blight forever there,
Thy charms of rosy bloom, unclothe
To miasmatic air ;

Yet we, who for the rose of health
To other climes have flown;
May sing of all thy golden wealth,
Fair Valley of Ione.

The wire-bridge, stretched from bank to bank
Across the brimming creek;
The hill, with wild-flowers growing rank
The childish hands to pick;
The goats that clambered up the rock,
Rich meadows newly-mown;
And Fido, barking down the walk,
Are scenes of thine, Ione.

Ye foothills of Sierra's Range,
Green be your sunny slopes!
Ye fertile fields, where never change
In recollection gropes;
Ye banks and rocks and fences old,
With moses overgrown;
Of sunbeams be your settings, gold,
Fair Valley of Ione.

Could I but wander to and fro
'Midst fairest scenes to roam,
I'd take the wings of morn and go
To childhood's valley home.
The bird, with freedom in its breast,
Though lured from zone to zone;
Returns to find its earliest nest,
Fair Valley of Ione.

THE LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP

Where the narrow grade winds up and down
And the stage rattles past to the distant town,
Where the torrent pours down the cañon wild,
Where the rocks in shapeless walls are piled.
Where the speckled trout o'er the ripples play
And the grasses droop to the cascade's spray,
Where the wild deer pauses at eve to drink
And leaves his tracks on the mossy brink,
High over the stream towers a rock-hewn steep
That is known by the name of "Lover's Leap."

'Tis an Indian legend of storied fame
That gave to the stern old rock its name,
A legend of love and jealous hate,
Of a dusky maiden desolate,
Her swarthy lover a truant gone
With a dark-browed rival, and following on
With a fierce, wild look in her midnight eyes
On, on, through the forest gloom she flies
Over fallen logs, o'er hill and dell,
Thick with manzanita and chaparral,
'Till at last she stops where the waters sweep
'Round the ragged turrets of Lover's Leap.

But why does she turn from the torrent's edge
With one startled glance from ledge to ledge
Ere she bounds away like a frightened fawn
With her raven hair on the breezes blown?
She knows where the path leads up the height
And thither she takes her breathless flight;
Higher and higher her light feet bound
'Till the shadowy forest is left behind,



SQUAW ROCK, OR LOVER'S LEAP, NEAR CLOVERDALE, CAL.

With a heart of stone and an eye of fire
Possessed with one wild, one fierce desire
That they her reckless revenge may reap
Where they rest at the foot of Lover's Leap.

She has reached the end of her journey now
And stands alone on the mountain's brow.
Far over the rocks she stoops to lean
What, what has the Indian maiden seen?
For she tears a stone from a broken rift
As large as her swarthy arms can lift,
And stands transfixed on the very edge
Gazing wildly down on the rocky gorge
Where four hundred feet from the mountain's crest
Her lover and rival have paused to rest;
A crash, a cry, a heavy thud—
And the spot is vacant where she stood
And the three lie there in a mangled heap
On the rocks at the foot of Lover's Leap.

Thus the tragic tale of the rock is told
And its romance envelopes the mountain old
And the travelers passing by each day
Look up at the turrets grim and gray
And repeat the tradition whose early fame
Gave the stern old rock its romantic name,
And the grasses fall o'er the rocks below
And gracefully sweep the river's flow,
And the hill-slopes are speckled with grazing flocks,
And the buzzard hovers above the rocks,
And the rock-plants cling and the mosses creep
O'er the storm-scarred ledges of Lover's Leap.

THE CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY

(Ezekiel 8:12.)

In the chambers of imagery the aged prophet stood,
And gazed upon the things unseen save by the eye of God.
From vision unto vision by the guiding Spirit led
He had looked on living beings that to all the world were dead;
He had listened to their voices, he had heard the gathering sound
Of their wings, whose mighty rushing filled the heavenly courts
around.

And the voice of God had spoken hidden secrets to his ear,
While the heavens ablaze with jewels filled his soul with joy
and fear.
Then from out the amber brightness the old prophet's soul was
swept
To the dark and hidden chambers where the thoughts of men
are kept.

In the chambers of imagery the aged prophet gropes—
Where are all his jeweled visions? Where are now his rainbow
hopes?
Standing in the dark and dampness of those light-forsaken halls,
See him scan the forms ignoble pictured on the silent walls;
Forms of low and creeping reptiles that are hiding from the
light—
Forms of beasts that crouch in cruel expectation of the night;
While without, the stars are gemming regal nature's azure crown.

Here are forms of soulless idols, where the souls of men bow
down,
And the prophet hears, while standing in the dark more dense
than night,
Voices whispering, "These are hidden from the Lord of life and
light."

In the chambers of imagery, oh, the low and crawling things!
Here no ray of light can enter, here is heard no noise of wings;
Thoughts that hide like loathsome reptiles from the glory of the
sun—

Unchained, beastly, cruel passions, living, breathing, every one;
And the things man stoops to worship, while his Maker is forgot,
Saying, "The Lord hath forsaken all the earth; he seeth not."
Fallen, lost, deluded, ruined, glorying in the dark and dearth,
Thinkest thou thy thoughts are hidden from the Lord of all the
earth?

Open the chambers of imagery, each window toward the east;
Cast out the cruel reptile, drive forth the cruel beast,
Strike down the molten idol, hiding no sin from view;
Cry to the holy Artist, "Come and make all things new."
Then touched by the heavenly Master, the picture shall grow
more fair—

The trees of the Lord's own planting, the birds of His upper air—
The stars that sing His praises on the darkest night shall shine
And the wall shall be all glorious, touched by His hand divine.
Then in all the beautiful pictures, no ravenous beast shall be,
And the glory of God shall lighten "the chambers of imagery."

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

Somewhere in childhood's golden fields
Gay poppies with the sunbeams blend,
Maturer fancy scarce reveals

As wandering through their acre beds,
The sunbeams shining on their heads,
I glean my golden sheaf.

No Ruth a richer sheaf could glean,
Nor Ceres, though the harvest's queen,

I pass their trophies by;
And fill my hands with dazzling showers
Of silken petaled trembling flowers

And think they reasoned well
Who for our State's bright emblem chose
The flower that scorns no dreary spot
But brightens like a sunny thought
Each gray fence corner where it grows,
And mingling with the sunshine fills
Bright valleys nestling in their hills,

Or stars the ocean's shore;
And to our proud State's farthest bound
The little wanderers are found

Like glints of golden ore,
Set in their native ground.
Artists perpetuate its flaming hues,
Writers immortalize it in your muse,
To thee, oh golden State, it shall belong
The chosen favorite of thy scene and song!

THE BROKEN WING

He was bound in a sheaf of golden wheat,
The baby lark, and a broken wing
Hung limp at his side, and in pitying grief
I clasped to my bosom the fluttering thing
The baby lark, with the broken wing.

Now garnered in, is the golden wheat,
And lost in the stubble the little nest
Where my bird first opened his baby beak,
While the sunshine painted his yellow breast,
And I sit, and listen to hear him sing;
The meadow lark, with the broken wing.

A few blithe notes, so clear, so high,
They were born for the meadow, the field, the sky;
They are full of the joy of ecstatic wings
And I listen, listen, for sadder things;
But not a cadence I hear of grief,
No minor strain of that cruel sheaf.

Ah! thus will I tune my life, my lark,
Forgetting that some days are cold and dark,
Forgetting my heart's more cruel grief
Than thy broken wing, or thy snaring sheaf;
I will turn to the shadow my broken wing,
I will sit in the sunlight and sing and sing.

BANJO JIM

Old Banjo Jim is the name of him
Of whom I have to write,
As he walks with his load, 'long a country road,
He is almost always tight;

But wherever he goes, with his weal and woes
His banjo always shares,
'Tis as much a scrap of the poor old chap
As the battered hat he wears.

He is old and scarred, he is maimed and marred
And his banjo is the same,
'Tis a part of himself never laid on the shelf
And a part of his poor old name.

He will curse and swear, 'till the very air
With his wicked words is blue,
Or sit on a pile of rails, with a smile,
And play a tune for you.

He is always tight, but don't take a fright
He's harmless, the neighbors say,
And when he swears, 'tis a part of his airs
As much as it is to play;

Still I pity him, poor Old Banjo Jim,
Whenever I see him go
With his rags and sin, with his tags and gin,
Holding tight to his old banjo.

Of all beauty bereft, there must yet be left
In his hard old soul a string
That is plastic still, to feel and thrill
At the sound of a lovely thing.

But who comes here with a look of fear
And a message of alarm?
A man found dead by the road 'tis said
With a banjo under his arm.

"Got drunk," they say, and lost his way
And stumbled into the ditch,
Who sold him the stuff, that was poison enough,
Was it murder or accident? Which?

And does no one care, that he's lying there
With a look so fixed and wild?
O friends, do you know, that years ago
He was somebody's little child!

Then lay him low, where we all shall go
Beggar and king, as well,
With his banjo pressed to his lifeless breast
As together they fought and fell.

From my window pane, I can hear the rain
On an old tin roof below,
And I lean to hear, for it sounds so queer,
Like the ghost of that old banjo.

And I wonder then, what he might have been
If some things were not, that are;
Ah! guilty saloon, 'neath the silent moon
There are crimes you shall answer for!

RESURRECTION

I took a tiny pansy seed
And laid it in the mold
Then waited patiently to see
The first green leaves unfold.
Time passed and from the silent sod
There came no living sound
But soon the little embryo
Appeared above the ground,
It grew in pride and beauty
Kissed by sunbeams, washed by showers,
'Till Summer came and robed it
In a wealth of snowy flowers;
And now, as if in thankfulness
For life and beauty given,
My pure, sweet, waxen pansies lift
Their purple eyes to heaven.

I took the silent chrysalis
So motionless and still
And laid it very carefully
Upon my window-sill
Where brightly shone from out the east
The first beams of the sun,
And in those narrow prison walls
A wondrous change begun,
One morn a brilliant butterfly
Flew gaily 'round my room,
Burst were the bonds that bound it,
Deserted was its tomb,
With beauty, grace and loveliness
It cheered the Summer hours
And fed upon the nectar
Stored in the fragrant flowers.

I stood beside a casket
The gem had soared away
To join in Heaven's diadem
A glittering galaxy,
But lingering o'er the casket
I thought of days now fled
And of one who bore no likeness
To the changed and faded dead,
And I seemed to see the merriment
That sparkled in her eye
And to hear again the merry laugh
I heard in days gone by,
And I thought how soon the casket
Hid in the earth's embrace
Would fade away, nor leave behind
In memory's hall a trace;
And as a last long tribute
That friendship's hand could pay
Ere to the lonely tomb they bore
The cold and icy clay,
I plucked my fragile pansies
To lay upon her bier
And bade them carry with them
The language of a tear.
Emblems of angel purity
Could angels be more fair?
And as their sweet-breathed incense
Was flung upon the air
Faith whispered: "Though not on the earth
Yet in a heavenly fane,
The resurrected casket
Shall hold the gem again."

O little seed interred in earth
Thy wondrous change is wrought!
O butterfly, the chrysalis
Was once thy burial spot!
Both from a dark and gloomy grave
To life and beauty born
O moldering clay, thou too shalt have
A resurrection morn!

And lovelier shall the seraph be
Than butterfly or flower,
And holier shall the voices be
That bless that waking hour;
For though the butterfly and flower
May sink 'neath Winter's frost
And though their bright symbolic forms
May be forever lost
Yet when the soul shall gather up
The ashes of her clay
Man shall through endless years defy
The empire of decay.

FROM MY WINDOW

I see the Asylum's towers
Loom up 'gainst purpling hills behind,
Long sweeps, the shaded brown and green
Of field and meadow, lie between
Brodered with sprays of orchard flowers.

I hear the maniac's awful shriek,
The anguish of the tortured mind;
A linnet from a cherry bough
Is pouring forth such gladness now
As none would try to speak.

I feel the solemn, awful fact
Of pain and sin to earth assigned,
Mercy in sunshine, bird and bloom
Covers with wings the darkest tomb;
Yet earth hath something lacked.

I know there is a better land
Else would we not forever find
Misery intruding on our bliss
And blighting what we love in this
With such a ruthless hand?

I see, I hear, I feel, I know
Life is a cloud, all glory lined;
Why fear to rise above the gloom
Above the blasts that blight earth's bloom
And spoil its promise so?

THE LADY OF THE WRECK

Clear and bright was the liquid depth
Where a beautiful Brazilian barque
In the bosom of grim old ocean slept
With the shades beneath, it green and dark.

Two divers stood on the ruined deck
While the tropic sunbeams overhead
O'er the princely form of the silent wreck
Their tints of dazzling beauty shed.

Half embedded, in yellow sand
And broken coral, the vessel lay;
While a halo of rainbow color spanned
The broken toy of the breaker's play.

The divers halted a moment there
To gaze on the strange and lovely scene,
Before them—the vessel weirdly fair,
Around them—the water's crystal sheen.

Never in all their strange career
Had they made their dangerous deep descent
To a sea so beautiful, bright and clear,
Where the vessel lay all torn and spent.

As they stood entranced, a comrade approached
And beckoning, led the way before
Where the clear bright waters on all encroached,
'Till they halted before a cabin door;

Slightly ajar it stood, at their touch
Swinging back, to their eyes disclosed
A sight that held each enchanted, such
Was the heavenly vision that there reposed.

The heavy mahogany furniture stood
Each piece in its own appointed place,
Unmoved by the strong intruding flood
That pressed its way into every place ;

In the upper berth of the cabin lay
A fair young lady, as if she slept,
From her brow the dark hair swept away
Like seaweed strands, in the glistening depth.

'Round her a gaily hued wrap was flung
Heavily, carelessly, as in mirth,
And one little jeweled hand was hung
Over the side of the upper berth.

Over her beautiful oval face,
Perfect in womanhood's early dawn,
And the dark brow's peaceful, pensive grace
Was left no sign that life was gone.

Dreamily the closed lids reposed
Their silken fringe on the rounded cheek,
Scarce had one started, had they unclosed
And the child-like lips have moved to speak ;

And the crimson curtain drawn aside
The rings of its silver rod below,

(As if the fair vision loath to hide)
Cast into the berth its roseate glow.

Over two months had she slumbered there,
By that sea-water clear and cold embalmed;
Yet it seemed that the soul of that temple fair
Was only that morn by death's angel calmed.

The divers gazed on the scene impressed
With its solemn beauty, then went their way—
Softly, as not to disturb her rest,
For death seemed robbed of half his prey.

They were rude, unscrupulous, fearless men
These daring wrestlers who challenge the deep,
In ghastly scenes had they often been
Where silent sentinels vigil keep.

They plundered the beautiful barque (nor spake)
Embedded in coral and yellow sand,
But not one among them approached to take
The sparkling rings from the little hand.

In a few short weeks her lover sought
The deep sea-grave of his promised bride,
Their anchor they cast at the self-same spot
In the diver's armor he braved the tide—

Through the crystal waters he saw the wreck
Lit up with its dazzling tints as before,
He passed o'er the ruined sand-strewn deck
And followed the guide to the cabin door;

And there on her peaceful couch beheld
His promised bride in her watery tomb,
Ah! who can guess what emotion swelled
His heart, as he stood in that sea-lit room?

And they left her there, it were better so,
Sweetly to sleep in that upper berth,
In the crimson curtain's roseate glow,
Too fair for the dread decay of earth.

With her long dark hair on the wave afloat
Like seaweed strands on the waters flung,
Or clinging close to her fair white throat,
And one little hand o'er her high couch hung.

Then close the door gently, disturb her not,
And softly pass o'er the ruined deck;
No evil profanes the enchanted spot
Where sleepeth the lady of the wreck.

NATURE.

Nature is wonderful, the light that plays
In every pleasing shape that eye could wish,
Painting the sunrise with Aurora's blush
And evening with the sunset's burning flames,
Flooding the zenith as with burnished gold
And e'en the gloaming with enchanting shades
That though less brilliant yet within themselves
Possess distinct and fascinating charms,
Is wonderful if we but paused to think
What our bright world would be, deprived of light,
Even the night would miss the twinkling lamps
And mellow moonbeams; while the day
Would lose her all, for light is day; and darkness
Would usurp her throne, hanging a sable curtain where before
The golden beams lost their identity in one unbroken flood, that
swept adown

Aerial channels and through rifted clouds,
Harmoniously blending earth and heaven.
Take only light,—one blessing of our earth—
Leaving all else, flowers, birds and trees, beautiful landscapes,
homes of loveliness,
Glittering gems and piles of hoarded wealth;
What were all these without a ray of light?
An idle mockery, through starless night blinded and groping, to
exist were death,

Roaming through flowery meadows, by cool brooks
Stumbling o'er paths that light would make sublime,
Losing one's way within a hopeless maze,
Thirsting with plenteous streams on either hand,
Dying of hunger in green fields of corn,
Take light, and day is night and life is death
Comfort and happiness and friends are lost
In the dark labyrinth of starless night.

The humblest weed in some dark crevice hid
Holds in its narrow limits the same forces
That control the mighty tree and bid it add
Year after year the leaf, the twig, the branch,
'Till 'neath its friendly shade, beasts of the field find
Shelter from Summer's scorching rays
And the tired traveler reclines to rest.

It stands a living tree in miniature
Lifting its tiny branches toward the heavens,
Spreading its leaflets to the morning sun
Rearing its buds and blossoms, fruit and seeds, to live and
flourish when it has decayed.
We pass them by or tread them 'neath our feet,
Yet Nature with her wealth of birds and flowers,
Has in her heart a place for every weed;
For her quick eyes require no microscope
To note the varied wonders and delights
That the Creator's humblest works possess.

DREAM OF THE SUMMER LAND

I dream of a land where no thunder-cloud gathers,
Where across the calm waters no tempest may sweep
And where, while we chill in our bleak wintry weather,
The vales in perpetual Summer-time sleep.

I dream of a city across whose bright portals
The sunbeams are rolling in waves of delight,
Where brightness and gladness and joy are immortal,
Where there is no darkness, no winter, no night.

I dream of a meadow where lilies are growing
And fairer than Solomon's glory arrayed,
I dream of a garden where roses are glowing
And never a rose or a lily shall fade.

I dream of a clime where the palm tree is waving
O'er rivers of crystal and pavements of gold,
And seraphs amid the bright waters are laving,—
A realm more serene than the Eden of old.

I dream of a song that is ever ascending
O, oft of that anthem of joy have I dreamed!
To Him who hath loved us be praises unending
To Him who from sin unto God hath redeemed.

O Summer, bright Summer! my thoughts still are roaming
Through thy beautiful day that so lately was mine
And now in the gathering shades of thy gloaming
I dream of a Summer that knows no decline.

'Till yonder rude tempest of desolate seeming
Is melting before the more real unseen
And only the mystery wrought with my dreaming
Like a thin veil of gossamer lieth between.



THE YEARS

Stay, stay, sweet Years, bright circling golden Years
With your glad Summers full of sunbeam smiles
And sobbing Winters wet with raindrop tears,
Your pensive Autumns and the witching wiles
Of Spring-time days, showers, sunbeams, hopes and fears
Weave your fair coronets, ye fleeting Years!

Ah, is it true that ye will come between,
Like a vast, heedless, hurrying multitude,
Between us and the faces that we love,
Crowding us farther, farther, still apart,
Hiding them from us by a darkening screen?
O Years, bright golden Years, must ye intrude
At last in endless bitterness to prove
A mighty barrier, 'twixt heart and heart?

Stay, hurrying Years, why speed away so fast?
Rest your bright wings, for we are happy now,
Ye mock us, for ye say, "It cannot last."
Are Youth's fresh hopes but idle, feverish dreams
That like bright bubbles only soar to break?
Leave us the present, all too fair it seems—
If dreams are happiness why should we wake?

Already are your dazzling rainbow hues
Changing to pallid spectres grim and gaunt.
Bright Years, will ye your bloom and beauty lose
And like pale ghostly forms life's pathway haunt?
Will ye plow furrows, hard, unlovely lines
Where ruby roses blush and mingle now
With pearly lilies, fragile tenderness,
On lips and cheek and brow?
Will ye crush out with careless, ruthless tread

The tender embryos that spring to life
In countless crevices of heart and soul,
That Love hath nurtured and that Hope hath fed
That where weeds grew there might be flowers instead?

Will ye break in like thieves in rayless night
And steal the diamonds one by one away
That flashed from Love's bright ring their varying light
'Till all are gone whom we had hoped might stay?
Ah! will ye prey upon life's youthful tree
'Till flower and fruit and leaf are in decay
'Till the life fluid surging in its heart
With such fresh, ardent living energy
Is quenched, its channels parched, its fountain dry
'Till all it was or promised still to be
With branches reaching even to the sky
Down in the fossil depths of earth is thrown
To petrify and harden into stone?
O beauteous Years, if only these ye leave
Take, take the gentle sentiments that grieve,
Let not the blows that all have overthrown
Leave one faint wound upon the heart's cold stone!

But no, bright Years, Faith, Mercy, Hope declare
False are the prophecies of veiled Despair
Who whispers: "Oh, the Years are flying fast
Ye now are happy but it cannot last;"
They sing, with folded wings above the heart,
"Faith, Mercy, Love and Hope will not depart
The Years can have no power to make thee old
The warm deep springs of Love shall not grow cold;
Mercy shall drop her dew in blessing down,
True Happiness braid still her blossom crown

Hope's fadeless star outshines Heaven's brightest spheres,
And Faith, the angel of the tide of years,
Points out beyond Time's fog and mystery
The boundless ocean of eternity."

Surge on bright Years, ye are but waves that tend
To bear us nearer to our journey's end;
When we look back our life's appointed way
Will we regret that ye refused to stay?
All that ye bear away we yet shall find,—
The jewels to thy murky depths consigned,
The blossoms tossed so swiftly from our sight,
All that was beautiful and good and bright
Are borne before us through Time's dark defiles
To wait our coming 'midst the fadeless isles.

SONG OF THE EASTER LILIES

The Lilies of Easter awake and sing,
They rise from the dust where in sleep they dwell
Through the long drear winter of death and night
And out of the dark earth cold and white
Rise pure and white as an angel's wing
And the old, sweet story of Easter tell.

Tender and sweet is the song they chant,
The Lilies' message of hope and trust,
To every immortal inhabitant
Of the world whose inhabitants dwell in dust.

From cycle to cycle, from age to age
Through war, through pestilence, sin and wrong,
From the song, the anthem, the pictured page
The Easter lilies have blossomed on.

Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust,
Sweet anthem of prophecy, hope and trust,
It trembles and vibrates from tomb to tomb
And the Easter Lilies awake and bloom.

Open the heart's close-bolted door
And let the song of the Lilies in,
Song of prophecy, angel's song,
Waking Life's beauty from old Earth's wrong.

Treasures corrupted by moth and rust,
Lives down-trodden by sin and wrong,
Rise and join in the Easter song,
Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust!

Awake and sing, for the Christ who said
"Consider the Lilies," speaks to-day (not a buried Christ but a
 risen King)
And grand shall the final anthem swell
When all who in dust and darkness dwell, like the Lilies of Easter
 awake and sing.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

The corn is waving its silken floss
In the breeze that frolics the field across
And the berries gleam with a richer hue
And the grasses bend 'neath the morning dew.
And the Summer-Bride of the golden Sun,
Her reign of beauty has just begun,
Sweet roses strew the paths she treads
And millions of blossoms nod their heads
And load the air with their sweet perfume
And earth is aglow with fruit and bloom;
But best of all in yon leafy grove
Are some little birds that I dearly love,
They have opened their eyes to the sun-bright air
And tasted the berries rich and rare.

 Oh! of all the joys, I think the best,
 Are the little birds in their cozy nest!

On a flowery twig I perch and sing:
"Welcome, sweet Summer, good-bye, sweet Spring,"
And I look on the heavens so high and bright,
And I look on the meadows aglow with light
And plume my wings for the skies' bright towers
Then pause to linger among the flowers,
 Oh, the earth is so fair I am happy to stay
 But the heavens are so bright I must fly away!

TWO CHRISTMAS PICTURES

Holly-berries on the hills,
Bright above the rocks and rills,
Mistletoe in tree-tops high,
Throned against the wintry sky.
Unattended flocks that stray
O'er the hill-slopes far away.
In the East, bright stars that shine
With a radiance half divine;
Christmas carols on the air
Gladly sounding, everywhere,
Chimes from many a bell-tower tall
Falling sweetly over all;
Fair the scene, but dim and cold,
When we look on that of old,
Bethlehem of prophecy,
Looking out toward the sea,
Lying midst her hills of green
Glistening in her starlight sheen;
While the shepherds guard their flocks
Resting by the silent rocks;
And the wise men, from afar
Watch their glorious, guiding star.
Hush! the air with music swells
Sweeter than the chime of bells,
Look! a heavenly choir attends
Glory's light from heaven descends;
Sweetly o'er those vine-wreathed knolls,
That majestic chorus rolls,
'Till the shepherds catch the strain:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

No bright angels throng these skies
Making earth a paradise,
But the glorious song they sung
Trembles now on every tongue;
Infant voices now proclaim:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
So we gaze on each bright scene
Where long ages roll between
That, more glorious bright
This, in a serener light;
But the reign of peace begun
Evermore its race shall run;
Now we see its silvery tide
Down the rolling ages glide;
And each Christmas, sing again:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE HERMIT

Oh, to abide in some sylvan shade
Removed from life's competition,
Exempt from her hollow and mean parade
And her false and fickle ambition;
Where the tongue of flattery shall be dumb
With her smiling goblet, brimming;
Where the witch of slander may never come,
Her honeyed poison bringing;
Where deceit and rumor of war and strife
Shall trouble no more forever;
Where peace shall be the ambrosia of life
And duty her one endeavor.
Oh, for the hermit's breezeless calm,
When the world with guilt is groaning;
Tranquil and sweet is his isle of balm,
Untouched by the storm's wild moaning.
Crushed lie the blossoms of innocence
The spoil of the siren's story;
Blighted the tender buds of trust
By the frost-king old and hoary.
The tyrant stalks in his dauntless pride,
The plea of the helpless scorning;
But oh, in some cloistered spot to abide
Set only with Truth's adorning;
Embalmed with the scent of clover-fields
And lulled by the pines' low sighing,
Where nature her lavish fruitage yields
Nor whispers that Time is dying.
Society, charmed is thy friendly face
'Till revealed is thy hidden slander.
Solitude, thine is a three-fold grace,
Where falsehood is lost in candor.
When the bow of promise, embossed with gold
Is dipped in our cup of pleasure,
We wonder that famous bards of old

Could count thee a priceless treasure ;
But we sigh for the hermit's breezeless calm
When the rainbow fades in the gloaming,
Tranquil and sweet is his isle of balm
When the angry sea is foaming.

OUR BETTER SELVES

Face to face in the light with our better selves
Sometimes for a moment the mind that delves
In the problems written below and on high,
In the flowers of earth and the clouds of the sky,
The enigmas penciled on star and stone—
Stands face to face in the light with its own—
And looks as the stone to the shining star,
To what we might be from what we are.
And we try to dash off memory's shelves
Some volume from sight of our better selves.

'Tis then we long for a nobler part ;
For a broader mind and a larger heart ;
For that better self—how it speaks and shames
Our small deceits and our petty aims,
'Till we sigh to be noble, and good, and true,
And do what our better selves tell us to do.
Turn back from the zigzag path we have trod
To a highway broad as the love of God.

We shall stand some time face to face with the past
When the die of our lives is forever cast ;
For the soul—the soul—it can never forget—
Will it shudder and sicken in vain regret,
And sigh to return to the sphere of men—
To be, to be, what it might have been?

BIRD SONGS

The birds are happy, singing all day through
 Their little psalms of praise,
And just because the sky is clear and blue,
The grasses green, the trees in leafage new ;
Awake my heart, and be thou happy too,
 These sunny days.

Sing, as the birds sing, just for love
 Of God and song ;
Make for His temple every leafy grove
That rears its frescoed canopy above.
Thy strength, thy freedom and thy gladness prove
 O'er gloom and wrong.

One little songster taught to me his lay
 It was so sweet,
These were the warbled words he seemed to say :
"Earth is so joyous that I long to stay,
Heaven is so glorious, I would fly away."
 Still doth his song repeat.

Dreading to live, yet fearing more to die,
 Take thy distress
To where the birds through field and forest fly,
Trilling their thankfulness to earth and sky,
And without gold, or lands or honor, buy
 Such songs as this.

The birds are singing, not for gold or fame
Their songs may bring.
O, what care they for words of slight or blame,
For breathless listeners, or honored name!
To empty aisles they carol just the same
Because they love to sing.

The birds are happy, 'till their joy o'erflows
In minstrelsy;
No wealth for them in glittering treasure glows.
Awake, my heart, and know what nature knows
The ecstasy of life that is and was
And evermore shall be.

A DIVINE CODICIL

(Isaiah 43:5-9.)

I claim that though my calling be
A mandate high of holy writ,
There is a law that speaks to me
To modify and govern it,
Turning the highways of my plan
To byways that my Saviour trod;
Only in being true to man
Can man be true to God.

Then tell me not, thy duty lies
In paths too high for human needs;
The hungry raven when it cries,
Its tender Heavenly Father feeds.
God calls thee from thy praise and prayer
If in thy house one life there be
That needs thy sympathy and care,
Thy service or thy ministry.

The Pharisee still hears his "Woe!"
Above the dead applause of men;
Still on the road to Jericho
Kneels crowned the poor Samaritan
And not the infidel alone
"There is no God" in boldness saith;
The Christian who neglects his own
Is worse, and hath denied his faith.

For truth's sake truth is blest, and yet,
In God's account no credit's given
To him who owes the world a debt
And pays that debt to heaven.

Where is thy brother, guilty Cain?
Against whom only is thy fraud—
Speak, Ananias! teach again
That sin to man is sin to God.

Meet thy high calling glad and strong;
Let pain nor pleasure stay thy flight;
Yet through one little human wrong
Thou shalt not lead the hosts of right.
While rainbow truths dark errors span,
While burst sweet blossoms from the sod,
He who is truest unto man
Is ever truest to his God.

THE GRANDMAS

Perhaps I were a sleeping,
Perhaps I were awake,
And maybe I was neither
So what difference does it make?
I dreamed of a merry party
As jolly as could be
'Twas all the dear, dear Grandmas
Invited out to tea.
They came from near and distance,
All the Grandmas I had met,
The dear, quaint, nice old ladies
I never shall forget,
And some were oh, so funny!
Such stories told that day,
And said such quaint, wise, solemn things
As only Grandmas say.
Some told what kind of herb teas
Were best for every pain
And some told all their troubles
In such a minor strain,
And then they fell a talking,
The Grandmas one and all,
Of some sweet, lovely boy and girl,
I can't just now recall,
But one thing still I treasure
Just like a costly gem
It was a little boy or girl
Who had been kind to them.
One said a little grandchild
"With softest step" (she said)
Had brought her lovely violets
When she was sick abed.

And one, with such a cheerful smile,
Said, that "a little dear"
Wrote her the sweetest letters
A dozen times a year.
And one who had no grandchild
And looked so sad and sweet
Said that somebody's grandchild
Brought her nice fruit to eat.
And one who looked a little queer
Spoke up then just as quick
And told how that some darling boy
When she was very sick
Brought something lovely every day
Said, "good morning" and good-bye."
He said: "You're someone's Grandma
And that's the reason why;"
Then all the dear old Grandmas
Put on their things to go.
I could not help a thinking
Of some I used to know
Who didn't come to-day because
They have grown young again
In that bright land of Heaven
Where there is no age or pain,
And I thought of all the girls and boys
And wished that I could say:
"Don't forget the dear old Grandmas
For we'll all grow old some day."

LOOKING BEYOND

Today the glorious King of Day is smiling
Upon the hills and fields he looks upon,
But somehow from the glory of the sunshine
There is a something gone.

What is it? The soft air is warm and pleasant
The shrubs and trees fresh robes of verdure wear
And yet a feeling not exactly sadness
Pervades the air.

Some sweet notes from the ivory keys come to me,
They echo through my being, faint and low,
But why it is they lack the power to soothe me
I do not know.

'Tis strange, but sometimes how life's prospects thrill us,
How cherished plans gleam with a new delight;
We sleep and wake to find Hope's starry splendor
Has taken flight.

Our plans are dim, their glory has departed.
And yet we cannot find the words to tell
Of the strange brightness, or the shadowy dimness,
That these loved dreams befell.

We only know what seemed of vast importance,
And, filled with hope our pilgrimage on earth,
Has dwindled down to-day without a reason
To small and trifling worth;

Sometimes these seem enough to make us happy,
And sure success in these is all we claim;
And then again we can but vaguely murmur:
"O for a higher aim!"

A higher aim, an object that is lasting,
A height we cannot reach,
A treasure that is of intrinsic value,
A thought too deep for speech.

Be still, oh fluttering Spirit, ever striving
Like some imprisoned bird to leave its cage,
Yet in a higher flight a nobler calling
Thou shalt engage!

When the great sun has smiled a few more mornings
Upon these transient longings and desires,
There shall be kindled in thy inmost being
Quenchless celestial fires.

Be still, what seemeth little may seem greater
When we shall view with clearer vision all,
When looking back upon these little strivings
They may not seem so small;

And yet we dread to leave our work unfinished,
We cannot give our petty prospects up
And should we have to leave them we might murmur
At this our bitter cup.

We might deem all our usefulness as ended
And mourn to leave our greatest work undone,
When if our lives have been what we should make them
Our work is just begun.

Had we but faith to grasp the dim hereafter
With strong unwavering hands,
Methinks we could give up without a murmur
These little earthly plans;

But do we give them up? If true and righteous,
If with the principles of love instilled
Methinks in that great limitless hereafter
They yet shall be fulfilled.

When the dark angel, Death, shall bid us slumber
I do not think these living souls shall sleep
But in the rapture of a perfect freedom
The thought and memory of the present keep.

And more and more to grow in life and vigor
As years that end not, roll o'er broader fields,
Defying time or death or endless ages
To stop their chariot wheels.

Beyond, oh word, oh promise for the future!
Oh star of this dark night!
Though cherished hopes lose all their power to charm us,
Beyond, it still is light.

And though with every golden clasp forgotten,
With jewels dropping from each broken bond,
These cherished plans sink down to naught before us,
We still can look beyond.

OLD MODOC

("UKIAH, Cal., Aug. 20.—A fire occurred at the Yokayo Indian reservation last night which resulted in the death of two Indians and the practical destruction of the entire village. The rancheria is situated about six miles south of this city, and at the time the conflagration started the major portion of the population was at work in the various hopfields in this valley.

An old and infirm Indian was confined by illness in one of the straw-thatched huts, and in some manner a spark from a slumbering fire was blown to the roof of the cabin. In almost an instant the flimsy structure was in flames.

It chanced at this time that a Modoc Indian named Will-Ti-Mo had returned to the village on an errand, and as soon as he discovered the cabin of the old Indian on fire he rushed to the rescue. The intense heat drove him back at first, but he no sooner recovered his breath than he rushed through the door and into the blazing cabin. He seized the old Indian by the hair and started to drag him out. By the time he reached the door his clothes were on fire and he fell back into the cabin. A moment later the roof of the hut fell in and the blazing mass covered the two Indians.

The flames by this time had practically destroyed the house and help came in time to remove the two dying men from the glowing embers. Will-Ti-Mo, the Modoc brave, was burned almost to a crisp, but he was still living when taken from the glowing building. The other Indian was dead. All night long the death song of the Indians could be heard. The hopfields were deserted and Yokayos, Sanels and a few Klamaths gathered around the charred bodies to mourn."—*Ukiah Press*.)

What is it you tell me, what is it you say,
Old Modoc died like a hero to-day?
Strange, very strange, I remember him well
The tall, gaunt old Indian, tricky and queer

Who used to come begging so often here,
Hiding his coat in some wayside nook
He sought our warm kitchen on wintry days
Shivering, coughing, trying to look
The picture of virtuous suffering and want,
Stretching his wrinkled old hands o'er the blaze
Acting the story he wanted to tell
Of hardship, exposure and starvation gaunt,
Old Modoc? yes, I remember him well.

Sometimes the quaint drama would take a new form,—
Old Modoc would enter unnoticed, unheard,
With benevolent smile and a great load of wood,
He would labor unhired till weary and tired
Then sit down and eat without speaking a word;
But this quaint, wordless drama was varied at times
By strange, wild accountings of fire and of flood,
With gesticulations and vehement tones
He would picture the throes of disaster and crimes,
Old Modoc, a wonderful orator stood,
Stretched to his full height or bent low with the groans
Of brothers who perished in flood or in flame,
Or pointing away to the Heaven of the good
Where their spirits still roamed
While the earth held their bones,
And the mixed, faulty dialect little expressed
But the powerful emotion which shook that old frame
And no one among us could ever have guessed
If the tragical tale was of flood or of flame.

I remember him once when pretending to weep
He sat himself down in despair on the floor,
Some request was refused him, his sorrow was deep
As he wiped his wet eyes on the mat at the door,

A comedy laughing in Memory yet,
One of the lost pictures we do not forget;
And this the same Modoc you speak of to-day
"Wil-ti-Mo," the new hero, the old Modoc brave
Who rushed through a fire-circled wigwam to save
A poor, sick, old Indian left on his bed
When the thin straw-thatched roof took fire overhead?

And I think of one, shall I call him—man?
O his skin is white, and some would say
That his features were pleasing to look upon,
They are only hateful to me to-day,
Old Modoc a hero and he a worm,
For he left to suffer alone, alone,
The truest friend that his life had known
For fear of a possible microbe germ!
I'll forget about him if I can.

TO THE BIRDS

O lark, whose joyous warbling comes
Across the flowery field to me;
O red-winged leaders of the gay
And music-gifted company
Who gave the Spring's first matinee,
The blackbirds' jubilee.

O swallows, perching on the eaves
Or circling in the air;
O linnets, chirping in the vines
Where wild rose coyly intervines
With virgin's bower and wild woodbines
That clamber, here and there.

O ruby-throated humming-birds,
That gem the sunbeam's gold;
Perching, your ditty to repeat,
Tasting the honey-suckle sweet
Or whirring near my cloistered seat,
Half timorous and half bold.

No nightingale pours forth at eve
His famous solo here.
No sky-lark soars to yonder sky
To carol Nature's praise on high
Or gush his heaven-born rhapsody
From fields of upper air.

Not unto these, for whom the bard
His richest number lends;
But unto you, who build and brood
By yonder stream, in yonder wood,
Companions of my solitude,
My little feathered friends.

To you I sing, though others may
 Their far-famed gifts rehearse
And sing of sky-larks on the wing
Where none were ever heard to sing;
And nightingales, triumphant bring
 To grace their native verse.

Doubtless the Scottish poet finds
 In these a lasting joy.
He loves his own green spot of earth,
Of heath-clad hill and foaming firth;
But holds not our broad land enough
 Our homage to employ.

Ye golden warblers, darting now,
 Through peach-bloom canopies;
Ye orioles, who seek the grove
To sing the sonnets of your love,
In joyous warblings, interwove
 With softest melodies.

Ye wild canaries, caroling
 Beneath the alders' shade;
Ye sprightly grosbeaks, whose rich lay
From apple-boughs at close of day,
When sauntering on my homeward way,
 My willing feet have stayed.

And last, but loveliest of them all,
 In fields, or woods, or dales,
The shy lazuli-finch, whose song
Is borne the forest aisles along,
Woodsy and wild, to you belong
 Wild hills and wooded vales.

And many another chorister
That time would fail to tell,
Who helps to make the woods resound
With bursts of rich melodious sound
That answering echoes from around
To one grand chorus swell.

Long may your notes of blithesome cheer
The rounds of life beguile.
Long may your bright hues flash and shine
In this proud, happy land of mine,
In this free, joyous land of thine,
Gay choir of forest aisle!

Come when the dove's low cooing calls
To Spring's first bursting bud.
Come when the honey-bee invites,
To Summer's bounteous delights
To sunny days and moonlight nights
The fruitful field and wood.

And when the sere and yellow leaf
Falls murmuring to the ground,
Tarry, to chant creation's praise
In your own sunny, witching ways,
So long as bloom and fruitage stays
Or sheltering nooks are found.

And when my life's glad Spring is past,
Its apple-blooms decayed;
And when my life's sweet Summer goes
No more its beauties to uncloze;
When time has bloomed its latest rose
In loneliness to fade.

Its Autumn sheaves all gathered in
 Its flame to ashes burned.
I still would ask thy ministry.
Come to my grave and sing to me
Creation's sweetest melody
 That man has never learned.

Though far away, I may not hear,
 Yet sweet will be the thought
That they who nearest Heaven soar,
From earth's green fields and wave-beat shore,
Still sing to me when life is o'er
 And others have forgot.

THE REDEEMER

Down through the ancient corridors of Time
Isaiah's deathless song rolled full and sweet,
It swayed the universe with tones sublime,
It shook the mighty monarchies of Crime
And held within its eloquence complete
A prophecy of Satan's sure defeat.

Over Earth's waving fields and wave-beat shore,
Over her pomp and glory, pride and gold,
O'er Art's magnificence in cities old,
O'er Nature's artless beauty, sped the word
Fresh from the living presence of the Lord
And wise men marveled at its mystic lore.

Not only to the mighty did it come,
Into the darkened hovels of the poor
Swift did the heralds their glad message bear,
On noiseless wings oped Heaven's mystic door
Revealing all the hidden glory there
And lo, the prophet saw his living Lord,

His matchless throne and gracious seraphim,
He heard the message of the King of Kings
And when the pearly gates swung back again
And the blest vision vanished from his sight
He trod the paths of this world's starless night
As one who had beheld eternal things.

And from his burning pen glad Prophecies
Caught holy wings and from the sacred scroll
Flew to the earth's remotest boundaries
Fraught with redemption for the ruined soul.

Ages passed by, the holy prophet slept ;
Man hears no more the music of his voice
His image was not on the land or sea
Still his blest writings made the world rejoice
And still his glad and touching prophecy
Over a world of sorrow, smiled and wept.

Hushed was the holy night, the wise men trod
Judea's winding paths to Bethlehem
Their glad eyes fixed on one resplendent gem
Upheld and guided by the hand of God
That bathed the Orient in celestial light ;

Onward it moved in majesty sublime
Its mellow beams winging their flight to earth
Fraught with glad tidings of the Saviour's birth
And then ascending to the throne divine
To tell the angels of a world redeemed,
O'er Heaven's own hosts the wondrous glory streamed.

Earth in her rapture had so glorious grown
That e'en the angels could not stay at home
But left the realm of Heaven to join the strain
That God's great universe could scarce contain,
The wonders of the great redemption plan
Destined to rescue fallen, ruined man.

O prophets of to-day ! Isaiah spake
Of Christ's first coming to a world of sin,
To-day his inspired prophecy awake
And yet a newer triumph-hymn begin,
Sing, 'till yon heavens take up the rapturous strain,

Jesus has come and he shall come again,
Not as before a meek and lowly child,
Not as before to die upon the cross,
Not as before in dark Gethsemane
To suffer for a world of sinners lost ;
He comes to treasure up earth's grain and gold,
He comes to cast away her chaff and dross
To separate the pure from the defiled.

Not from an humble stable shall He rise
To tread a thorny path of woe and pain ;
Christ shall descend from Heaven's unclouded skies
With angels and archangels in His train,
Lo, He shall come with trumpet and with shout,
Mortals let not your flickering lamps go out,
Jesus has come and He shall come again.

THE MEADOW LARK

A loud melodious burst of sound in cheery, blithesome measure,
A call uprising from the ground of real ecstatic pleasure
 A peal of mild and mellow chimes,
 A roll of wild and breezy rhymes,
A gush of joy's enraptured climes—then all the air is silent.

But once again the singer swells his throat with song o'erflowing,
Then falls another chime of bells where shooting-stars are glow-
 ing,
 And once again the air is still
 Save for the voice of laughing rill,
And sunbeams dance from stream and hill across the flowery
 meadow.

When there preparing for his flight from an adjacent hollow
A meadow-lark screams his delight while answering echoes follow,
 Perches a moment on a stump
 With yellow breast, well-fed and plump,
Then clears the marshy weedy clump with one last scream of
 rapture.

And speeds away across the fields to join his gay companions
'Till waving grain his form conceals and hides his fluttering
 pinions,
 While dancing beam
 And circling stream
Like sprites of mirth and laughter
In playful frolic whirl and gleam,
Echo takes up the sportive scream and sends it flying after.

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE

Bring no fair flowers to deck his tomb
They only mock its rayless gloom,
No virgin lilies sacrifice,
No pansies with their pleading eyes,
No royal roses bright and brave
Condemn to deck a coward's grave.
Go where the pure and lovely sleep
Where holy thoughts like mosses creep
And sacred memories gather 'round
To glorify the hallowed ground.
Go where the weary soldier rests,
Where muffled drums in fearless breasts
That beat their march to Honor's grave
Through ardor's flame and duty's wave
Now lie (fulfilled their latest trust)
And mingled with their country's dust.
Go deck the graves where'er they are
That hold the hero-hosts of war,
Not they alone who dared to die
For right, or home, or liberty
But unto those just honor give
Who midst life's conflict dared to live,
Who faced the armies of despair
And welcomed death, an angel there;
Yet rather chose through years of woe
The torturing rack of life to know
Than with a feeble human hand
Destroy the temple God has planned
With hope to find the peace they crave
In an ignoble coward's grave.
Who lived, when death were easier far,
Are heroes in life's common war.
Bring fairest flowers to deck the spot
That chronicles their grief forgot.

Your virgin lilies sacrifice,
Your pansies with their pleading eyes,
Your royal roses bright and brave
Anoint to deck a hero's grave;
But they who faced a petty foe
Nor stayed to plan its overthrow,
While others fearless turned to wield
Their arms on many a fiery field,
These slunk from out the heedless crowd
And buttoning on their gory shroud
While wrong, the ranks of right despoiled
Lay down to sleep when others toiled.
Cowards, weak cowards, let them lie
Unnoticed 'neath their natal sky,
The onward march of triumph treads
With scorn the grasses o'er their heads;
Erect no pedestal of pride
O'er the ignoble suicide.
No virgin lilies sacrifice,
No pansies with their pleading eyes,
No royal roses bright and brave
Condemn to deck a coward's grave.
No trailing myrtle vainly place
To cover o'er a life's disgrace;
Weeds, coarsest weeds, should veil the mound
With its profaned, unhallowed ground,
Fit symbol they of low desires
Of hearts consumed by fiendish fires,
Of minds distorted, souls that grow
To dwarfish statures base and low;
And if perchance a wild flower springs
Or bird, in passing, stops and sings
Where only thistles, grass and weeds
Spring up each year to drop their seeds,
'Tis like a breath of Mercy's prayer
Midst changeless justice bleak and bare.

He perpetrates a complex crime
Who dares to die before his time.
His country called for noble men
But where was he, the traitor, then?
Life's field was broad, its workers few
Yet he had nothing left to do,
Truth had a thousand pearls to give
And he had naught for which to live.
Life is so short, life's work so great
But the tired idler could not wait
And plotted out his coward's crime
With hope to rest before his time.
Who, hath the temple overthrown
To which God holds the key alone,
His is the thief's eternal doom,
His is the prison's hopeless gloom,
He thinks to sleep, ah, vain his thought!
In their lone cells they slumber not;
Like culprits in their dungeon bed
They only wait the sentence dread;
His is the murderer's awful fate,
His grave shall be his prison gate
From whence again with faltering breath
He goeth trembling to his death
Upon his hands the murderer's stain
And on his brow the mark of Cain;
Bring no fair flowers to deck his tomb
They only mock its rayless gloom.

TO-NIGHT

Gone are the changing shadows of the gloaming,
Lost the weird fascination of their spell;
My thoughts like twilight truants idly roaming
Turn sadly homeward, loath to say farewell.

Darkness has veiled the landscape from my vision
But Fancy chooses shadow for her art,
She wreathes the stilly night in flowers Elysian
And strews the silent threshold of the heart.

She comes and gathers up the heartaches olden
And flings them out upon the wandering breeze,
She scatters Hope's bright buds but half unfolded
Where grew the briers of Fate's austere decrees.

She tunes the rusting lyres of Love and Beauty
And times them to the twinkling of the stars,
She covers up life's page of hard, plain duty
With glory like the sunset's lustrous bars.

All o'er our happy land fond hearts are breaking
And tears are bathing ruins, wrecks and blight,
Thousands of souls with awful guilt are quaking
And many a home is desolate to-night.

But over all a seraph spreads her pinions
Her graceful form is poised in breezeless air,
Her mission to all nations and dominions
To sprinkle holy balm on earth's despair;

So though so many hearts are bowed with sorrow
And Love is weeping o'er time's wreck and blight,
Hope giveth promise of a bright to-morrow
And Mercy hovers o'er the world to-night.

LAMENT OF THE FALLEN OAK

"Alas, and is it true that I no more
Shall stand in pride and beauty as of yore,
Strength for my throne and grandeur for my crown,
Might for my scepter? Who has thrown me down?
Who dared to smite the monarch of the wood?
I, who for many centuries withstood
The storm-king's anger and the wind-fiend's wrath
Dethroning many others in their path,
Stripping the leafy forests, thundering
Down the wild canyons, ever muttering
In baffled rage as firm beneath their frown
I stood, defying aught to tear me down.
The forest fires lit up the woods with flame
I knew not where they went or whence they came,
The crackling underbrush, the blazing grass,
Smoldered to ashes, and I saw them pass;
Flame after flame in madness leaping high
Lighting the woods, the mountains and the sky;
Yet stood I like some armored, dauntless knight
Unscathed, unshrinking in the thickest fight;
Even the long, grey, lightly flowing moss
On limb and twig still free in sport to toss
To every breeze that hummed its lullaby
Through the high branches of the old oak tree.
The sound of the wood-chopper as at morn
Waked the still echoes and as downward borne
To the same soil from which they one day sprang
The trees returned, the dim old forest rang.
Crash! And the highest were forever low;
Then fell the chopper's axe, blow after blow
Resounding through the forest 'till at last
Nothing was left to whisper of their past
But the low stumps decaying in the ground
And the dry brush of branches strewn around;

Yet towering still above their sudden fall
I stood unshaken, monarch over all;
But now, alas, why vanished triumphs tell?
On me at last the lot of nature fell,
No storm of terror shook my bulwarks down
No war of elements laid low my crown,
No burning fiery furnace scathed my bark,
No lightning arrow chose me for its mark,
No feeble instrument in feebler hand
Forbade my leafy throne to longer stand;
But fell the gentle rain from clouds above
On field and forest, mountain, plain and grove
'Till countless springs stray rivulets supplied
And swelled the torrent to a rushing tide
'Till every hill-slope shone with silver threads,
With tiny pebbles in their shallow beds,
With sap refreshed and leaves of brighter green
I gazed in gladness on the freshened scene;
But every leaf was weighed with rain-drops down
And heavier grew my lofty, leafy crown.
The mistletoe adorning every bough
Seemed like a mighty weight of metal now,
And still the rain-drops fell though every hill
Seemed gushing forth in gurgling spring and rill;
And still the clouds poured down their crystal flood
Swelling each purling stream and bursting bud;
When a slight tremor through my being ran,
A shiver midst my highest twigs began,
A loosening midst the roots embedded deep
In the firm earth, where centuries saw them creep
'Till grown to giant strength and giant size
They bade the sapling high and higher rise;
Upheaving earth, uptearing rocks around—
Hush! Through the silent glades a thundering sound,
A crash of splintering boughs, an awful thud—
And then oppressive silence in the wood.
Alas, my fall! The little birds no more

Shall sing among my branches as of yore,
Their last year's nests have shared my sudden doom
No more in early Springtime will they come
With twitters of artless ecstasy
To build their dwellings in the old oak tree ;
No more with tiny wings raised timidly
From twig to twig the baby-birds shall fly
And try their first weak songs beneath the leaves
That to their cozy homes were roof and eaves.
Ye pigeons, that with fluttering pinions stayed
To gather acorns in the deepest shade,
Ye red-winged blackbirds that year after year
In earliest Spring were wont to gather here
Holding the season's first grand jubilee
Among the branches of the old oak tree,
Why more upon your vanished music dwell
Since all is past? My feathered friends—farewell.
Ye frisking squirrels that to your burrows bore
My plenteous acorns for your Winter store,
Ye lambs that nibbled the young grass below
And frolicked where the wild-flowers loved to blow,
Green grow the fields and blue the Summer sky
But as for me—a last and long—goodbye.
Ye cheerful wind-flowers that with dewy breath
Freighted the sunshine and shade beneath,
Fair, frail nemophilas in freshness grown
By Nature's hand in rich profusion sown
With wide blue eyes in loveliness upraised
That oft through dew-drop tears so sweetly gazed
Or clear as bluest depths of Summer sky
Looked up to those blue heavens lovingly,
And dainty cream-cups mingling with the blue,
Bright, tender wild-flowers evermore—adieu.
And thou, encircling stream, that at my foot
Didst fall in cascades over rock and root

Where fairy fern-fronds like Narcissus vain
Their graceful forms saw mirrored back again
In glassy pools below the cascade's fall
And waved to every zephyr's breezy call,
I saw thee every year farther below,
Thou saw'st my rise, my reign, my overthrow;
Again the wild deer shall the grasses press
That carpet all around with loveliness,
Again the hunter rest upon the brink
Of the cool stream and from its waters drink;
But nevermore shall my inviting shade
Shield the fierce heat of Summer from the glade:
Trailing in dust are all my hoary plumes
While every sunny hour my life consumes,
And long grey moss and broken mistletoe
Lie strewn around like cerements of woe.
I envy now the tules by yonder lake
That bend to every gale but do not break,
The tallest, half way sunk in waters deep,
Their feeble roots through mire and driftings creep;
Yet I, with giant roots through rock-beds wound
Or firmly fastened in the solid ground,
I, who once called them weak, and small and low,
Fain would be growing as I see them grow.
But why my common heritage deplore?
The bravest warrior finds his triumphs o'er,
The mightiest king laments the fatal hour
When ruined lies the scepter of his power;
And I have lived while empires rose and fell
And kings lived out their little day as well;
Yet I who stood for centuries the same,
Chanting the triumph song of power and fame,
Now lie with all my vaunted vigor spent
The vanity of pride my last lament!"

THE BUTTERFLY

Butterfly, butterfly, where are you going?
Do you dine today with the regal rose
Or nectar sip with the lilies blowing
In the golden noontide's sweet repose?

Away, away, on silken pinions,
Gay guest of Flora's proudest minions.

Or will you pause midst the fragrant clover
And their humbler viands not despise,
While the proud tuberoses wait their lover
And the pansies smile from their velvet eyes?

Away, away, on dainty pinions
Gay guest in Flora's fair dominions.

Butterfly, butterfly, praised and petted
Welcomed and feasted and loved by all,
Say have you ever yet regretted
That an humble worm you learned to crawl
You who soar on sun-dyed pinions
With bees and blossoms for companions?

O, like the worm we must aspire
To a higher flight and a lovelier guise,
If on unseen wings we mount up higher
And from a worm of the dust arise,
A full-fledged wonderful new creation
On the pinions of noble aspiration!

O, like the worm we must repair
From the coarse low things of the worm's delight
And wind our souls in the shreds of prayer
And fashion us wings for an endless flight;
Then bursting forth from our chrysalis
Taste the sweets of the highest happiness!

WITHIN THE VEIL

O friends, now entered on a new existence
(Whose forms from sight have gone
That we shall know within that untrod distance
To which our steps press on).

What waits us there? In all our imperfection
Can we step out upon that untried land?
Ye come not back, who wait the resurrection
To lead us by the hand.

Ah! through the pitfalls of this world of dangers
A love has led that still hath power to guide,
We entered here as lost and helpless strangers,
God's endless future is not more untried.

Casting aside our earth-chained false ambition,
Taking with gladness all His love hath planned,
To follow where He leads, our highest mission
Through life, through death into the better land.

THE PATRIOT ABROAD

He stood in a foreign port
In the midst of the clamoring din
Straining his eyes o'er the peaceful waves,
Watching the ships come in.

There were French and Italian frigates
And British men-of-war
And flags of all nationalities
Streaming their colors afar ;

But one of the many caught his eye
And raised his eager hand
To wave his hat in welcome,
'Twas the flag of his native land.

It flung on the Orient zephyrs
Freedom's prophetic types
While India's sunbeams sported
In Columbia's stars and stripes,

And it spake to the lonely traveler
Of his home across the main
Where it waved in majestic beauty
O'er the freedman's sundered chain.

What wonder he greeted its coming
With a glad and grateful heart,
It seemed of his country,—an emblem,
Of his cherished home,—a part.

Like a star from his native heaven
Or a message from some loved name,
Or a flower plucked from his garden
On the wings of a dove it came.

Float on, loved flag of Freedom
O'er many a foreign sea
And wake in the hearts of thousands
The echoes of liberty!

BABY BESSIE

With strong, free motion of life and limb
Bessie is climbing the hill,
With rose-cheeks under her bonnet's brim
To the time of her own sweet will;
May the world hold peace and happiness
And all that is good and true for Bess.

"Bess," hear the parrot call
From his cage in the old madrone,
Hugged to her heart is Jane the doll
Now faded and aged grown,
The flowers of Springtime will bloom again
But beauty will never come back to Jane.

Up the long grass slopes where the sheep flocks browse
She comes without pause for rest
A ginger cooky from Grandpa's house
Held tight in her chubby fist,
I'll have sardines and doughnuts and apples and tea
For Bessie has come to take lunch with me.

Bessie, you brave little mountaineer,
I've a picture that's hid from sight
But I could see it as plain and clear
If I shut my eyes up tight,—
A vision of brown-eyed rosiness
A little friend by the name of Bess.

THERE IS A GOD

The fool hath said, "There is no God"

But Wisdom, hour by hour,
Proclaimeth over land and sea
In sweet unbroken harmony
His glory, love and power.

Who formed the earth, who built the sky,

Who planned the circling year?
Seed time and harvest roll around
We listen—but no jarring sound
In Time's great wheels we hear.

Day unto day, night unto night,

For toil and rest designed;
Surely some living mind hath thought
Who spake a universe from naught
Had more than mortal mind.

Some sculptor hand hath formed the earth,

Some architect
Hath reared the heavens to their height,
Some artist with his colors bright
All nature decked.

Who wrought the delicate design

Of leaf and bud?
Who to the bird his music taught,
If as the blinded fool hath thought
There is no God?

Who shall avenge the innocent
Whose speaking blood
Cries from the ground wronged Nature's curse
If in the boundless universe
There is no God?

And who fulfill those hopes that pant
Through fire and flood?
What solace can they give instead
Who with the blinded fool have said:
"There is no God?"

"There is no God," the fool hath said,
On earth's green sod;
But Wisdom speaks from earth to sky
And sings from world to world on high
There is a God.

THE PROCESSION

Lo, 'tis a vast procession passing by
From the great amphitheater of the past!
The cloistered avenues of imagery
Glow with the flame-light from their torches cast,
The suns of centuries hurried to their goal,
Their goal the chaos of the past unveiled,
The moons and stars of years beyond control;
Are these their torches, these by distance paled?
No; from their hands the quenchless font of flame
Shines brightening over suns forever set,
The burning rays of Truth's immortal fame
Forbid the future, to the past forget;

But who are they of silent, stately tread
Still moving on to martial music sweet
While careless hands by passing impulse led
Are scattering briers and blossoms at their feet?
O, these are they with whose life-victories
The past, the future lavishly endows
The breezes of the coming centuries
Shall lightly wave the laurels on their brows!

Ye crowds, who watch the grand processions march
Along the cities' bannered avenues,
Turn to where vague oblivion's boughs o'er-arch
From whose deep shades this regal train issues
Down through the centuries crowded thoroughfares
Gathering fresh numbers in their sure advance,
Each face, the mark of life-won battle bears;
They come not here by fortune, fate or chance.

And will you turn from these again to gaze
On some clan ego's petty pageantry?
Time's grand centennials mark their day of days
For theirs is more than vaunted vain display;

Behold they come, a strong resistless force
Unstopped by opposition's adamant
But pressing onward in their kingly course
Truth's principles immortal to implant;

Yet not like plumed knights bearing pennons gay
Down Fancy's lighted avenues they come,
O what a thoughtful, earnest train are they
Advancing to old Time's year-measured drum,
Not like grim soldiers marching on to war,
Not like exultant gatherings national
No wave-washed empire boundary can bar
From any realm what they have won for all!

They who have laid Truth's pearl-hewn corner stone
And struck unerring blows at Falsity
'Till her proud atoms to the four-winds blown
But Prophecy, how great her fall shall be!
Ah! many figures there we recognize,
Not by a memory of form or face
But by that recognition that defies
The cold, remorseless sweep of time and space.

Have we not walked with them in paths apart,
Held with their thoughts benign communion sweet,
Whispering soul to soul and heart to heart
Or sat like children learning at their feet?
But, lo, among their numbers there is none
Like to One only, more than all beside
Thorns for unfading laurel-wreaths He won
He, who for man alone, hath lived and died.

The wreckless curb-stone-crowds, how many yet
Are scattering cruel briars in His path,
O, do they in their heedlessness forget
That heavens of mercy yet will cloud with wrath!

From the elixir of the purest truth
Turn they toward an image built of naught
Drinking through life, in childhood, age and youth
The bitterness of some deceiver's plot.

Thanks be to you, ye great souls of the past,
For the life-lessons ye have lived to teach;
Thanks be to you that on Time's current cast
Fresh leaves of truth float ever in our reach,
And have they gone, the realms of imagery,
Dissolve their magic barriers to the real,
Roll in, ye waves of life's prosaic sea
But when will Fancy's queen their ranks reveal?

O they will come again when vain and weak
Seemeth the strife of man to live for men,
Unto our lives their deathless lives will speak
Down through the noise of centuries that have been!
O they will come, yea ever and anon
With that majestic presence high and calm;
Until with them our teachers, we sit down
To the glad marriage-supper of the Lamb!

DEATH

Dark were the world if o'er its gloom
The gospel light had never dawned,
Hopeless our fate if through the tomb
We saw no better world beyond.

The smile of earthly gladness fades
Destined to swift and sure decay,
Disease this mortal frame invades
And leaves but cold and lifeless clay.

So brief is life—a few short years
Measure this fleeting transient breath,
Sorrow and gladness, smiles and tears
Surrender to the angel,—Death.

“Come unto me,” the Saviour said;
No more a weary pilgrim roam;
Swift through the night the chariot sped
That bore the deathless spirit home.

Veiled are the joyous, sparkling eyes,
No more on earth to smile or weep,
No more to ope in glad surprise
When earthly music breaks their sleep.

Peaceful is now the weary brain
Its tumult stilled, its tempest o'er,
Its once bright prospects slowly wane
As lights upon a distant shore.

But oh, true heart, art thou asleep?
Thou who wert faithful to the last
Struggling the flickering flame to keep
When all else sank before the blast?

Yes, thou art still. No earthly voice
Can rouse thee from thy pulseless calm,
The heart once weighed with many a cross
Has changed its sorrows for a psalm.

They are not here, the soul has left
But the frail house of its abode,
The fires are quenched the hearth bereft
That once with warmth and beauty glowed.

Through the dim windows, curtained now,
Once an ethereal spirit shone;
On the pale rigid cheek and brow
The blushing rose of health has blown.

The mind dwells not within its walls
Nor knows its desolate decay
But far beyond death's lonely halls
It revels in eternal day.

The heart that oft unsatisfied
Throbbled with a longing unexpressed,
Freed when the quaking mortal died,
Has found the Christian's peaceful rest.

When on a lonely coffin lid
You hear the heavy clods descend,
And "dust to dust" is sadly said
Above the ashes of a friend;

Oh, do not mourn in mute despair!
Death cannot break love's silent power;
The hidden bud we nourish here
In Heaven has bloomed a perfect flower.

Love cannot die. A lengthened chain
Binds heart and soul, and mind and will
To those we hope to meet again,
The same dear friends who love us still.

The Christian knows no darkened grave,
Before earth's bells their dirge could toll
Angelic palms began to wave
To welcome home a weary soul.

Gather sweet flowers of hope and love
And bring them with a noiseless tread,
Symbols of joys that bloom above,
To strew around your sacred dead.

And as their sweet perfumes arise
Linked with the spirit's voiceless prayer
Look up to yonder paradise
And count your loss a triumph there.

For Hope's triumphant bow has spanned
The cloud that hovers o'er the tomb,
And Faith beholds the better land
Where fairer flowers than Eden's bloom.

WE SHALL SLEEP BUT WE SHALL WAKEN

We shall sleep but we shall waken
In the morning bright and fair,
We, by sudden night o'ertaken
In a land of dark despair;
Whatsoever may befall us
Though our rest be long and deep,
Jesus in the morn will call us
Call us from our silent sleep.

We shall sleep but we shall waken
Though the night be cold and drear,
Not forgotten, not forsaken,
With a dear Friend watching near;
Long may be the night of sadness
Yet that Friend, His watch shall keep
'Till the glorious morn of gladness
When He wakes us from our sleep.

We shall sleep, but we shall waken
At the sound of that dear voice
At whose murmur thrones have shaken,
At whose whisper saints rejoice;
O'er our newly wakened vision
Floods of holy light shall sweep
From that morning-dawn Elysian
When He wakes us from our sleep.

We shall sleep but we shall waken,
Jesus slept, and woke before;
We shall sleep and we shall waken
When our silent sleep is o'er;
On the stillness of our slumbers
Shall break forth that music deep
From glad hosts in countless numbers
When He wakes us from our sleep.

We shall sleep but we shall waken,
We shall meet with friends long dead,
Those who from our sight were taken
To a cold and narrow bed ;
From the loftiest tomb's dark prison,
From the lowliest grass-grown heap,
We shall rise as Christ has risen
When he wakes us from our sleep.

We shall sleep but we shall waken
In the resurrection morn,
We, by sudden night o'ertaken,
Wanderers lost amid the storm ;
Whatsoever may befall us,
Though our rest be long and deep,
Jesus in the morn will call us,
Call us from our silent sleep.

EARTH'S POWER AND WEAKNESS

Earth, thou hast grandeur, mighty piles are thine
Of human skill and workmanship divine,
Nature and art their kindred aims unite
To build thy loftiest monuments of might,
And dip their jeweled pens in floods of flame
To write the deathless eulogies of fame,
Where malice cannot one bright line deface
Or envy tear the record from its place;
Thy castles and thy crags tower side by side
By them the quaking elements defied,
Give o'er their strife and cease their paltry war,
Lay down their spears and own thee, conqueror.

Earth, thou hast wealth, uncounted gold is thine,
Jewels lie stored within thy hidden mine;
Safe in thy vaults for centuries they have lain,
Mortals have striven to claim them, but in vain,
Over thy wealth is set a solemn seal.
Ah! let the arrant thief break through to steal,
Thy jewels still shall deck thy vast domain;
Thy gold shall glitter in thy vaults again,
Man cannot from thy breast thy treasures bear,
The miser guards his hoards with jealous care
Claiming them, while he leaves them all behind,
He proves at last the truth that they are thine.

Earth, thou hast beauty, varied charms are thine
Wrought in rich fabrics and in rare design
Thy galleries of art thy smiles display;
Thy pictured landscapes loveliest themes portray;
Beautiful are the songs that pierce thy air
And beautiful thy holy tones of prayer;

Thy sun that smiles thee and thy clouds between
Casts o'er thy features a transparent sheen ;
From Night's fleet chariot, her priestess pale
Spreads o'er thy slumbering face a silvery veil.
Yes ; in great beauty are thy features planned
Molded by an all wise, almighty hand.

Earth, thou hast glory, pomp and pride are thine,
Thy sun of promise knoweth no decline,
Thy might is sung by vast assemblages
And grand processions offer thee their praise,
Resounding aisles thy eulogies prolong
And martialled hosts repeat thy triumph song ;
They pass away to rest beneath thy turf
Or make their graves below thy briny surf,
But other tongues awake the dying strain
And chant the endless anthem of thy fame ;
Yes, thou hast glory, mighty Earth, on thee
Waiteth unrivaled pomp and pageantry.

Thou hast all these, oh Earth ! all these are thine.
Beauty and wealth and pageantry combine
To serve thee during all thy long career,
These have been thine for many, many a year ;
These shall be thine, thy jeweled hands may hold
All that thou hast of glory, gems or gold.
Ages have sped away on pinions fleet
But still thy treasures glitter at thy feet ;
Ages may tread again thy golden sands,
They cannot tear thy riches from thy hands,
Keep them, oh Earth ! to thee they all belong,
We claim them but we do not want them long ;
A few short years and we must leave behind
All that we have or hope in thee to find.

But one thing, Earth, one thing thou canst not bind ;
Thou canst not fetter the immortal mind.
The soul defies thy will and breaks thy bands
Bursts through thy bars and flees from thy commands,
Thy gold and gems are safe within thy grasp
But, lo, the spirit slips from out thy clasp ;
Soars on its sunbright wings to cloudless spheres
Nor glances backward to thy realm of tears ;
Chained in thy prison cells or dungeons deep
Where sentinels their sleepless vigil keep,
On fearless pinions plumed for holier air,
They pass thy prison-gates, nor tarry there.

Consigned to marble tombs, hid in the deep
No plan of thine thy richest prize may keep ;
The soul of deathless and imperial birth
This grandest treasure is not thine, oh Earth !
What is thy hoarded wealth and boasted power ?
What is thy rarest charm or richest dower,
When one bright gem that flashes on thy shore
Shall live and reign when thou shalt be no more ?

POISON IVY (*Rhus toricodendron*)

In the pasture's tangled thickets
Clinging to old mossy stumps,
Running over rocks and rubbish,
In long wreaths or tangled clumps,
Clambering up the gnarled old tree-trunks
With its strong aerial roots,
Sporting in the balmy breezes,
Graceful sprays and glossy shoots.
A fair vine, with lovely foliage,
Any season, may be seen.
In the Autumn, gold and crimson,
In the Springtime, glossy green.
Charming in its every feature.
Beautiful as heart could want.
Who would think then of avoiding
This fair vine's sequestered haunt?
Yet beware, and think how often
Earth's most charming loveliest things.
Hide beneath a fair exterior,
Poisonous sap, or cruel stings,
Touch not, 'tis the poison ivy;
Spurn its festooned haunt with care;
Trust not, 'tis a fair deception,
Hidden guile is lurking there.
Type of many another nature,
False, untrue, yet passing fair.
Trifling with the poison ivy
Prudence cries: "O friends, beware!"

A SONG OF PRAISE

Thou, whose immortal praise is sung
In hymns of deathless fame,
O, teach a feeble, faltering tongue
To magnify Thy name!

Thy name, at which the angels fall
And veil each shining brow,
Thy name, on which the lowliest call,
To which the loftiest bow.

O, for a language to adore
Thy glorious name on earth!
O, for a heavenly harp to pour
Thy heartfelt praises forth!

O, for a hymn to praise Thee still,
When centuries have fled;
When all who now life's stations fill
Are numbered with the dead!

A hymn to praise Thee as thou art
Redeemer, Lover, Friend,
Fraught with the language of my heart,
'Till fleeting time shall end.

Alas! I learn how weak my powers
The depths of love to reach,
How finite are these joys of ours,
How vain is human speech.

Only a thankful heart, I bring
For all thy love to give,
To Thee, by faltering faith, I cling;
Who died, that I might live.

O, keep that heart in perfect peace!
O, keep it pure and white!
That feeble, fluttering faith increase
'Till changed to perfect sight.

Only for one sweet song, I yearn
My gladness to express,
That some might turn to Thee, and learn
What changeless pleasure is.

O, for the song the Blessed sing!
O, for their living lyres!
O, for an angel's flaming wing
To fan immortal fires!

Vainly, I long to sing Thy love,
Thy changeless love to me,
O, for a life whose truth shall prove
A silent psalm to Thee!

Help me in living faithfully
To glorify Thy grace;
Then shall I sing eternally
When I behold Thy face.

THE DEEP OF DESPAIR AND THE HAVEN OF HAPPINESS

Like a vision it gleamed through the darkness
And flashed on my wondering view,
And at first, not the half of its beauty
Nor the depth of its meaning, I knew;
'Till as a fair painting in shadows
Grows clearer when daylight has dawned,
A radiance illumined its dimness
As if touched by some magical wand.

The scene was a tempest-tossed ocean,
Frightfully dismal and dark,
But soon on the waves, I saw tossing
The form of a frail little barque;
And nearer and nearer it floated
'Till plain to my view it had grown,
And I saw in it, weary and helpless,
A woman sat weeping alone.

Then an angel came down from the heavens
And poised her light wings on the air,
While she gazed on the waves' inky blackness
And the dense, heavy clouds of Despair,
And the tempest grew louder and louder
And the breakers dashed higher; until
She breathed on the turbulent waters
And the voice of their murmuring was still.

And the woman aroused by the calmness
From the depths of her sorrow awoke
And lifting her eyes, saw the angel,
And thus in soft accents she spoke:
"O angel! bright angel! my life barque
Has long sailed on this dreary sea,

I have long sought a harbor of refuge
But no morning shall dawn upon me.

For oh! I have left them behind me
The harbors I once hoped to gain
I shall never return, but float onward
'Till I sink in the fathomless main.
Once I sailed on a sea of rare beauty
Where no cold, piercing wind ever blew,
Where the warm sunbeams kissed the blue wavelets
And the storm-clouds were transient and few;

But I longed at some harbor to anchor
And float no more on the swift tide,
To find some bright haven of pleasure
And there in contentment abide.
And many I passed on my journey,
And they looked like the Eden of old;
But not for me could they blossom
Or their marvelous wonders unfold;

And I've given up, long ago, hoping
For a beautiful sylvan retreat
With the pearls of affection 'round me strewn
And the roses of bliss at my feet;
For the contrary winds of trouble
Have borne my barque far away
From the sea, Hope's beautiful, sunlit sea,
Where the shores of happiness lay."

She paused, and the angel answered,
In a voice so silvery clear:
"O woman! listen to what I say
And wreck not thy life barque here,
For out on this ocean of darkness
Beneath the storm-king's frown,
I have watched with emotions of horror
Millions of ships go down.

For they trusted not in the light-house
Nor believed in another shore
Where all tempest-tossed, their barques might land
So they sank to rise no more
Despond not, O woman! look beyond
On the wave a gleam is shed
From the light-house whose beams flood with glory
A haven that lieth ahead."

She looked where the angel pointed
And a radiance lit up her face
And she said: "O beautiful angel,
Where is that happy place?"
"Come with me," spake the angel,
"Fear not the dashing spray
Follow the gleam from the light-house
It cannot be far away;

And if through the light and shadow
Onward, right onward you steer,
Soon bathed in a sunlight of glory
The haven of rest will appear.
Onward to join in its music,
Onward its glories to share;
I was sent from that beautiful refuge,
Was sent to guide thee, there."

And calm on the breast of the billows
Through the shades of the twilight gray,
I watched with unwavering interest
The little barque glide away;
As mingled with murmuring of waters
The voice of the shining one, said:
"O, trust in the strong, faithful light-house
For the haven that lieth ahead!"

THE PACIFIC

Beautiful Pacific! Queen of every ocean!
Grasping earth's proud continents in thine outstretched arms,
Loud thy royal music-bands, in their deep commotion,
Swell their notes of harmony, to praise thy queenly charms.
Where thy train of purple sweeps the far horizon
Fringed with sunset-amber, sprinkled o'er with gold,
Where the Orient rainbow doth thy crown emblazon, •
Monarchs awed before thee, do thy power behold.
Tread'st there another where thy jewels brighten
All thy mystic palace with its secret crypts?
Readest there another, the strange history written
In whose well of knowledge, science vainly dips?
With their snowy turbans sparkling in the glamour
Of the golden sunshine, surge the orchestra;
But though for thy captives, nations vainly clamor,
Deep and mighty music drowns thy mystery;
Thou hast hid thy captives in the deep recesses
Where no footfall echoes, but thy regal tread;
There the sailor's pallid form his couch of sea-weed presses
And the rash explorer makes his lowly bed;
There the strong ship's anchor, wound in tangled cables
Rusts amid her ruin, in darkness and débris,
Where the ghastly skeleton mocks the idle fables
Sung in playful measure by the blue waves of the bay.
Queen of every ocean, beautiful Pacific!
Every sportive wave of thine is armed a cruel foe,
Terrible in anger, in kindly mood seraphic,
Store-house of prosperity and charnel-house of woe.
Nature's mighty forces crowned thy jeweled tresses,
With a grander crown than ever mortal monarch wore,
Thou who spite thy ravage, each country more than blesses
Where thy dark blue breakers beat against the shore.

THE SPIRIT REALM

Poets have sung of the spirit realm
And sages discoursed in tones sublime
Of the land where the saints and angels dwell,
And to-day their thoughts flood the aisles of time.

But what do we know of the great unknown!
Though we listen in rapture to song and speech,
The bard and the prophet went forth alone
To learn what they one day strove to teach.

What though their names honor the scroll of fame
And are uttered by thousands o'er sea and land,
Go read on cold sculptured stones the names
Of those who strove vainly to understand.

O problem, solved on the other side
By those who have passed through the pearly gate!
Martyrs have sung of thy joys and died
But gave not a glimpse of the soul's estate.

Doubtless they comprehend the whole
Of the mystery we fain would know,
But alas! though measureless ages roll
They return no more to this world below.

Full many a lofty line and page
Have life's earnest workers left behind,
But oh, for a glimpse of their heritage
In the realms they journeyed forth to find.

We may search for the secrets of the deep,
We may study the stellar worlds on high;
But not 'till our eyes close in endless sleep
Shall we fathom the things that our search defy.

We only know a great mystery,
Unknown to us now, shall be known some day,
When with clearer vision our eyes shall see
The mists of uncertainty rolled away.

O revelation, beyond all thought!
When the old shall perish before the new,
How narrow the knowledge time has taught,
When mortals shall know as the angels do.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Backward across the lapse of years,
With its ebbing tide of smiles and tears,
Memory turns her wistful gaze
And sighs for the pleasures of by-gone days,
Yearns for one glimpse through the crested foam
And pauses to whisper: "Home, sweet Home."

Not for a palace does she sigh
With rare old painting and tapestry,
Nor an humble cottage with lowly wall,
Nor the haughty pride of a stately hall;
For the loving, tender grace of home
Is more than the palace, cot or dome.

O bare were the walls, though decked with care
If affection never flourished there!
And lonely each richly furnished room
If love came not to light their gloom,
Powerless the sweetest spot on earth
If crumbling walls were its only worth;

But the threshold is worn by hurrying feet
Whose pathways perhaps no more shall meet,
And loving voices still perfume the air
Like ghosts of dead roses hovering there;
And smiles still blend with the sun-beams bright,
And tears distill with the dews of night;

And the vines o'er the moss-grown portals wound
Have thrilled to the touch of a loving hand.
And each tree and shrub in the garden's bowers
Bears some time-worn record of childhood's hours;
And crowned over all in its undimmed grace
The gentle light of a mother's face.

Forward beyond the wrecks of time
Faith looks to another fairer clime
Where no crumbling shrines of lost happiness
Shall dim the past with their bitterness,
Where no vanished hand shall leave its trace
Or love repine for a long lost face.

Faith turns from sad Memory's crumbling dome
And sings in her gladness: "Home, sweet Home!"
Not for the streets of transparent gold
Nor the pearly gateways backward rolled
Nor the tree of Life, nor the river fair
Nor the untold glories gathered there,

Nor the many mansions ever bright
In the beautiful realm where there is no night;
Not even the crown or the glittering throne
Is the prize that lures to that better home.
O Heaven, time were but barren dearth
If gold and gems were thine only worth!

But brighter than all those towers above
Is the haloed presence of sacred love,
For those gates shall echo the eager feet
And those courts resound when the ransomed meet,
And those mansions ring from portal to dome
When the wandering children are gathered home;

And crowned over all in matchless grace
The glorious light of the Saviour's face,
And the power that sways that world of bliss
Is the power that makes a home in this;
But nevermore shall the pilgrims roam
When they join in the angel's Home sweet Home.

MUSIC

There is music in the woodlands
When the birds their carols sing,
As they flit about the old oaks
Where the ivy tendrils cling.

Warblers, orioles and linnets,
Blue-birds with their brilliant hue;
While the sky-lark sings his sonnet
In the sky's ethereal blue.

Oh! is any of the music
That the listening ear has heard
Half so pure and sweet and lovely
As the singing of a bird?

There is music in the meadows
At the closing of the day,
When the gentle cows are coming,
Slowly, on their homeward way.

Drinking from the singing brooklet,
Cropping clover in the dells;
Listen! is not this sweet music,
Murmuring stream and tinkling bells?

There is music in the forest,
In the rustling of the trees,
In the chattering of the squirrels,
In the humming of the bees.

Hark! the tall pine-trees are singing,
Wailing forth their requiem, low;
While the chipmunks clamber briskly
O'er the mossy logs below.

There is music on the sea shore,
Of the little waves at play ;
While the stately ships are sailing
O'er the waters far away.

Wavelets o'er the rocks are dashing.
Say, can any music be
Sweeter than the waves' commotion
Or the singing of the sea ?

There is music in the rain-drops
Pattering forth their soft refrain,
Dancing, spattering on the shingles,
Coursing down the window-pane.

Strange, weird music, what could better
The fond dreamer's thought inspire,
Listening to the tiny voices
Of the storm-king's raindrop choir ?

There is music in the chiming
Of the solemn Sabbath bells,
Ringing forth to all a welcome
Over hills and vales and dells,

Calling to the house of worship,
Telling us the worth of time,
Praising God for all His goodness ;
Hear the distant church bells chime !

There is music in the voices
Of the children at their play,
Bird-like songs and rippling laughter
From the dawn 'till twilight gray.

Is there any earthly music
That is half so pure and sweet,
As the children's merry voices
Or the pattering of their feet?

There is music in the voices
Of the loved ones at our side,
Those who tread life's pathway with us
And who in our homes abide.

Sweetest music, yet how often
In life's busy bustling day,
We forget to prize the singers
'Till their songs have died away.

Let us gather up earth's glories,
Let us not refuse to hear
The sweet sounds that cheer our pathway,
Without which, earth would be drear.

Let us listen to the music,
Treasure it within the soul;
It will make us wiser, better,
While the months and years roll.

Let us notice Heaven's blessings,
Thanking God for what we share;
If we will but pause to listen
There is music everywhere.

FLOR DEL ESPIRITU SANTO

Loitering, midst the tropic glory of a large conservatory
Where the warm moist air was heavy with a cloud of rich
 perfume,
I beheld a strange plant flowering, where the stately palms were
 towering,
With a quaint, peculiar odor and an oddly fashioned bloom.

Not the beauty of its color, nor the sweetness of its odor,
Lured me to the unknown stranger, as above its bloom I bent,
But a tiny dove perched quaintly, with an air serene and saintly
In the heart of each odd blossom, nestling there in sweet content.

O'er each opening bud I pondered, and in after moments
 wondered
If each passer-by who saw it, learned its voiceless ministry;
In each flower a revelation, a symbolic-like creation
Of a heart where sweetly dwelleth the white dove of purity.

From its native land they brought it, but a higher wisdom
 wrought it.
For a high and nobler calling, rocks may preach and ripples sing;
But who from its sanctum turning, no grand lesson from it
 learning,
Hears not eloquence in Nature, gains not good from everything.

Odd dove orchid, silent preacher, thou hast come a living teacher
Of the rarest human virtue, of the noblest excellence
How these thronging thousands need you, but alas! how few will
 heed you
And their hearts' dark raven banish for the doves of innocence!

ETHIOPIA

Dark was her brow, and darker
The depths of her liquid eyes
And her hair was dark as the blackness
Of the moonless midnight skies,
Her robe was the gorgeous colors
Of the Tropic's brazen shield
And costliest incense smoldered
In its Isis folds concealed,
Dawn, noontide and evening together wove
The fabric she loved to wear
And fashioned the rainbow crescent
That shone in her midnight hair,
As she clasped in her hot embraces
And bore through the jungle wild
To her tents in the tangled forest
The cursed and homeless child.

Darker then grew her visage
And fiercer her deep eyes shone
As the smoke from her pagan altars
Curled over her ivory throne,
And the nations quailed before her
And trembled beneath her frown
Nor dared to enter her empire
Or gaze on her crescent crown,
'Till desolate, feared, forgotten,
She reigned in her realm alone
With the cursed and homeless Canaan
'Till they called her, the Great Unknown.
Once the sweet singer of Israel
Linked with his melody
Of the pagan queen in her darkness
A golden prophecy

That shone in the stars above her
And gleamed from her pagan sod,—
“Soon, soon shall proud Ethiopia
Stretch forth her hands unto God.”

Dark grew her brow and darker
Grew the darkness about her throne
No ray pierced the midnight blackness
No star in her midnight shone,
The suns of the burning Tropics
For centuries scorched her bloom
But they strove in vain to lighten
With one pale ray, her gloom.
Lo! in the listening ages
From the chords where it slumbered long
In the light of its glad fulfillment
Awakes the prophetic song,
'Tis sung by the stars above her,
'Tis harped from her teeming sod
Beautiful, dark Ethiopia
Stretches her hands unto God.

Lo! she hath dashed her idols
And her pagan altars down,
Robed in her gorgeous garments
Crowned with her crescent crown
She stands with benighted Canaan,
She turns from her gory sod
She looks to the stars above her
And stretches her hands unto God.

A light on her midnight breaketh
A brightening, growing light
It darts through her gloom and slowly
Illumines her fearful night,

Her scepter was stained with crimson
Vice lurked in her smile to mar
And over her glorious beauty
Burned Crime's unsightly scar,
And lo, from her pagan palace
Girt 'round with its burning zone
To his Father's righteous dwelling
Canaan is coming home.

EDEN

Sweet Eden garden of delight
Abode of innocence,
Alas, that sin should ever blight
Thy halcyon loveliness!

Amid thy bowers of fadeless Spring
Love hastened to abide
And Purity with spotless wing
Dwelt ever at her side;

In thee, the wild beast's savage power
To gentleness was awed
And in the cool of evening hour
Was heard the voice of God.

Rejoicing angels sang their psalms,
Glad heralds of thy birth,
And peace breathed through thy waving palms
Thou emerald gem of earth!

Brightness and freshness, love and peace
And changeless joy were thine
O why should all thy promise cease
Thy dawn so soon decline!

Lost is thy dower of sweet content,
 Fallen thy 'matchless worth,
Soon was thy day of glory spent
 Thou paradise of earth!

Sweet Eden, garden of delight!
 Great was thy sudden fall
But Memory throughout Time's swift flight
 Oft doth thy charms recall.

No more the joys of thy brief reign
 To thy dim aisles belong
Yet doth thy beauty bloom again
 In Earth's immortal song.

WILL THERE BE NO FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?

Will there be no flowers in heaven,
No soul-like blossoms there
In the land of the pure and lovely
In the home of the good and fair;
Where all that is best and brightest
In matchless splendor shall shine
And night cannot lend one shadow
To darken the courts divine?

Will there be no flowers in heaven,
Where the streets are paved with gold
Where a moment reveals more glory
Than the ages of earth unfold;
Where the light is all too dazzling
For earth-born eyes to view,
Where harps are thrilling such music
As this world never knew?

Will there be no flowers in heaven?
No flowers by the river's side?
No lilies to bathe their pearly crowns
In the spray of the crystal tide?
No violets to lend their fragrance
To perfume the balmy air,
No roses to cling to the jasper walls
And vie with the jewels there?

Will there be no flowers in heaven?
Would not heaven be incomplete
With no wreaths of immortal freshness
To cast at the Saviour's feet;

With no sprays of living beauty
To droop o'er the streets of gold,
With no gardens to blossom forever
Untouched by earth's blight and mold?

Ah! there will be flowers in heaven
In those realms of immortal bloom,
But never as here shall they wither
On a desolate, darkened tomb;
We know not their forms or their fragrance,
We know not their changeless years
But we know they shall outshine the blossoms
That gladden this vale of tears.

Our beautiful earth-born blossoms!
Can imagination weave?
Can mind in its silent chambers
One missing charm conceive,
That lost in their earthly glory
Might spring from a holier sod
And sprinkle with sweeter incense
The glorious courts of God?

No; to our limited vision
They are fair as a seraph's song,
One of the relics of Eden
That still to our earth belong.
We love them, oh, who would chide us
For loving the few bright things
That have not grown tired of our cold bleak world
And flown on their soul-like wings!

Beautiful flowers of heaven!
They shall bloom in immortal youth,
Holding within their spotless cups
The bright dew-pearls of truth;
Wafting from out their petals fair
The holy innocence of love,
Made lovelier for the adorning
Of the glittering courts above.

Never, never, to wither,
Never to fade or blight,
Nevermore to droop in sadness
In a land of clouds and night;
Bathed in eternal sunshine,
Nurtured in heavenly soil,
They shall bloom through unmeasured ages
Where frost cannot come to spoil.

SABBATH BELLS

Chime on, ye bells, ye Sabbath bells,
O'er hill and vale and sea;
Cease not thy music 'till the world
And nations cease to be!

Chime on, I love thy solemn sound
That tells the story old;
The story that in Heaven begun
And now on earth is told!

O Sabbath day, serene and calm,
Thou art by Heaven blest!
Thou art an emblem, peaceful day,
Of an eternal rest!

O day of rest, we will not cease
To welcome in thy morn;
Until for us in brighter worlds
Eternal Sabbaths dawn!

'Till Heaven's glorious Sabbath bells
Shall drown thy feeble ringing;
Until the voices of this world
Are lost in angels' singing.

THE GALLERY OF THE GREAT ARTIST

'Tis not alone where from her towers Rome's antique
 grandeur flashes,
'Tis not alone where Venice weeps o'er Art's immortal ashes,
Nor yet where queenly Paris lies
Or grey old London's smoke shall rise
O'er countless generations;

No boastful city's narrow walls can rival to contain it
Like pagan altars, in its aisles, they dare alone profane it,
Among its pictures, lo! they stand
Until the Mighty Artist's hand
Shall dash them down forever.

Where is this matchless Gallery and who, ah, who hath seen
 it?

Its corner-stone, the nadir is, its pinnacle the zenith.
Its walls the Orient rainbow crowns,
The Occident its distance bounds,
The universe its limit.

The skies, the hills, the depths He formed, all Nature His
 creation

Whatever human skill hath done is but an imitation
Of the grand pictures He hath swung
In heights ethereal and hung
Throughout the far horizon,

Left by the fading glare of time untarnished nor duller,
Retouched with every passing year with light and shade and
 color

Immortal Artist, hand Divine,
We turn from human skill to Thine
And none is great beside Thee!

Peasant and prince alike hold the key to these Thy treasures,
The magic key that opens wide the door to purest pleasures,
A mind alive to Nature's lore,
A stretch of mountain, sky or shore,
An eye not blind to beauty.

A heart, to comprehend and love a universe infinite
Or look upon a tiny flower and feel the grandeur in it,
A grandeur only born of Thee,
In all Thy works Thy love to see
All human love excelling.

This is the silver and the gold of which is formed the key
That opens wide the golden gates to Thy great Gallery
Each perfect picture Thou didst frame
Engraven with Thy deathless name
Illumined with Thy glory.

THE HARVEST

("The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13:39.)

Fallen upon the great field of the world,
Sown in corruption, germs that cannot die;
Perished in Africa's dark wilderness,
Lost in Alaska's frozen snows to lie
Forgotten germs of immortality.
Thus to be out of sight and being, hurled,
Buried as Moses was in tombs unknown,
Save to the pitying angels who stand by,
Guards of the dust, 'till from the o'er-arching sky
Shall sound the voice of God,
The great, "Come forth!"

Then from the North
From frozen sepulchers,
And from the South
From arid deserts, lo, the dearth and drought
Of land and ocean unto God shall yield,
Tares and bright grain from earth's great harvest-field.

From sun to sun
To curse the beautiful, the good to spoil,
Walketh the evil one.
Sound forth your glad evangels,
Ye who toil,
That golden sheaves may from the hallowed soil
Be gathered home.

Soon come the reaper angels,
And a voice like many waters, mighty thunderings
Shall sound from heaven, 'till earth awakened rings,

And all the hills rejoice
With alleluias and thank-offerings
Of praise, and in her valleys
Is heard the sound of morning angels' wings;
Earth clouds dissolve, and earthly glory waneth,
And the Lord God, the King immortal reigneth.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

Not a vast realm of haloed space
Where mellow beams soft shadows chase
And seas of loveliness unrolled
Gush out in streams of liquid gold,
Where forms invisible abide,
Where throngs of spirit-saints reside,
Where unseen choirs glad anthems swell,
Weird, shapeless and intangible,
Wrought from the twilight's filmy threads,
Woven with Mystery's silken shreds,
Not such a labyrinth as this
Shall be the goal of happiness.

O not in such a dream-like spell
Shall the redeemed forever dwell!
There is a City builded in the skies
Where glory never fades or beauty dies,
We know not where its matchless joys unfurl,
We cannot see one massive gate of pearl;
But real as any citadel of ours
Eternal sunshine bathes its burnished towers,
Her twelve foundations all of precious stones
Purer than any gem in Glory's throne
Shall stand unshaken in their wondrous plan
When crumbled lie the mightiest works of man.

THE THREE COMFORTERS

A little Job of modern years
Sat down in life's Sahara
In ashes, and such bitter tears
As filled the pools of Mara,
When in there came as come they must
Three friends as wise as sages
To little Jobs who sit in dust
Through all the troubled ages.
The first said: "Why do you repine?
I sing with sorrows doubled,
If you had griefs and cares like mine
Why then you might be troubled."
The next said: "Look around you, dear,
And see how others suffer,
Your neighbor's life is far more drear,
How many paths are rougher."
The third who was of stoic turn
Remarked in tone sarcastic:
"Control yourself as I, and learn
To not be quite so plastic,"
Then little Job was left alone,
When from life's battle scarry
Came one with gentle look and tone
Who said: "I am so sorry."
And little Job has lived to see
One weep, 'midst suffering neighbors
And she who sang triumphantly
Stop singing at her labors,
And she of strong and stoic will
Too hard and cold for human,
While little Job is growing still
A sweeter, wiser woman.
And she who wiped her tears away
In paths serene and starry

The only one of all to-day
For whom she is not sorry;
And little Job has found a key
She will not lose to-morrow
The heart's gold key is—sympathy,
Its iron door—human sorrow,
And she will take the Christ-like task
To comfort all who suffer
Not even taking time to ask
If some paths are not rougher,
Not even telling of her trust
That walks serene and starry,
Until her lips have whispered first
That golden key—"I'm sorry."

THE ORCHARD CALL

Come, 'tis the voice of the blue-bird, come to the flowery
orchard

In her bridal garment dressed,
Pink and white cloud-folds swaying, with the sportive sun-
beams playing

Or frolicsome winds caressed;
Come, 'tis the warbler calling, come, 'tis the blossoms falling
Promising all the rest.

Delicate little pledges, white with their tinted edges
Scented with faint perfume,
Or rosy as dawning brightness, or pure in their waxen
whiteness,

Some in their perfect bloom,
Some to pink buds just swelling, some falling, but all
foretelling

A banquet yet to come.

Come, 'tis the blue-bird screaming, up from the still air
teeming

With honey and bumble bees,
Come from the rush and riot, come to the shady quiet
Under the orchard trees;

Where through the rainless Summer, each warm and weary
comer

Is fanned by the gentle breeze.

Come to the banquet waiting, of Dame Nature's own creating
Spread in her spacious halls,

Come to the garnered sweetness, come to the rich repleteness
Brightening her fruitful walls,

Come for the viands are wasting, 'tis the voice of the grosbeak
tasting

The rosy peach, as he calls.

Come to the glowing cherries, come to the bright black-berries
Draping the orchard fence,
Come to the apples blushing, come to the nectar flushing
The pear's luxuriance;
Apricots ripe and yellow, peaches juicy and mellow
Plums in their leafy tents.

Come, 'tis the voice of the blue-bird, come to the fruitful
orchard

Come, 'tis the warbler's song,
Come, 'tis the blue-jay calling, come, 'tis the grosbeak trilling
The orchard boughs among,
Come, 'tis the bees inviting, buzzing, sipping, alighting
Midst the feasting, feathered throng.

SONG—BECAUSE I LOVE HER SO

Because I love her so
I wander through these leafy walks alone,
Drawn are the dewy draperies of Dusk,
A shower of fragrance by the wind is thrown,
The heart-throbs of a mighty surging throng
Beat in one breast and wreath themselves in song,
A song of swords that clash, of foes that meet,
The right so bitter and the wrong so sweet.

Chorus

Because I love her so
To win her scorn I go
And she will never know
It was because I loved her so.

For well, too well I know
That she will turn from me with strange alarm,
She will not see my duty or my love
That draws her back from present happiness
My love's fond arm of strong unselfishness,
Alas! I cannot hope that she will know
'Tis only just because I loved her so!

Chorus

Because I love her so, etc.,

Because I love her so
How can I warn her of her danger near,
The danger that so like a blessing seems
And oh, her love is dear!

Dearer than you can guess,
But is it dearer than her happiness?
My heart beats fast, my laggard feet move slow
Because I love her so.

Chorus

Because I love her so, etc.,

Because I love her so
A broader love than narrow selfishness,
A higher and a deeper love I see,
Her love for me, her present happiness
Weigh these against her life's abiding good,
The welfare of her high sweet womanhood
Outweighs them both; with beating heart I go
To win her hate because I love her so.

Chorus

Because I love her so, etc.,

Perhaps sometime, somewhere,
I shall see how I have been brave and strong,
I, who so strangely weak and faltering seem,
And sweet shall be the song
Of Love's sweet sacrifice, of Love's return
When from the records angels keep we learn—
To have been true and self-forgetful proved
Was better and sweeter than to have been loved.

Chorus

Because I love her so, etc.,

LINES TO THE OCEAN

Old Ocean, none knoweth thy story ;
Man cannot thy secrets unfold,
Thy blue waves sing songs of thy glory
But where are thy treasures untold?

Are they hidden away in the mosses
And sea-weed that covers thy bed?
O tell us, where are all our losses,
Our gold and our gems and our dead?

O where are the loved ones who perished,
Who found in thy bosom their grave?
O where are the fond hopes so cherished
That sank 'neath thy cold, cruel wave?

Ships loaded with jewels unnumbered
Have sunk in thy waters from sight,
While passengers, e'en while they slumbered,
Were lost in thy cold cheerless night.

Down deep in thy depths they are buried,
No more on the earth will they shine.
Far, far, from our reach they are carried
To rest in the Ocean's vast mine.

Thou hast them, old Ocean, and mortals
Can never take from thee thy prey ;
In thee did they find the tomb's portals,
And none knew the spot where they lay.

None knoweth? One sees where they slumber,
And greater than thine is His will;
He seeth thy gems without number,
He speaks and thy breakers are still.

There is One who hath had in all ages,
Dominion o'er sea and o'er land;
He ruleth the sea when it rageth,
He holdeth the deep in his hand.

Roll on, chilly wave and fierce breaker,
And guard the vast stores of thy bed;
'Till at the command of their Maker,
The waters shall give up their dead.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN

Lightly over the ivory keys
The white hands move in their measured grace,
But never a note the player sees
Or the light aglow in an upturned face.

Thoughts are afloat on the river of song
Like golden boats with transparent oars
As swiftly, sadly, sweetly along
The winding flood in its grandeur pours.

There are ripples now and then in the stream
And cascades that dash on the rocks below
But the oars keep time to the one grand theme
That ever blends with the river's flow.

There are vessels afloat on the changing tide
That never were launched from a rugged coast
And phantom barques o'er the cascades glide
That only the river of song can boast ;

And fairy yachts o'er the ripples play
And nymphs and naiads and mermaids throng
To lave in the cascade's silvery spray
In the beautiful, beautiful river of song.

Does she see them all as she sits apart,
From the listening crowd in the hall below?
For the blind have windows of soul and heart
That only God and the angels know.

Veiled is the outer sense of sight
Darkness and blackness from all outside
But it never, never can be night
Whence such wondrous streams of music glide.

Like the feathered songster's richer strain
When by cruel hands deprived of sight,
So grander tones in harmonic train
Flow sweetly forth from life's sad blight.

O blind musician! thy day is night,
Not even the moon, so pensive pale,
Inspires thy notes as with sheeny light
The evening song of the nightingale.

And we go forth to the day—the day
With its wealth of sunshine broad and free .
O, our very lives should glide away
As strong and sweet as thy melody!

ECCLESIASTES

King Solomon walked in his garden fair
'Midst the glory of tree and vine,
And beautiful flowers and fruits were there
And globules of purple wine,
And waters that sparkled crystal clear,
And voices of those that sing,
And notes from psaltery and harp to cheer
The heart of the sad old King.

King Solomon, why are thine eyes downcast
And thy countenance strangely sad,
Wisdom and riches and power thou hast
Enough to make hundreds glad,
Is there anything more that the heart requires
Than wisdom and power and gold
To purchase the happiness it desires?
Thy possessions are manifold.

There are princely palaces built for thee
Thou hast royal robes and a throne
And thine is the grandest pageantry
That a King has ever known,
With costly viands and nectar rare
Is thy regal banquet spread,
And pleasure and music and mirth are there
And a crown is on thy head.

But Solomon thought not of glory then,
He had cast life's best things aside,
He had lived for self like many men
And he was not satisfied;
On his brow was the shadow of discontent
In his breast was a heavy pain,
And in grief and sorrow his head was bent
As he said: "All things are vain."

Ah! sad old King, there are many more
Who are living to say with thee
The things that a selfish greed secure
Are nothing but vanity;
And that bread on the waters of kindness cast
And the keeping of God's commands,
After many days shall return at last
Reward to the toiler's hands.

THE VOICE OF THE CLOCK

"Tick, tick, tick," for many a long, long year
The old clock has welcomed the birth of the hours
And mourned when their end drew near,
And still it sings its changeless tune, the same note o'er and
o'er

But its language is changed for it tells me to-day
That I am a child no more,
And the message is not an unwelcome one
For the real race is only begun
And yet the old clock's settled decree
Wakes the solemn voices of Memory
And a sober coloring dims the light
As a rainbow of childhood fades from sight.
Where has it gone and when did it go?
The glimmering tints in that transient bow
Have melted away in some dreamland sea
But its image still lives in memory
And comes and comes and comes again
In shapes of pleasure and shapes of pain;
For childhood is not all gladness and joy
But purest gold mixed with base alloy,
And children's troubles to them are as real
As the greatest trials their elders feel.

"Tick, tick, tick," hark! the children's voices float
And intrude on that well known note,
Out in the sunshine they laugh and leap
While the old clock and I our vigil keep
O'er the old-time dreamings cold and dead,
O'er the joys and sorrows of moments fled,
O'er thoughts of forgotten Summer-times,
O'er Winters that came with their Christmas chimes,
O'er friends and farewells, o'er smiles and tears
And the many phases of by-gone years;

They are gone but the future shines brightly yet
To illumine my path and I will not let
The regret for my loss undervalue my gain
For well I know though Youth's sun may wane
There is work in which old and young can engage
And blessings alike for youth and old age.
Childhood like a rippling brooklet speeds
Through a tangled meadow of flowers and weeds,
Then swells to a deeper, broader tide
And the creek rushes down the mountain side
And grows to a river broad and deep
Where the song of the creek and brooklet sleep
Swallowed up in the voice of a mighty flood,
As the full blown rose absorbs the bud,
And gaining more depth and sublimity
'Till lost in the ocean—eternity.

"Tick, tick, tick," my old, old friend's voice is still clear
Though for many, many a year
That same solemn voice has warned the gay
That the moments were swiftly gliding away,
Has tolled the refrain of the funeral knell,
Has echoed the sound of the marriage bell,
Has chanted from dawn 'till the shadows creep
And kept faithful watch when the house was asleep.
"Tick, tick, tick, be quick, be quick, be quick
What is to be done must be done in haste
There is not a single moment to waste
For though time may seem to drag slowly on
Before you will know it, time will be gone
And then comes eternity."
Thus the old clock seems to speak to me
And then in a deeper tone repeats,
"How swiftly the little brooklet fleets
Childhood, sweet childhood can come no more
Look for the flowers on the river's shore."
But a new thought thrills me, the old clock's voice.

GATHER THE WILD FLOWERS

Gather the wild flowers from sunniest slopes,
Bring them to me with their wealth of perfume,
Cheering as happiness, charming as hope;
What varied phases of joy they assume!

Gather the wild flowers, a crown I would wreath,
Crown thee a queen on this gray, mossy stone;
Did ever princess a purer air breathe?
Had ever queen a more beautiful throne?

Gather the wild flowers beneath the tall trees,
Bright wayside beauties and gems from the lake,
Rare floral bells from the arched canopies
What lovely garlands their bright faces make!

Sweet woodland children, ye bloom for a day,
Symbols of love and bright emblems of trust;
Twilight falls softly, ye wither away,
Other days dawn, ye have moldered to dust.

In the rich garden a gorgeous array
Coquette with sunbeams through long Summer hours,
But a less generous master have they,
These rustic treasures are God's own free flowers.

Gather the wild flowers for rich and for poor,
Lowliest cottage or stateliest hall,
Childhood and old age their bright smiles allure,
Free as the sunbeams, they blossom for all.

Gather the wild flowers, Spring's purest pleasure,
Beautiful harvest for little brown hands,
Singing and laughing o'er each new-found treasure
Let your glad voices float over all lands.

And when some Spring day, all peaceful and still
Calmly I sleep where the tall grasses wave,
While the warm sunbeams kiss river and hill
Gather the wild flowers to lay on my grave.

EMPTY NESTS

Rocked on many a bending bough
Empty nests are swaying now
 In the Autumn wind,
Hanging o'er the cool cascade,
Hidden in the hazel shade,
Nests that loving skill has made
 Soon to leave behind.

From the leafy twigs around
Once was borne the joyous sound
 Of the wild bird's voice,
Pouring out his little soul
In melodious notes that roll
Merrily from knoll to knoll
 Bidding all rejoice.

Long ago the birds have flown
And the little nests alone,
 Rocking to and fro,
Time a silent mournful strain
While the wandering winds complain
And the leaves their sad refrain
 Whisper faint and low.

And I think of one lone nest
Where a birdling used to rest
 In the joyous Spring,
Now when Autumn decks the lands
Rocked no more by loving hands
Lo, an empty cradle stands
 Where they used to sing.

THE CRY OF THE SOUL

I have done the best I could, O Lord!
Yet my cramped life writhes in pain
For the World's cold, proud, high estimates
Press over my heart like leaden weights,
'Tis so little I can attain,
Is it nothing worth to be sweet and good,
To grasp opportunities fleet and few,
To broaden my intellect's narrow view,
To be glad and earnest and brave and true?
Is there nobler womanhood
Than to live and live when 'twere rest to die,
To smile and sing when I long to cry?
Is it nothing at all, O Lord,
That my soul has striven with every sin,
Has struggled and striven alone to win
Victory over the rebel,—Me
That longs, so longs for liberty
From this narrow, cramped, dull sphere!
I have tried not to utter one sad complaint
That a burdened world could hear,
But help me, my Lord, lest at last I faint
With the burden I cannot bear;
What's the slights of a world if Thy hand doth bless?
Be Thy holy angels my witnesses,
I have done the best I could;
Like a little child from its moment's grief
I would rest in Thee 'till a sweet relief
Steals over my soul, O Lord!

OUR WALK

Ashley and Edward and I,
Did you see we three go by?
Ashley who walks like a little king
And Edward who looks at everything?
We are taking a walk, good-bye, good-bye.
Ashley and Edward and I.

We scare the grasshoppers out of the grass
The frogs will croak as they see us pass
And the daisies look up and smile and bow,
Ah! little snail, we have found you now,
Look out little snail or you'll bump your eye,
We are taking a walk, good-bye, good-bye.

And there is a cow with horns, alas!
She will hook us sure if we try to pass,
I wish she had eyes on her horns and then
When she saw us coming she'd draw them in
She'd be so afraid we might bump her eye,—
She never looked up! good-bye, good-bye.

We have had such a pleasant walk to-day
Now we're going home by another way,
We are hungry and tired and our hair's uncurled
But we've seen a piece of God's great wide world,
And there's Mamma making cookies and pie
For Ashley and Edward and I.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT TO HER FALSE LOVER

I have flown from you like a wounded bird
With a crimson stain on its innocent breast
To a land all new
To a sky more blue
A Summer of sunshine and flowers and dew,
And once again shall my song be heard
With its added undertone of pain
And my innocent breast with its crimson stain
Shall fill and gurgle with song again.
I shall not die of your cruel dart
I shall live, I shall live to be happy yet
Though your arrow pierced near my glad young heart
I shall live and sometime I shall forget;
God rules and reigns and is over all
And with my Father I cannot fall,
The world is too beautiful, God too just,
I shall shake from my spirit the lower dust.
Nearer, nearer Heaven in this upper clime
I shall soar and sing o'er the wrecks of Time,
And you in the groveling dust of things
Where an angel would shudder to trail her wings,
You, starving your soul for its natal food
And chaining your soul from its highest good
May hear a voice far above your aim,
You may look and wonder and name my name
When you hear the echo of some high strain
That is born of triumph o'er sin and pain,
Purer, clearer, more high, more calm
An earthly dirge born an angel psalm
You may look and listen and see me again,
The little bird with its happy heart
That you pierced one day with your cruel dart,
Singing a song that is born of pain
On its innocent breast no crimson stain.

MY DUTY

There's one thing left me from the toil and fret
Hopes, plans, ambitions, failures of existence,
One thought, that over every life-regret
Rises each morning with the day-dawn's constance;
It is my duty—plain and homely word—
And yet before its priceless, hidden beauty

The noblest heart is stirred;
For from the lowly unseen glory of
Earth's unrecorded halo of good deeds
Bloom forth life's highest liberty and love,
And slaves whose creeds
Of freedom from all duty made them slaves
To their own evil natures (tyrant masters)
Would not be bound in chains from sun to sun
If every day's plain duty had been done.

Each day my duty plain before me lies,
No shifting scene of unrealities
But a sweet, high and noble plan or way,
To scorn the wrong and do the right to-day.

O, if for man

Self-aggrandizement, pleasure, gain, avail
How shall we fail
To reach in this life the eternal plan?
But if to choose between the wrong and right,
The darkness and the light,
Then every little life within its scope
Shall every day have hope.

Draw back the veil and look upon the throng
Of those who sing the new, immortal song;
By faith their robes washed white and spotless are,
And yet of mighty worth before
God's judgment bar
Stand forth the deeds that they have done on earth.

No crown that's worth the winning
But was won
By truth and trust,
The gilded flaunting livery of sinning
Sprang from and shall return unto the dust.

And I remember One who lived to bless
Who counted duty more than happiness,
Who spared not talents, time, His own life-blood,
Who went about this sad world doing good;
Yes, I remember One who spite of swords
Of clashing arguments and warring words
To-day is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

BURDEN-BEARING

It is only another burden to lay rejoicing down
When we change earth's weary crosses for Heaven's unfading
crown,

Is it worth the while to murmur, to worry, fret or frown?

O for a cheerful spirit when the way is void of cheer!
O for a hope to anchor amid life's deep of fear!
O for a trust that waiteth 'till all things are made clear!

I will take up my heavy burden and carry it all to Thee,
Thou who alone canst help me to bear it rejoicingly,
I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.
"As our conflicts, so our conquests," is the motto of the brave
That the hand of Time's engraver doth indelibly engrave
In the solid stones of striving that the path of progress pave.

ALICE

To the white stone that 'neath its lily crest
Bears thy sweet name in silent marble cut,
I come, dear sister, now a transient guest,
To the dim portals that forever shut
Your face from sight, your hand from Love's warm hold,
Your gentle voice that mist-like hovers near;
O Earth, guard well our treasure, more than gold
Is the fair jewel that thou keepest here!
Love for her lost comes here with no vague quest,
But only waits the waking from thy rest.
Lighter her hands grasped Earth's decaying things,
While stronger grew her Soul's immortal wings;
O Grave, thou holdest but the mortal dust
Of her we loved, whom we shall ever love,
Safe in the beauty of her living trust!

CITY AND COUNTY

I love the country's restful quiet
Each sunny hill and shady glen,
I love the city's rush and riot
The busy haunts of men.

There is a charm in Nature's hush
Serene and thoughtful, cool and sweet,
A fascination in the rush
Along the crowded street.

There are a thousand depths of thought
In Nature's silent reservoirs,
And countless useful lessons taught
Amid the city's noise.

My thoughts rise up in praise to God
When I behold His vast estate,
The progress of mankind applaud
And count his triumphs great.

Thus each sweet wild-flower at my feet
Hath its own subtle ministry
And every stranger face I meet
Its mute philosophy.

And so where'er my feet have trod
Pleasure and profit I can find;
I love the mighty works of God
And the great triumphs of mankind.

THE BURNING BUILDING

Unearthly monster that with fiery eyes
 In anger glaring
Mocks sullenly the looks and hopeless cries
 Of deep despairing,
Art thou a demon from whose evil heart
 Roll fire and ashes
'Till to destruction every writhing part
 Thine anger dashes?
Morn saw thy walls in strength and beauty stand
 And rich with treasure,
Eve shall behold thy smoldering ashes fanned
 In fiendish pleasure.
With crash on crash, the solid hold gives way
 Of beam and rafter
While the fierce flames devour their helpless prey
 With mocking laughter,
Great oceans lock the gates along their shores
 While blazing structures totter
Rivers and lakes are sealed though man implores
 The blessed boon of water,
Cool clouds float overhead but powerless all
 The raindrops beating—
None saw the mystic writing on the wall
 'Till Hope's defeating.
A hurried sound, the victor's final blow
 Resounding loudly,
A death-like hush and all is lying low
 That rose so proudly;
Blighted and blasted like a fragile flower
 Consumed e'en as it flashes,
Unconquered foe, recorded is thy power
 In dust and ashes.
Ah! still the hand that on Belshazzar's walls

Doomed grandeur's station
In lines of flame on human glory falls
With plain interpretation;
Lo, thus shall perish with consuming heat
All earthly treasure
Before whose ashes yet shall pause the feet
Of reckless pleasure.

OUR GOD

Behind the wheels that human aim must move,
Beneath all truths, which only cannot fall,
Beyond all human faith and human love,
Builder and great inventor of them all
Is God.

He sees the mighty workings of His plans,
He knows the hands that toil with Christian zeal,
With wisdom all our humble work He scans,
Our failures, our successes none can feel
Like God.

And where He sees a want, a real need,
In His great work, a fair field left unsown,
He sends some toiler with the golden seed,
To willing hearts His purposes are shown,
Our God!

THE BILLOW'S ANSWER

Not all unanswered now—the question of my soul
Asked of the cliff's age-furrowed brow,—lost in the billow's roll—
For softer, grander, than human speech
Are the answering thoughts, that soothe and teach.
Thoughts launched by God, like sea-weed thrown
On the restless waves of Life's great unknown;
Cast up on Life's wave-washed beach,
Pure, calm, as a dove to its sheltered nest,
My answer came on the wave's white crest.

The question: this was the troubled thing
A mourning dove—with a broken wing.
“Tell me, O billows, that roll on roll,
Speak more than all things to the human soul!
Why must one spirit feel every dart
That has thrust the body or pierced the heart?
Mental and physical, heart and brain
Is there left one link in Life's golden chain
That has not quivered with human pain?”

The answer: this was the heavenly thing
A peaceful dove with silvered wing
That fluttered down from the billow's crest
And crossed its wings on a troubled breast—
“Thou art given the priceless jeweled key,
That unlocks the great heart of humanity;
Thou hast felt their labor, their strife, their pain,
Their weary heartaches, their grief and care;
Their bitter struggles and dark despair.
May not one knock at thy door in vain!

O little dove with thy folded wings!
O billows, that utter such wondrous things!
Ye are thoughts from God, let Him send at choice,
The ocean thunder, the still small voice;
If they speak from One, who alone can know
The height and the depth of our human woe;
Who has felt each pang of our mortal breath,
Sin's serpent-fang and the night of death,
And Who o'er the waves of Life's troubled sea
Calls to the suffering: "Come unto Me."

SPRING.

Awake, for earth is waking,
Sing, for all nature sings;
The year's bright morning breaking
Calls to all living things.

Trees, flowers and birds, 'tis dawning
A daybreak bright and glad;
Arouse sad hearts, 'tis morning,
Why should a soul be sad?

The clouds their white robes trailing
Through seas of blue are borne;
The winds have hushed their wailing,
The skies have ceased to mourn.

And only tears of gladness
O'erflow heaven's starry eyes;
And smiles undimmed with sadness
Light up the perfect skies.

HOW PERRIM TREATED THE GIRLS

The boys said Perrim was "rattled."
The girls said: "He's awful, oh dear!"
The men said: "He's surely half-witted."
And the ladies said: "Yes, it is clear
The young man is very peculiar,
Not over-well balanced, we fear."
Poor Perrim, the world had decided
That he was peculiarly queer.

And why? He was gifted with language,
His speeches were lengthy and loud,
He invented new words on occasions
Of which Webster might have been proud,
"My forefathers and my foremothers,"
He shouted—the giggle-heads bowed;
When he mentioned, "dry land and dry water"
There was not a dry eye in the crowd.

The young people gave a dime social
With coffee and cake and ice-cream,
And Perrim prepared to attend it
Being overly fond of the theme.
To take some young lady to supper,
Ah! this was the crown of the dream,
But alas! very often things are not
So easily done as they seem.

He asked a young lady in ribbons
Who looked most alluringly sweet
She answered with modest demeanor:
"So sorry, but promised to meet

A friend, in such haste," the girl next her
Answered him: "She never did eat."
Though Perrim was still bent on treating
He did not intend to retreat.

The next one thought ice-cream was "horrid,"
And laughed showing two rows of pearls,
And one had a terrible headache
And pressed her gloved hand to her curls,
But though they all openly snubbed him
He was none the less fond of the girls;

So as each smiling girl with her escort
Departed to bounties below
Perrim pondered and proved as he pondered
That his odd brain at least was not slow
As alone, but with manner triumphant
To supper he hastened to go—
"Two dozen ice-creams," was his order
And the maidens who sold it said: "Oh!"

Then softly he stepped up behind her
The girl who had been in such haste
As she sat with her beau at the table
All radiant in ribbons and lace,
Her half-eaten dish quick removing
He set a full dish in its place
And stood there, her ice-cream devouring
With a triumphant grin on his face.

And the maiden who lived without eating
And the one who was (strange to recall)
Now eating the cream she detested

Brave Perrim, he conquered them all
'Till with his ice-cream were provided
Two-thirds of the girls in the hall.

The young men glared angrily at him
As gaily he gobbled his theft
And the girls, why of course, the girls giggled
As he swallowed the cream they had left,
And on "the dry land or dry water"
Had such a sight never been seen
By his "forefathers" or his "foremothers"
And some beside Perrim looked green.
The thing was a dreadful enigma
But one fact was plain in its whirls
The boys had all treated Perrim
And Perrim had treated the girls.

"BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT"

Do you think, oh shrewd deceiver,
Because your well-laid plan,
For the death of a fellow-being,
Or the wreck of a fellow-man,
Was plotted alone at midnight,
When not a soul was about,
And carried out in secret,
That it will not find you out?

You have given it breath and being,
You have given it wings to fly;
It has gone forth a black-winged raven
To follow you 'till you die.
Like Poe's, it will knock on your chamber door,
It will haunt you the earth about,
It will trouble your peace at the midnight hour.
Be sure it will find you out.

THE STATUE

She stands where multitudes assembling
Cast at her feet their flatteries,
Pulseless, amid the throbbing, trembling
Of human nerves and arteries.

The sculptured marble at her feet
Is swept by folds of shimmering satin
And careless silvery tongues repeat
Her motto's gilded Latin.

Wealth is her daily, hourly guest,
Want at her shrine delights to linger;
None leave her presence cursed or blessed
By one fair, faultless, frozen finger.

Despair, in gaiety's disguise
From the dark alleys of the city
Writhing in guilt's dread agonies
Wakes in her breast, no scorn, no pity.

None, common sisterhood may claim
For sympathy in sorrow's story,
Of all whose beauty is her fame
Whose image is her glory.

Curses and prayers are one to her,
Virtue and vice, and woe, and gladness
Fail in her stony heart to stir
Throbbings of joy or sadness.

Fever may never flush her cheek
Or pain distort her chiseled features
And stony cold the lips that speak
No word to cheer her fellow-creatures.

To her, love, sorrow, want, may turn
But vain and useless their appealing;
Why should she human sorrow learn
Who hath no smile of healing?

O beautiful, proud masterpiece
On whom all eyes in joy are gazing!
O queenly form! O angel face,
Whose symmetry all lips are praising!

Are there not some who pass thee by
In whose frail form thy stone is molded,
Whose prayer is like a smothered cry
Forever in their hearts close folded?

To watch the sun of day decline
Like thee, with orbs of stony blindness,
With features as unmoved as thine,
To taste the bitter of unkindness?

To drink no more with trembling lips
The bitter, brimming cup of anguish
'Midst the dark shades of life's eclipse
No more in fear and dread to languish?

Unmarred by age or care to keep
Youth's molded form, Youth's chiseled beauty,
Above no cruel bonds to weep
That hold them slave to love or duty?

To answer love with stony gaze,
And hate with calm and mute defiance
Unmoved, unchanged by slight or praise
Strong in a nerveless self-reliance?

O sculptor! well thy task is done
Unto the dead existence giving;
So marvelous that lifeless stone
Becomes the envy of the living.

O statue! sinless, heartless, blind,
Mock, pity, hate us who are human;
No sufferer in thee may find
The sympathy and love of woman.

Better to know pain's cruel rack,
To feel life's fiery furnace fever
Than bloodless, nerveless, live and lack
The heart's high hope, the soul's endeavor.

Better to feel remorse's pangs
And vain regrets and dark despairing,
And slander's poison serpent fangs,
And see earth's wrong and see it, caring,

Than never know the recompense
Of earnest toil and noble striving,
Than never feel in holiest sense
The love, the hope, the joy of living.

Better to welcome age with brow
Grown furrowed in the path of duty
Than stand as thou art standing now
In statuesque and useless beauty.

Who'd be a statue wrought of gold
Worthy the worship of a pagan,
Glistening with jewels manifold,
Costlier far than Baal or Dagon?

THE WHITE CRANE

Spread out thy ivory wings, bird of the waters,
In shades the willow flings, some foeman loiters.
Tempting the trout that swim
Under the boulder grim,
Yet by the river's rim
Wait the sly plotters,
Thou in the distance dim
Bird of the waters

Far down the placid stream fold each wide pinion,
Or where in distance screams thy lone companion,
Lonely beside her nest
In her white garments dressed,
Stainless her faithful breast,
Or in the canyon
Midst the tall ferns to rest
Fold each wide pinion.

Oft have I watched thy tall form by the river,
Where the long willows fall that the winds shiver,
Stately, majestic, lone,
Perched on a low-washed stone
With mosses overgrown,
By skill so clever
Catching the fish that come
Down the clear river.

Where is thy lonely nest deep in seclusion?
Where mayst thou turn to rest safe from intrusion?
Where is thy hidden haunt,
Secure from fear or want,

Close by some ferny font
Far from confusion,
Shut in by tree-trunks gaunt,
Deep in seclusion?

O, in some distant marsh, midst the tall grasses
Where thy cry shrill and harsh through the trees passes,
Where the bright musk-flowers bloom,
Shedding their quaint perfume,
Flaming the twilight gloom,
No stranger guesses
Where folds each ivory plume
Midst the tall grasses!

Art thou a hermit lone, stranger so stately,
Long to our stream unknown, coming so lately
Venturing forth for food
Vainly our gaze elude?
Some with intent most rude
To harm thee greatly
On thy calm peace intrude
Stranger so stately.

Back then lone anchorite, bird of the waters,
Spread thy broad wings for flight from the sky plotters;
Man has thy solace sought
In lonely tower or grot
Living in silent thought
'Till his tower totters,
Thine is of grasses wrought
Bird of the waters.

LINES ON NIGHT

I love the night, the solemn night,
With all her twinkling glittering host;
And, though the sun may be more bright,
I love the mellow moonlight, most.

For then it is I love to dream
And gaze upon the spangled sky;
And feel a happiness supreme,
Nor care to question why?

For then, through all the holy calm,
Thoughts, like soft angel-whispers, fall;
And oft I seem to catch the psalm
Sung by the choir invisible.

Thus then they often seem so near
That but a veil may lie between,
And though their strains we seem to hear,
Yet their bright forms remain unseen.

Unseen, when shall we see those throngs,
Clad in rich robes of dawning light,
Whose voiceless, hidden, heartfelt songs
Vibrate through all the chords of night?

Ah! clearer than they echo here,
Their pure, angelic breathings rise;
And their rare notes, so sweet and clear,
Float o'er the hills of Paradise.

And shall I join that holy choir,
And sing, sometime, that sweet refrain?
Oh! shall I sweep the living lyre,
Whose strains shall never pause again?

O happy angels! Are there heights and depths
The human soul has never thought to reach,
Anthems and harps by angel pinions swept;
Thoughts, breathed in Heaven, too intense for speech?

Lift up your voices, happy angel band,
Sing, 'till the Soul forgets her loss and blight,
Scatter the darkness of this dreary land
'Till a dawn of glory breaks o'er sorrow's night.

THE MULTITUDE

They come and go, this world's uncounted throngs,
Each on his individual aim intent;
They come and go, 'till in the gathering shades
For each, life's little fleeting day is spent;
As one by one they come, a mingled host
Born to earth's heritage of life and breath,
So one by one they go, a countless throng;
Let pride and honor trample underneath
The lowly lot of poverty and toil,
Death spareth not the wealthy or the poor;
But claims them all,
To the same dust they go; impartial hands
Strew with fresh sunbeams each lone resting place,
Reflected sunsets and supernal morns
Wrap all alike in floods of loveliness.

LIFE'S GREAT QUESTION

1886

Like a rushing Alpine torrent
Fed by springs of melting snow,
Pouring downward from the distance
To the pasture-lands below,
Pours the tide of life's great questions.
Seething, foaming, as they go,
Ever changing, as they thunder
Downward from the long ago.
Science, with her vaunted wisdom,
Utters forth her mighty voice;
And the clang of war and discord,
Boasts of theories their choice;

While persuasion, calm and gentle,
Mingles with the tumult's roar;
As, adown through time-worn channels,
Life's great themes and problems pour;
Till the traveler, faint and dizzy,
Gazing on the shapeless mass,
Looks in vain for truth's bright crystal
In the waters as they pass.
Looks in vain in creeds and doctrines
For that one unsullied stone,
Looks in vain in church and temple
For the truth enshrined alone.

Looks in vain amid the tumult
For one attribute of God,
That has stood unshaken—never
By false doctrine downward trod.
Looks in vain to find the solving
Of the soul's immortal end;

Looks to find but wild confusion
Where the thoughts of time contend.
What of creeds? There is one only
That shall never mouldering lie,
Like the fadeless sun, that lonely
Monarch of the starless sky,

Shining downward through the ages,
Far above the torrent's moan,
Studied by the patriarch Moses,
From the tablets made of stone;
And rehearsed in song and story
In the life of Christ, the Lord,
With the rays of Heaven-born glory
In each loving deed and word.
What if temples, grand cathedrals,
Lift to Heaven their domes and spires
And the swell of thrilling anthems
Rolls from grand imposing choirs?

Yet outside their sacred precincts,
Where no listening crowds attend,
Richer, grander, holier praises
To Jehovah's throne ascend.
Not alone to human temples
Do His worshipers repair,
'Tis His children's sanctuary
Wheresoe'er they bow in prayer;
In the field, the plain, the forest,
In the city's crowding throng,
Hearts have offered prayers unuttered
Souls have breathed immortal song.

Look above thee; golden turrets,
Perish in the distant blue;
Look below thee; flowery carpets
Spread the floor of nature through;
And those roofs of palest azure,
And those floors, before, behind,
Spreading out in matchless grandeur,
Hold and cover all mankind.
This thy temple-home, erected
By an Architect divine;
'Tis thy Father's sanctuary
And thy Father's house is thine.

What is God? A cruel tyrant
Ruling with a rod of iron,
Armed with stern, unyielding justice,
Or in kindlier mood benign,
Staying whom he will, or blessing
By an unexplained decree;
Punishing one man's transgressing
While another wanders free?
God, who made the skies above us,
God, who made the earth so fair,
God, whose loving kindness shineth
In the earth, the sea, the air.

What O mighty current rolling
To eternity's great sea
Are thy wild conflicting murmurs
Of the all-wise Deity?
Let false science, in her blindness,
Lead her fools to black despair;

Lo, thy Father's loving kindness
Falleth 'round thee, everywhere.
Read in earth's frail starry blossoms
Or those higher stars above,
God is strength and power and wisdom,
God is justice, mercy, love.

Soul of mine, what is thy portion?
Oh ye roaring floods be still.
God, the loving, all-wise Father,
Shall His promises fulfill.
Thine to live while temples crumble,
Thine to live while creeds decay,
Thine to live while worlds dissolving
Melt in flames or dust away.
Thine to sing o'er death victorious,
While death's vanquished armies rage;
Thine to claim in joy and gladness
An immortal heritage.

MY ROSES

They bloomed in such rich perfectness,
My artist's brush or poet's pen
Had hoped to only half confess
Their novelty, waxen richness, when
I dreamed a dream of sweet completeness,
Of one who lived the roses' sweetness.

THE BEAUTIFUL PAST

From the past, the beautiful misty past,
Float faint, sweet melodies,
Strains that were all too dear to last
But whose hidden beauty we but half guessed
As they flitted away from us swift and fast,
Linked with loved memories.

But now as we gaze on those far off shores
They seem clad in robes sublime,
And we see where we dropped our restless oars
Where the ripple plays and the cataract roars,
And the tide of golden moments pours
Down the silent river of time.

Those scenes are past and those days have fled
With their weight of joy or woe,
But sometimes they come like a noiseless tread,
Like the footsteps of nations, long since dead;
And a gleam of mystical light is shed
O'er the scenes of the long ago.

And faces rise from the light and gloom,
Faces we used to see
Ere we changed, alas! it was all too soon,
The morning dew for the heat of noon,
And have mingled with Life's ever-changing tune
And sailed on her troubled sea.

But we look ahead to the far off skies,
For the years are flying fast,
And we know that the present that round us lies
Ere the light of a few more moments dies,
Will with many loved and severed ties
Fade into the mist-veiled past.

The Summer is waning to Autumn time
And Winter will soon be here,
Let us lay out our work in Love's design,
That golden deeds may our pathway line,
And leave in the past a jeweled mine;
Ere we welcome another year.

And then when we reach our journey's close,
The last look, backward cast,
Will rest on a scene of sweet repose
Where a peaceful river of good deeds flows;
And no cloud of darkness can interpose
To mar our beautiful past.

HEARTACHE

Oh that I might forget,
That my heart so strangely sore
Might cover with flowers its grave of regret,
And remember it nevermore.
But the sunbeam brightens the snow-covered mound
And thaws not its icy heart,
While we know the dead lie underground,
Its mockery makes us start.

I can smile for my heart is proud,
I can laugh though my blood runs cold
As the icy depths of the snowy shroud
Where glimmers the sunbeam's gold;
I can pray, thank God, I can pray
From the depths of my dark distress;
I can trust, 'till God's sunshine melts away,
The frozen anguish and bitterness.

SWAN RIVER DAISIES

To thy banks, Australian River,
Thy frail flowers our fancies bring;
Gifts will whisper of the giver,
As the streamlet of the spring.

Far across the briny ocean
How our fancies flit along,
'Till they join thy river motion,
Mingle with thy river song.

Rest amid the grasses growing
In the shadows, green and rank;
Revel midst the daisies blowing
In the sunshine on thy bank.

While the swans, their proud necks arching,
And the shadows in their eyes,
Dream not of the desert's parching
Underneath those same blue skies.

Daisies on the artist's canvas,
Daisies in the poet's lay,
Daisies, they have left their impression
All along the dusty way.

They are trodden in the highway
By the busy, thoughtless throng,
They are gathered in the byway;
Woven into scene and song.

Dainty daisies of Australia
Springing from a royal line,
Each in blue or white regalia,
Spun from fibers, silken fine.

Ye have caught the sapphire color,
In each little silken whorl,
Of your native skies, nor duller
Flecked with clouds of purest pearl.

Ox-eye daisies on the prairie,
Garden daisies, old in song;
Daisies coarse and daisies airy
To this royal line belong.

Theirs is not a lordly title
But a changeless, fadeless name;
Virtue's just, deserved requital;
Man might covet such a fame.

Hands have torn the Alpine gentian
From its glacier home away,
Gathered gems, 'twere vain to mention,
From the Tropics rich array.

Fuchsias from Brazilian ranges,
Callas from the storied Nile,
Each its native climate changes,
River, range, or ocean isle.

But to every land they carry
Facts, where fancy's eyes can see
Some lone haunt of fern or fairy
Where they flourished, wild and free;

So they make a pretty day dream
That their bursting buds embloom,
Ever wrought of shade and sunbeam,
Never touched by glare or gloom.

Thus thy flowers, Australian River,
To our distant land have come;
Breathing subtly forever,
Fancies of their native home.

THE GRAVE

Ships, grand as ever fought the ocean waves
And, conquering, wrought the welfare of mankind,
Have made the depths, eternity, their graves
And left, at best, but memories behind.

The tidings, they have winged, from sea and land,
Like carrier doves, to every nation's door;
The flames of progress, that their pinions fanned,
To leap the dread abyss from shore to shore.

And dost thou scorn, oh, proudest barque, to lie
Where these have lain while cycles came and fled?
And dost thou dread, oh proudest heart, to die?
The great, the good, the beautiful are dead.

The depths, they bridged for countless hosts to cross,
With wealth for heart and body; soul and mind
Lament, in dirges deep, their awful loss;
Ungrateful and forgetful is mankind.

When breaks the storm that may not be subdued,
'Till sinks thy barque, where millions more lie wrecked;
Why shouldst thou fear the depth's dark solitude
Whose Builder was creation's Architect?

Quaking above the fathomless abyss,
Midnight around, above, the tempest's frown;
One star illumines still, thy dark distress,
Since here the Son of God himself went down.

HARMONY

Too late they met—for youth had passed away,
Met where earth thrilled with love-notes rich and strong
And Nature, like a little child at play
Whose innocence rebuked a thought of wrong,
Sang snatches of sweet song and laughed between;
The softest harmony of song and scene.

Yet not too late they met to learn that each
Loved the fair landscape with a poet's love
And not too late to understand the speech
Interpreted by both from stream and grove,
And not too late to learn what souls may miss,
In life's entanglement of Heavenly bliss.

Perish the thought that hath one shade of sin,
Let angels consecrate their mutual tastes;
Locked is the gate, they may not enter in
To traverse side by side life's desert wastes;
Strong is that gate as God's immortal word,
And over it hangs Mercy's flaming sword.

So consecrate to friendship all the streams
That flow harmoniously through realms of mind;
Friendship as pure and true as angel dreams,
To waken when all night is left behind
Waken to know,—to those who pray and wait
Nothing that's sinless ever comes too late.

MAN BY WISDOM CANNOT FIND OUT GOD

Ye who ascend to the celestial heavens
To study planets, stars and asteroids
And view the wonders of the stellar worlds,
Countless in number, hurrying through space,
Planned in such perfect mechanism, that not one
Swerves from the course, in which some all-wise power
Has destined it to move, setting a bound
Over which all the powers and arguments of man
Cannot compel it to revolve.

And ye who delve
After the hidden treasures of the earth
To resurrect from stores of ages dead
And bring to light the history of the past,
The strange formation of the solid rock,
Vegetation submerged long centuries ago,
Metals and gems, sands and the compact clay,
All furnishing new scope for thought,
New truths for science to delineate
And new surmises, questionings and doubts;
Astronomers, geologists and all who explore
The vast cathedral of this universe,
Whose vaulted roof, far as the eye can reach,
Clear azure, spangled o'er with gold by night
And oft diversified with clouds by day,
Spreads out a beauteous covering for earth
Whose corridors and galleries and aisles
With emerald carpetings, broidered with flowers
And leafy draperies with silvery ribbons
Winding in and out;

And the great basins,
Fountains, cisterns and vast reservoirs
Supplying man with bounteous blessings
And delights;

The wind and waves
Sweet instruments of music
With all their delicate, vibrating chords
Sounding from shore to shore, accompanied by
Thousands of voices from the sea and land,
And all in matchless harmony composing
The choir of Nature's temple and her God.

You who can analyze the various parts
Of this great structure, with its countless domes
Towering beyond where human thought has reached,
May boast to comprehend the wondrous wisdom
The great Architect displays in this, His handiwork.

To me
The smallest seed contains enough
To make man's great devices seem but small,
Though to the casual observer it might seem
Of small importance, a mere lifeless thing,
Possessing neither beauty, grace or worth;
But place it where it can draw sustenance
From the rich soil, the dews, refreshing showers
And the warm sunbeams;

All is still;
No faint suggestion of a change disturbs the spot—
But go thy way; when a few days or weeks have passed—
 behold,
From that same spot, two tiny leaflets peep and seem to say,
“Have we not earned a place in which to grow?”

Weeks pass away, the tiny embryo
Little by little increases and expands
To a symmetrical and beauteous plant,
Budding and blossoming and throwing out
Such perfume as no chemist could compound;
A marvelous work and silently performed,
Thus teaching us that oft most grand results
May be obtained by quiet action,
Silent and sublime.

Who can form such a gem? Can mortal hands?
Let science delve and analyze, create and shape
The exact image of the little seed;
Plant it and wait and wait 'till centuries have passed,—
She waits in vain, sunbeams and showers combined
Can never coax to life a lifeless thing;
And thus we learn that some creating power
Not in the reach of man, has touched to life and action
What without, were dead.

Man cannot comprehend this wondrous power,
He can but catch a faint idea of its magnitude
Beyond the reach of science and of thought,
Beyond the limit of the mortal mind
It reaches out, omnipotent, eternal and all-wise
Search for that power, whose stamp is on the earth
Setting in motion every living thing;
Waking to life the flowers, the birds, the trees,
And giving being unto man and beast;
Then you may realize the awful truth,
That man by wisdom cannot find out God.

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY

These zigzag paths we travel
May change, we know not when,
Diverging far and farther,
To never meet again.
We trust no freak of fortune,
Fear no decree of fate;
We know God's chosen pathways
Lead all to Heaven's gate.

The years may crowd around us,
With faces strange and rude,
'Till time has come between us,
As some great multitude;
Yet we who wait with patience,
In each appointed place,
When the years have gone, shall stand
Immortal, face to face.

These troubled tossing breakers,
Ah! who can tell their power?
They sink the iron-clad vessel,
They float the frailest flower.
We know not who shall longest
Their ceaseless strife endure,
The weakest or the strongest
No safe return insure.

So changing and uncertain
Are all life's winding ways,
That, lost in contemplation,
My soul bows down and prays:
"O God, amid the mazes
Of life's uncertainty,
Teach us to love each other,
And leave the rest to Thee!"

THE SOWER'S SONG

Shall I sow the seeds of the briers and weeds
O'er the fertile fields and the grassy meads?
Oh, the thorn and the tare are everywhere!
The world hath enough of weeds.

Shall I scatter the germs of their noxious forms
Where the beautiful blossoms bloom?
Shall I tend them with care, 'till they flourish there,
Must the sweet flowers make them room?

Oh, the weeds grow rank on the river bank,
And the hills are o'ergrown with weeds
By breeze and blast, they are sown broadcast!
Why should I sow their seeds?

No toilsome care must their soil prepare,
They will spring up and flourish, anywhere;
By the stagnant fen, in the lonely glen,
By dusty roads and abodes of men.

But the blossoms sweet and the golden wheat,
Blighted by cold and withered by heat,
Busiest hands their seed must sow;
Patience and labor must bid them grow.

Shall I cage the bird, that your dread has stirred,
By his dismal cry through the darkness heard
Or the vulture, roaming his prey to seek,
With gory talons and bloody beak?

Or the croaking thing, with the ebony wing,
To the sunniest spot in your home bring?
Or prison the cheer, for your tuneful ear,
Of the little bird with the song to sing?

Is crime's dark brood the chosen food
For the intellects of the great and good?
Will the wise deride and cast aside
Life's better things in a search for blood?

Shall I scatter thoughts full of dismal doubts,
And hopeless pinings and dark distrust,
To fall apart, in a human heart,
And spring like weeds from its damp and dust?

Or shall I cull from the beautiful,
The budding hope and the tuneful truth;
Bright flowers to spring, sweet birds to sing,
In the failing heart, immortal youth?

Oh, the thorn and the tare are everywhere!
The world hath enough of doubt and woe;
By breeze and blast, they are sown broadcast
Midst the golden germs that the sowers sow.

HOLLYHOCKS

O the hollyhocks on their leafy stalks,
O the busy, buzzing of bumble bees,
O the rollicking ripple that blithely talks
To the merry robin that gaily rocks
Her babies up in the alder trees!

MY POEM

If I could write it all just as I feel it—
My inner life, my real though hidden self—
I think no idle hand could chance unseal it
And lay it by unread upon the shelf.

'Twould be the sweetest, saddest, grandest poem
That ever dropped in crystals, gem by gem
'Twould sound to every life a living poem
Written in heart-throbs from a poet's pen.

'Twould be the highest love in power and pathos,
The tenderest sympathies, the sweetest thrills
The truest, highest sentiments and all those
High outlooks from the soul's eternal hills.

'Twould hold the world in its mad rush to grovel
In competition, avarice and strife
Of party factions, from their low mind hovel
They'd see the heaven-high palaces of life.

Where through still nights God speaks and wings of angels
Temper the glory from our dazzled eyes,
Where human sorrows change to sweet evangels
That make more gentle all that in man lies.

Oh, it would be the battle hymn of nations ;
This poem, where'er sorrow has its place ;
'Twould thrill with courage in its strong vibrations
Of a life's anguish borne with patient grace !

THE SCEPTER THE POPPY YIELDS

The poppy flaunting her sheeny silks
Through the summer day in the sun,
 Tells me of aught
 Of good she hath wrought,
What evil hath she done?

She is only a flower that the children love
For the charm of her gorgeous dye;
 Yet stronger powers
 Than these wills of ours
Latent within her lie.

In the darkened room on the rack of pain
The wakeful sufferer weeps;
 A portion the poppy yields to lull
 The tortured brain of the sorrowful
And the sufferer sweetly sleeps.

The opium fiend now haggard and weak,
Once hopeful and strong and brave;
 The poppy has woven a spell to entice
 From earnest endeavor to sloth and vice
While she lures to his death her slave.

And this is the scepter the poppy yields
For evil or for good;
 Is your influence less
 To curse or bless
Oh, beautiful womanhood?

You may weave a spell of kindness and love
O'er a world of strife and woe;
 You may lure the race
 To a higher place—
Or a lower, where you grow.

OCTOBER MUSINGS

I sit beside my window,
This dull October day,
And watch the crowd that is passing
Below in the busy street;
I wonder where they are going
And why they pass this way?
The young and the old, the high and the low,
The rich and the poor all meet;
Some arrayed in silks and satins,
Graceful forms and faces fair;
And some are dirty and ragged,
And others look worn with care.
Some are God's children with souls made white,
And hearts that are free from sin,
And our Heavenly Father knoweth His own,
For He see'th the heart within;
And some are hard and cruel,
Some wicked and steeped in shame;
But was it not for sinners
To earth the Saviour came?
He came to lift them out of the mire,
To lead them nearer God;
It was for the groveling worms of earth
That His thorny path He trod.
They are going. Where are they going?
They are passing the livelong day;
Many are in destruction's road
But few in the narrow way.
They are going all from the scenes of earth
To rest in a silent bed;
For no crowds are seen and no sounds are heard
In the city of the dead.
Come, go with me to the lone graveyard
Where so many are silently sleeping;

No sound of childish laughter is heard
And here, no sighing or weeping.
No sound is heard but the requiem low
Of the wind in the tree-tops wailing,
And far away on the stormy bay
The white-sailed ships are sailing.
How changed the scene, how lone the place,
From the street, with its bustle and noise;
But they all will soon be called to go
And leave their gilded toys.
O God! I see naught but change and decay,
One hour in the sunlight's glory;
The shadow comes, and they pass away
Leaving nothing to tell their story;
And the withered leaves of the Autumn time
That rustle in every blast
Seem chanting a sad funeral dirge
For the hours that could not last;
But God knoweth best; His children all
Must pass Death's chilly portal,
But bright through the gloom of the silent tomb
Shines the glory of the immortal;
And the vanished hours are like heavenly flowers
To an earthly garden given,
To bud for the Lord of Paradise,
But gathered to bloom in Heaven.

THE SEASIDE CEMETERY

This is no silent city of the dead,

No soundless crypt;

No charnel-house (whence light and song have fled)

For gloom equipped.

No hidden, darksome, life-deserted spot

Of bloom bereft.

Where silent desolation, changing not,

Alone is left.

A city, looking from its sloping hill

Toward the sea;

A picture, blooming fresh and lovely

In memory.

Here droop bright fuchsias in a glowing hedge

Of brightness set,

And blue lobelias fringe the border's edge

With dewdrops wet;

While pelargoniums, with deep color stained

Make glad the ground;

And the green ivy clammers, unrestrained

O'er slab and mound,

And queenly roses and rich purple blooms

In freshness glow,

Dropping their fading petals on the tombs

That sleep below.

The white fogs hover o'er with silent wings,

Like guardian hosts

When early morn her misty mantle flings

Along the coasts;

And the glad sunbeams fall, like melted gold
In shining pools;
While the hot noontide's burning, brazen scroll
The seabreeze cools;
And over all a deep and mighty surge
Forever swells,
The wondrous ocean's ceaseless, solemn dirge
Time never quells;
As if the sea's great palpitating heart
Remembered yet,
The silent dwellers, as the years depart
And friends forget.
Were it not beautiful to slumber here
Not all unsung;
But chanted of by one forever near
In Nature's tongue?
Sleep, peaceful dwellers, by the lovely shore;
Though life hath fled,
The throbbing, solemn ocean nevermore
Forgets the dead.

A WRECKED LIFE

"They blame us most when we are least to blame,
And they with souls made black with hate and shame,
Had angels one mistake to mourn with them,
Would stand the readiest judges to condemn.

"O Earth, have pity when thy blasts have wrecked,
The purest lily that thy gardens decked!"
(It was a woman's cry; she stood alone,
Whom fortune, beauty, love and friends had known.)

CITIES IN THE SAND.

While the sun is gilding
Sea and sky and land,
Little hands are building
Cities in the sand.

Spire and dome and column,
Rising high and grand,
Churches still and solemn
Built of granite sand.

Shining streets and portals
Wrought by brain and hand,
The conceits of mortals
Builted in the sand.

Boldly o'er the gravel
Come a noisy band,
Ah! They soon will level
Cities in the sand.

Tossing, roaring, tumbling,
Laughing, sporting and
Washing down and crumbling
Cities in the sand.

Where are all the toilers?
Where are they who planned
For the sportive spoilers
Cities in the sand?

Gone from beach and boulder,
Gone from bank and strand;
Waves than sunbeams colder
Revel on the sand.

While the mad tide rages,
I can understand
How the waves are—ages,
And the cities—sand.

In the past are lying
Ruins, wisely planned;
While the years are crying:
“Cities in the sand.”

While the sun is gilding
Sea, and sky, and land,
Larger hands are building
Cities in the sand.

PURITY

Behold it in the lilies white
That star the stagnant mere;
Behold it in the snowflakes light
That shroud the dying year,
And in the spotless pearl that sets
The blackness of the cave,
And in the whitened surf that frets
Above the midnight wave,
And in the cloud that piles its snow
Above the canyon's gloom,
And gleams against the night below
In towers of milk-white foam.

THE DEMON OF DESPAIR AND THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

Evil Enchantress spread thy raven wings,
 Thy demon wings;
Touch not my spirit with thy venom'd stings,
 Thy viper stings;
Far in the night the bird of sorrow sings,
 So sadly sings.

I turn to gaze on Hope as on a star,
 A distant star;
And feel thy touch my inner vision mar,
 So sadly mar;
That o'er her beauty burns an awful scar,
 A deep, dark, scar.

Evil Enchantress, thy despised caress,
 Thy fell caress;
My soul hath shunned for only Hope could bless,
 With gladness bless;
Shall I, thy dread, unearthly power confess,
 At last confess?

No; by the heavens above me, no,
 I answer "No."
Go from my spirit, dark destroyer, go,
 With trembling go;
Let not my soul thy baleful presence know,
 Thy blighting know.

Arise, bright angel, Hope, once more arise,
 In joy arise;
Cast off the heavy cloud of thy disguise,
 Thy dark disguise;
Illumine the far future's farthest skies,
 The glorious skies.

Pierce with thy beams my darkly troubled breast,
 My aching breast;
Hasten to flight its dark-winged demon-guest,
 Its transient guest;
And calm with hallowed breath its wild unrest,
 Its deep unrest.

Pass o'er the portals of my soul to-night,
 So dark to-night;
Put the red demon of Despair to flight,
 To endless flight;
Abide therein, exalted, pure and bright,
 Undimmed and bright.

THE ROSES

I would sing of the roses
Their fragrance, their color, their form;
The beautiful fragrant storm
Of petals, dainty rose petals
That down on the soft grass settles
To keep the daisies warm.

Each exquisite bud that uncloses,
 To me is an inspiration
 A wonderful new creation
That some mind has thought about;
And skeptic, where is your doubt?
Who planned the pattern and cut it out
Of the wonderful, beautiful roses?

 O my beautiful roses!
There was one who loved you, too,
But with the golden Summer
 She silently passed away;

I would give all ambition has thought or planned
To lay one bud in her outstretched hand
And see her smile to-day.

Where shall I take my roses?
Shall I walk down the busy street
And give each child I meet
Whose longing eyes shall ask it
One flower from my brimming basket,
One rosebud fresh and sweet?

Or shall I take my roses
To cheer an invalid's room
With color and perfume?
From altar and chancel swinging
Where the lofty choir is singing
Shall they burn their censer bloom?

SONG

My merry maid in the maple shade,
With the fresh, green leaves above you,
With your child-like face and your artless grace,
Oh, who could help but love you!

And I would not break for your own sweet sake,
Your dreams, all their fairies routing,
And idly change, with a truth so strange,
Your young heart's faith to doubting.

TO THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Come, for God is calling over land and sea;
"There's a field left idle; who will work for Me?"
Someone heard the summons, someone made reply:
"I will lead Thy toilers, Master here am I."

God looks down from Heaven, human toil to scan,
Sees what work is needed in His righteous plan;
Knows what fields lie idle, feels our every need,
Sends His willing workers with the golden seed.

Thus He saw the youthful of His precious fold,
Scattering and turning from the gates of gold;
Many bright allurements leading them to sin,
In God's house no purpose that could call them in.

But His love and wisdom all our toil have planned,
Now a band of workers in His house they stand;
No more scattered idly 'midst the snares of sin,
But a little army strong to fight and win.

Strong to look up bravely with a trusting love,
Trampling wrong beneath them as they onward move;
Lifting up their banners with a joyful song,
Lifting up their brothers from the wrecks of wrong.

Sing your joyful anthems, happy Christian League,
Fear not Satan's arrows or his dark intrigue;
Though your loving service earth may not applaud
There is joy eternal in the smile of God.

TO THE LADY AT THE WINDOW.

Kneeling at her window,
Solemn eyes uplifted
To blue skies, where sunbeams
Through soft clouds are sifted.

Two hands clasped together,
Mute lips sweet and pleading;
Looking in the future,
Life's great problem reading.

Looking in the future,
With a silent yearning;
Little in the distance
Are thine eyes discerning.

No faint answer cometh,
From the deep blue zenith,
To thy heart's deep question
What thy future meaneth.

Lady, like an angel's
Is thine upturned face;
Thou hast surely wandered
From thy natal place.

Lost thy way and straying
From the pearly portals;
The way back forgetting,
Cast thy lot with mortals.

Well mayst thou be kneeling,
With thine eyes uplifted;
To a troubled ocean
Hath thy life-barque drifted.

Midst life's earliest promise,
Twineth sorrow's omen ;
Thou hast taken up the new,
Untried lot of woman.

Looking in the future,
Lady, may the years
Bring thee hopes to triumph
Over all thy fears.

But should they deny thee
Thy life's happiness,
Prove thine angel mission,
Other lives to bless.

Trust no smiling fortune,
Fear no frowning fate ;
While the present calleth,
Let the future wait.

Now a still voice whispers :
"Cast on Me thy care" ;
Kneeling at thy window
Lift thine eyes in prayer.

A PRISONER.

I am your prisoner, old mother earth,
A prisoner glad to stay;
For the only gate from your prison forth
Is shrouded in mystery.

Could I climb the steeps of the golden stars,
I would break your chains to-night;
Or, could I ascend the sunset bars,
Thy prisoner would take her flight.

But no ladder leans to the sunset skies,
And no stairs to the "milky way";
I have no wings like the bird to rise,
So a prisoner still I stay.

A prisoner chained to this little ball,
With no power to rise beyond;
A prisoner shut in from the flaming wall,
That the universe spreads around.

I know there are regions unexplored,
In boundless immensity,
Beyond where human thought has soared
Or human eye can see.

But there's only one gate, old mother earth,
That each must pass alone;
One dark, dark road that leadeth forth
To the great, the wide unknown.

Does a ladder up from its gloom ascend,
More bright than the sunset bars?
This end is clouded, the other end
Is planted beyond the stars.

I shall stand sometime by that lonely gate,
And its solemn silence know ;
I shall grope in the valley dark, and wait
'Till the message comes to go.

I shall pass its portals and journey forth,
To fathom its mystery ;
I shall break your fetters, old mother earth,
And your prisoner shall be free.

SUBTLE INFLUENCE

The flower that lifts its head at morn
Of all its newborn grace unshorn
Breathes out unconscious, though it proves
An odor to despise or love ;
Nor is its breath unrul'd by laws,
A useless myth without a cause ;
The sap conceal'd by Nature's arts
Supplies the odor it imparts,
The juices with its nature blent
Make up its sweet or noxious scent ;
Thus subtle influence wafts abroad
A power for evil or for good,
Unrealized its subtle might,
Unrealized its endless flight ;
But none life's humblest field may share,
And leave unchanged its atmosphere,
While hidden forces shall control
The subtle incense of the soul.

OUR NATION'S SLAVERY.

Is this the country boasting freedom's reign,
The highest good a nation can obtain;
Where no slave murmurs at his thankless lot,
Where all the rights of liberty are taught;
Where white and black alike rejoice to pay
Their tribute to the matters of the day;
Where tongue and pen declare their action free,
And call their land a land of liberty?
O Goddess! from thy exalted throne look down
Upon the land once cursed by slavery's frown,
But now in this thrice blest enlightened day,
Declaring that no tyrant hand shall sway
The laws that flourish for a nation's good,
So dearly purchased by a nation's blood.
Look down upon the crowds that throng the street,
On restless hands, and busy, hurrying feet;
Look in upon the homes of every grade,
Homes 'neath the wide-furled flag of freedom made;
In the great cities, crowded side by side,
And o'er the country scattered far and wide.
Here, clustered in a growing, thriving town,
There, nestled in the mountains, bare and brown;
Or where the rivers wash their verdant banks,
And dancing eddies play their noisy pranks.
In vine-wreathed valleys where Spring first awakes,
On ocean-cliffs, or shores of inland lakes;
Whether by mountains crowned or city domes,
These countless dwellings are the nation's homes;
'Tis here the child begins to realize,
The stage of life where all his future lies;
And here those first impressions leave their trace,
That coming years can never quite erase.
And in these homes are formed the minds that mold

The future with its story yet untold.
Oh, how important that these homes should be
Blest with the love of truth and liberty.
Look down, fair Goddess, on the work of years,
Look on a Nation's triumphs and her tears,
Smile on the work that has been nobly done;
Rejoice that palms of victory have been won,
But mourn when every State thine eyes have scanned,
Mourn for the many slaves in our proud land,
Mourn for the slaves who face a hopeless fate,
Mourn for the many homes made desolate.
Slaves to the wine-cup, slaves to crime and vice,
Selling their souls and for a paltry price;
Slaves to a life of misery and shame,
Bound by the fetters of a tarnished name;
Slaves to the narrowing love of gain and gold,
Slaves to their evil passions uncontrolled;
These all are slaves, and many, many more,
Countless as sands upon the ocean shore.
Read in the faces that we daily meet,
On country road or busy, bustling street,
On faces joyous and on faces grave,
Read where some tyrant hand has written,—slave.
What mean these countless dens of vice and guilt?
What mean these prisons that our land has built?
What mean these rum-shops with their poisonous breath
Hurrying scores of drunkards down to death?
They say in language undisguised and plain:
"The heartless tyrants have not all been slain."
No, though the African has gained his rights,
And freedom's star beams o'er oppression's heights,
Thousands still choose to wear the slave's iron band,
Fastening the fetters with their own free hand.
Despising all the rights our laws afford,
Take off their armor and lay down their sword;

To watch no more for evil's grave alarms,
To fight no more for freedom's priceless charms;
To live in wait of horrors to ensue,
To do whate'er their master bids them do.
Their choice, where wide-furled flags of freedom wave,
To fill a helpless slave's ignoble grave.
Why are they slaves? Can mountain chains reply?
They only echo back the question "Why?"
Can ocean waves the burdened problems solve
That many hearts, and hopes, and homes involve?
Answer, ye glittering stars with wisdom fraught,
The stars are dumb, the breakers answer not;
There is no reason and no answer given,
Though mighty hills with thunderings were riven.
The question stands unanswered by a voice:
Why will a man make slavery his choice,
When Liberty her triumph song awakes
And sheds her light on every path he takes?

PEACE ON EARTH

Tired was my soul, more weary than my frame,
Of life's hard battle between right and wrong;
Weary and sick I cried: "Not wealth or fame,
Give me not happiness or titled name,
But the sweet angel's song;
As the tired shepherds at the Saviour's birth,
May not God's angels sing me, Peace on Earth?"
Then a white angel opened wide the door,
Softly my weary spirit entered in
And God's pure angels, hovering gently o'er,
Shut out earth's strife and sin,
And folded their broad wings of light around
The Heavenly peace my soul on earth had found.

“AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.”

Clouded and dark was life's little day,
To the weary one passing through waters deep;
But at last the tempest all cleared away,
For the night of death cometh when all shall sleep.
And the eventide followeth after the day,
And the eventide cometh before the night;
And to him who waiteth patiently,
“At eventide it shall be light.”

The night of death closed life's little day,
And nothing was left but a grass-grown heap;
And gone was that sunset of ecstasy,
Ere the night of death coming had bid him sleep.
But up to the Sun of Righteousness,
The glorified spirit winged its flight;
The source of that Heaven-born happiness,
“At eventide it shall be light.”

O weary journey, O dark, dark day!
O thorns and chaff that so many reap;
'Till the tired spirit waiteth longingly,
For the night of death coming to bid it sleep!
No more shall tempest with withering breath,
Nor hopeless vigil, nor sleepless night;
But the loving presence that whispereth:
“At eventide it shall be light.”

Ye storms and clouds of life's little day,
Across my sky in your blackness sweep,
If only a light shine on my way,
When the night of death coming shall bid me sleep.
If only Hope's bright, immortal ray
Fall peacefully on my raptured sight;
From the Lamb that lighteth the perfect day,
“At eventide it shall be light.”

THE FIELDS

Tossing billows of wheat and oats
Rolling in music that swells and floats,
Rippling in many-hued waves of flowers—
I love them, I love them, these fields of ours!
They're a-wing with birds, they're a-buzz with bees,
They are shaded in nooks by old forest trees,
They are torn by the zigzag creek that sings
As she speeds away on her dripping wings
From her plunge in the depths of her mountain springs.

When the flowers of Spring like the fogs are fed
To the earth, the air and the clouds o'erhead,
When quickly before the advancing foe
Like a fallen army the grain lies low,
That Famine may never dare scale the fence
Each Autumn comes Ceres to pitch her tents,
Takes captive the whispering spies of drought
And sends old Famine retreating south;
For though still a scepter the old foe wields
He never has conquered these valley fields;
She piles up the wide lying sheaves of grain
'Till they look like Philistines' tents on the plain,
While like winged vessels that sail the main
The larks skim over the waves of grain,
While the laughing raindrop and sunbeam showers
Are pouring their floods on the field of flowers.
Whatever the wealth that the glad earth yields
I love them, I love them, the fields, the fields!

The iron-horse speeding his noisy way
Scents the fragrant air with his piercing neigh,
And the rumble and roar of the passing train
Is heard each day from the fields of grain.
Go take the lark from his lowly nest
With his wings half-fledged and the down on his breast,

Make his prison a palace with sumptuous fare,
Be the bars of gold, that confine him there;
'Midst the noise and dust of the city street
He may carol his notes so high and sweet,
But his golden breast-plate a secret shields,
He has not forgotten the waving fields.

THE MIND'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

The stars of Heaven's ethereal blue,
The birds and flowers of Spring,
Present to every passer-by
Their sweetest offering.

Can hearts be hopeless, homes be drear,
When joys like these are given
To deck and beautify the earth
And lift our thoughts to Heaven?

The song that filled the singer's soul
Another could not hear,
Naught but the echo of that song
Fell on the listening ear.

The artist's grandest masterpiece
The searchers can not find;
Hidden and still unseen it lies
An ideal of the mind.

So with the poet, truest words,
By inspiration wrought,
Are but—though robed in loveliness—
A shadow of the thought.

THE WOMAN TO HER FALSE LOVER

To-day I mourn above thy new-made grave
As one bereft of hope,
Choke back my sobs and struggle to be brave,
And blind through darkness grope.

I know you live in health and vigor yet
Called by the very name,
Wearing the form and face I'll ne'er forget
Of my dead friend, but you are not the same.

No, not the same; the friend I loved was free
From treachery, and true;
Too noble for deceit and falsity,
And what of you?

My friend had faults, but they were human faults
From which none here are free;
Yours are base crimes at which my soul revolts
Instinctively.

Oh, to awake from out this dream of madness,
And know that it has only been a dream;
A dark, dark night that fled before the gladness
Of morn's untroubled beam!

To look once more into your eyes and listen,
Once more to hear your voice as from the dust;
To see one morning sunbeam dance and glisten
Undarkened by distrust.

For oh! your falsity has rendered duller
All Nature's beauties with its stunning pain;
Robbed sky and sea and landscape of their color,
Lowered Nature's music to a minor strain.

Could you but know one half the bitter trouble
That all my soul in ceaseless anguish grieves,
Could you but see the hopeless chaff and stubble
Of my life's golden sheaves;

Could you but see them as I see them daily
A dreadful wreck I strive to rise above;
You nevermore would win to trample gaily
A woman's deathless love.

Then come not back with well-learned look and tone,
Caprice or impulse led,
You are a stranger I have never known—
The friend I loved is dead.

So blind, so ignorant are we,
Like children at their play;
We toss a pebble in the sea
And throw a gem away.

We strew bright blossoms in the sun
By careless impulse led,
And when our eager quest is done
Come back to find them dead.

Then hold life's precious things with care
And prize them at their worth;
Thou hast ten million stones to spare,
Thy gems are few, oh earth!

There is a lesson often learned
In life's long road too late,
And then upon the Memory burned
With the iron hand of Fate.

'Tis this: To early count the cost
And value at their worth,
Before by careless haste are lost
The brightest things of earth.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

Who can weigh the power of kindness,
Who can read its hidden lore?
O'er the wrecks of human blindness
Lo, its showers of mercy pour;
Over woes and heartaches olden
Pours its flood of sunshine golden,
Over stern, unyielding justice
Fall its beams forevermore.

Who can tell the power of kindness?
Child, among the flowers at play;
Stranger, far from home and kindred,
Weary ones along the way;
Hush! a rapture sweet, unbroken,
Soul to soul hath often spoken
Words unuttered, yet how many
Dwell within it silently.

Could we count the drops that sparkle
In the ocean's restless brine,
Could we count the stars that twinkle,
Or the glittering sands that shine;
We might count the germs now lying
Silent, dormant, yet undying;
We might count the blossoms springing
From these lives of yours and mine.

PATIENCE

Angel with the noiseless wings
Meek and gentle presence, thou,
Waiting life's uncertain things,
How I need thy guidance now;
 Thou, from Heaven's own pearly gate,
 Teach my restless heart to wait.

Oh, to wait when ships that sailed
Cheer our anxious sight, no more;
Oh, to wait when all unveiled,
Lie the mountain steeps before!
 Patience, thine own peace create,
 Teach me patiently to wait.

Let no murmur of complaint
Breathe its thankless breath to heaven,
Let my spirit scorn to faint
Though its fondest hope be riven.
 Heeding not the myth of fate,
 Oh, to truly work and wait!

Every blossom waits for rain,
Every bird for Spring's return;
Waiting now, I would again
Strive their precious trust to learn;
 Trusting, though the dawn be late,
 Trusting patiently, I wait.

Waiting while the days glide by
For life's blessing or its bane,
Though the seasons bloom and die
Patience never waits in vain;
 Father, just outside the gate
 Trusting Thee, I calmly wait.

LOOKING BEYOND

Thank God there is a future, in whose sweep
These little troubled streams of time and life
Lose, and forevermore, their song and strife
As in a bottomless and boundless deep.

I would not give the Christian's simple faith
In an existence, endless and complete,
To lay earth's cities, trophies at my feet,
To earn the fame earth's proudest nation hath;

For oh! though life (this life) is dear to me
Full of bright hopes and sweet realities,
Time is a tangle of perplexities
And sadness permeates all things that be.

Who shall restore the lost, the priceless things
That eager seekers search life's pathway for?
Who shall health, guiltlessness and youth restore
Or wealth and grandeur, flown on noiseless wings?

To many, life is like a long regret;
Mistakes and failures, never understood,
Like weeds, choke out the beautiful and good;
Man most remembers when he would forget.

The errors, follies and the crimes that trace
Youth's reckless and misguided wanderings
In hidden hearts have set their deathless stings
And drawn their anguish lines on beauty's face.

And what is life to him whose days are passed
In dire affliction, cursed among his kind,
In youth infirm, in manhood's glory blind,
Spring's promise blighted by cold winter's blast?

And after all, though Fortune's favorite
Long life and happiness and wealth may gain,
In every heart there is a secret pain,
Each life must have its bitter and its sweet.

And when the future generations look
Back to a past that is our present now;
The aching heart and anxious, troubled brow
Will never mar a page of Memory's book.

The troubled, tossing torrent and the tide
Deep and unbroken in its even flow;
Amid the depths of ocean, who shall know
Where brooks are lost and mightiest rivers hide?

What value hath the gem's resplendent ray
More than the common pebble on the beach,
When both are borne beyond our mortal reach
By waves, that none may dare command to stay?

The happiest and most wretched of mankind
Hath naught to boast of, nothing to deplore;
When they who were are counted as no more,
The years roll on and all are left behind.

Life were a dark deceit, a demon's jest,
A falsehood and a cruel mockery
If all its high, sweet promises could be
Only an unsolved problem of the past.

Thank God, there is a future life where we
Shall find the treasures we have lost in this
Nor time, nor tide shall steal away the bliss
That rolls unbroken as a waveless sea ;

Where man may start anew with tireless zeal,
Time left behind, Eternity before,
Through endless cycles rising more and more
To understand what Time could not reveal.

Unburdened by this heavy cloak of clay
To scale such heights as mortals may not climb ;
To solve at last the enigma page of Time,
Triumphant o'er the despot of decay.

I would not give the Christian's weakest trust
That grasps the future life for which we long
For all the hopes so ardent, high and strong,
Of this weak life that crumbles into dust.

REVENGE.

Not in the expanse of earth or heaven's abyss,
Can he find peace whose soul hath once known bliss;
But now is scorched and withered by the heat
Of that consuming cup mad fools call sweet
Revenge, whose galling, lurid, fiery taste
Has turned brief days to years of wear and waste.
Wronged by thy best beloved, despised, betrayed,
By him thou trusted, for whom thou hast prayed;
Make each base Judas suffer all the pangs
That soul hast suffered from his serpent fangs.
In righteous anger burns thy tortured soul,
But wait, each fiery impulse hold, control.
Though just the every farthing they shall pay.
Believe me, thou wilt suffer more than they,
More in the loss of life's sublimest part;
The God-like nobleness of mind and heart,
Sometime unto the wronged there cometh rest,
But never peace to the avenging breast;
Upon the actors in life's Judas play
A patient Christ looks down while angels pray.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

("He looketh on the earth and it trembleth, he toucheth the hills and they smoke."—Psalm 104:32.)

O language of matchless grandeur,
Of eloquence truly sublime!
What words more grandly beautiful
Are engraved on the tablets of time,
Than these that come to me sweetly
Like a voice from the quaking sod,
Ascribing all power and dominion
Not to Nature, but Nature's God;
As full to-day of new meaning
As when first the psalmist spoke:
 "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth,
 He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

The hurricane's fearful ravage,
Leaving death and destruction behind;
The perils of land and ocean,
With which life's pathway is lined,
Sweep by in their awful terror,
With blighting, withering breath;
But where shall we go for refuge
When the solid earth quakes beneath?
Lo! 'Tis the voice of the psalmist
To each quaking age it spoke:
 "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth,
 He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

'Tis a voice from the burning mountains,
From their streams of melting rock,
Bursting forth from fissured craters,

At the earthquake's dreadful shock.
Will you flee to the hills for refuge?
Lo, their rock-ribbed sides are rent
To emit the poisonous vapors
In the earth's interior pent!
Stand still in Jehovah's presence.
Will you still His anger provoke
Who "looketh on the earth and it trembleth,"
Who "toucheth the hills and they smoke?"

'Tis a voice from the buried cities,
From the dust where they long have lain;
From their crumbling shrines and idols,
From the ashes of their slain.
Was it only a law of Nature,
When those pent-up vapors became
A mighty force, that the mountains
Burst forth in floods of flame?
Ah! 'tis the words of the psalmist,
With their swift destruction yoked:
"He looketh on the earth and it trembleth,
He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Be calm, oh my soul within me,
Thy God will thy refuge find;
Who maketh the clouds His chariot,
Who rideth on the wings of the wind.
Whose voice in its awful grandeur,
As heard in the thunder's crash;
Whose arrows flying earthward
In the lightning's lurid flash,
May strike down the proud in a moment
Or splinter the giant oak.
Who "looketh on the earth and it trembleth,
Who toucheth the hills and they smoke."

When the solid earth beneath us,
Grows frail as a tossing boat ;
There is but one hand can guide it,
One power that can keep it afloat.
O ye, who would seek a refuge,
By a thousand perils awed ;
Earth is but a storm-tossed vessel,
There is safety only in God.
His guidance seek through all danger,
His love and protection invoke
 Who "looketh on the earth and it trembleth,"
 Who "toucheth the hills and they smoke."

THE NEW SONG.

Unto Him who hath loved us be all adoration,
With the harp notes of gladness the new heaven rings ;
Who from every kindred and people and nation
Hath redeemed us and crowned us His priests and His kings.

Unto Him who hath loved us, no more shall our singing
Be burdened with discords of sorrow and pain ;
Throughout His pavilion the praises are ringing,
Of the King who has risen forever to reign.

Unto Him who hath loved us, on earth and in heaven,
In the light of His presence no spirit shall grieve ;
All honor and glory and power shall be given,
Who only is worthy our praise to receive.

Unto Him who hath loved us before His throne, falling
'Midst the holy hushed tremor of seraphim wings ;
His glory and power with glad voices extolling,
Who hath loved us and crowned us,
His priests and His kings.

UNSAID.

The last stray gleams of sunshine fade away
From the gray domes of far Mt. Hamilton,
While lighting the dim towers of San Jose,
Burns out the Autumn glory of the sun.
The guests pass from the door and through the gate,
The little gate with olive boughs o'erhead.
My friend sits thinking sadly as if Fate
Had dropped a few dead blossoms on her head;
A few dead orange blossoms sadly sweet,
That ne'er shall drop their fruitage at her feet.

My friend moves restless as those who wait
Some white-winged vessel sailed, that ne'er returns;
The olives whisper "peace" above the gate,
The flaming sunset into ashes burns.
We wander out into the spacious grounds,
Where orange blossoms scent the silent weeks;
When softly, as the twilight's whispered sounds,
My dear friend pauses 'neath a palm and speaks,
And says with troubled voice and downcast head:
"The dearest word of all was left unsaid."

Tell me, palm branches waving victory,
What power the guiltless evil can forgive;
The sad regret or restless agony,
That in one sweet, unspoken message live?
My California groves are full of song,
Full of glad thoughts and thrills of happiness.
Oh human hearts that bear no brand of wrong,
Oh loving lips that only speak to bless;
The dew-tears falling on your blossoms dead,
Are for the words forever left unsaid!

THE LITTLE TOILER.

While our tired hands are resting, while our weary feet are
still,

While soft slumber calms and quiets busy brain and active
will;

There's a little willing worker stationed in each human breast
That can never stop to slumber, taking but a second's rest.

Beating, beating,

Still repeating

Measured notes of labor's strife;

Ceasing never,

Toiling ever

At the glowing forge of life.

When our powers in weakness languish and our strength is
ebbing low,

When the wheels of thought and feeling at our word refuse
to go;

With our eager, restless fingers growing idler day by day,
At his wheel the little toiler, faithful, steady, works away.

Throbbing, throbbing,

'Midst the sobbing

Of the stricken in the strife;

Toiling ever,

Idling never

At the cistern wheel of life.

And the keepers all shall tremble and the strong their
weakness know,

And in sorrows all the daughters of music be brought low;
And the golden bowl be broken and the silver cord be loosed,
Ere the little anxious toiler hath his changeless labor ceased.

Moving slower,
Beating lower,
Struggling bravely in the strife;
First awaking,
Last in breaking
At the crimson font of life.

WOUNDED.

Once a little song bird caroled
Notes of perfect ecstasy,
In bright costume all apparelled,
Happy as a bird could be.

Never thought of pain or danger,
Made his happy song less sweet;
'Till the footfall of a stranger
Sounded through his cool retreat.

Just a red stain on the mosses,
Just a broken, shattered strain;
Just a tiny wing that flutters,
But will never rise again.

Lying underneath the grasses,
Hidden from the sportsman's eye;
Hour by hour the long day passes,
Dying, still yet cannot die.

Thus one sunny day I found it,
Wounded with a cruel dart;
With sad silence all around it,
Was the little bird—a Heart?

A PICTURE.

There are many beautiful pictures
Hanging in memory's hall,
Pictures of hills and valleys,
Houses and steeples tall;
Pictures of sunlight and shadow,
Of faces grave and gay,
And some that rise from the misty past
Seem to be far away;
But one more beautiful than the rest
Hangeth apart alone;
And the thoughts it awakens are unexpressed,
'Tis a picture of my home.
'Tis a little cottage on a hill
Where the golden sunbeams play,
While the little lambs o'er the meadow run
And frolic the livelong day.
The creek o'er the pebbles flows along
Past fields of waving grain;
And the finches and warblers vie in song,
In one melodious strain.
The old orchard stands in conscious pride,
Weighed down with ripening fruit;
And the oriole fills the scented air
With his song like a clear-voiced flute;
But 'tis not for these that I love it best,
There are many scenes as fair;
But 'tis for the friends so tried and true,
For the loving hearts that are there.
I look and I see my mother,
Down the grassy hill-slope walk;
Leading the little brother,
Who is just beginning to talk.
I can almost hear his prattle
As he laughs in childish joy;

O, how I wish I could see you,
Our dear little blue-eyed boy!
I can see my little sister,
Who is wise beyond her years;
How I wish she could ever be free as now
From all life's cares and fears.
And all of the other dear ones,
I can see them all quite well;
Without them the beautiful picture
Would lose its magic spell.
O, what are earth's fading pictures,
Or what is the painter's art,
Compared with the pictures of memory
Engraven on the heart?

THE JOY OF LIVING.

O life, more precious than before,
Because my feet have neared thine end;
Bright sunshine, flowers and face of friend,
I prize you more, I love you more!

The balmy ecstasy of morn,
The joy of all things seeming new;
Once more to go forth 'neath the blue,
And to be glad that I was born.

O life, sweet endless life, when I
Have one glimpse of all thou art,
Will joy erase from mind and heart
This shadowy earth, this faded sky!

If I miss not one cherished face,
As I have prayed with heart and breath;
I shall forget life's suffering—death,
Remembering this our meeting place.

HELP EACH OTHER.

Help each other, life's a journey,
Weary foot-worn pilgrims, we,
Traveling to a better country,
To a home beyond the sea.

Help each other in the journey,
For we cannot always know
How the sharp thorns line the pathway
Of our brothers here below.

Though we may walk in the sunshine,
Others may in darkness grope;
Help thy brothers, comfort, cheer them,
Point them to the star of hope.

Comfort one another daily,
Pleasant words, they little cost;
Yet their loving, gentle message,
Can be never, never lost.

Help thy brother, when temptation's
Stormy billows o'er him roll;
O remember that thy brother
Hath a never-dying soul!

Though he may despond or falter,
His weak struggles don't despise;
Even though he may have fallen,
Help a fallen brother rise.

Help each other, life is fleeting,
Time for us will soon be gone;
Kind acts we will not regret them,
When a brighter morn shall dawn.

Do thy little, though forgotten,
On the earth shall be thy name;
Sometime the dark grave shall open
Where thy buried hopes have lain.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waiting not for earthly praise;
Ye shall find it not forgotten,
Find it after many days.

When upon life's stormy billows
Thy frail, helpless bark is tossed;
O remember! One who watches
Will not count thy labor lost.

Do thy duty, stand up bravely
In the battle of the Lord;
Earth 'tis true may never pay thee,
Heaven will bring thee thy reward.

SLAVERY

Where the palm groves and bananas in the sunny Tropics thrive,
Where the parrots' lively chatter makes the jungle seem alive,
Where the beach-sands sparkle, brightly splashed by warm and
steaming surf,

Where the Orient bathers gather on the grassy sand-strewn turf,
Oh, the foreign trader's vessel,
Like an eagle out for prey,
Swooping down for one brief wrestle
Bore the helpless spoil away!

Oh, the lonesome wastes of ocean; oh, the far and mournful
land!

To the heart of the poor heathen, woe he could not understand;
Cursed through weary generations, with a thankless load to
bear,

None a recompense to promise, none to soothe the present's care;
'Twas a sunny land of plenty
Where the white-winged eagle sped;
But to him a portion scanty
That the eaglets might be fed.

Where the beautiful palmettoes in the Tropic Summer thrive,
Where bright birds with Freedom's music make the cypress-
swamps alive;

Oh, the hopeless child of bondage, torn from Nature's dearest
ties,

Labors on for Might's proud despot, or in slow despairing dies!
'Tis a scene of life engraven
On the records of the past,
Hovered o'er by wrong's dark raven,
With false grandeur overcast.

Cursed be the dark-browed Canaan; was it God's supreme decree
That in Japheth's holier presence, he should bend the vassal's
knee?

What know we of God's wise purpose?

Lo, His own almighty hand

With the sword of heavenly justice banished slavery from our
land!

'Twas a struggle long and gory,

But the hand of God was there;

To the presence of His glory

Had been borne an Israel's prayer.

In His righteous indignation had His holy eyes looked down;
Was there One who plead before Him who had worn derision's
crown,

Who had trod the wine-press sadly,

Who had borne the tyrant's blow,

Who had felt in bitter anguish none were with Him in His woe?

Oh, against wrong's mighty forces

On the battlefield of earth,

Who shall say that Heaven's white horses

Bear no unseen warriors forth!

To the battlements of evil have those Heavenly chariots flown,
As when Babylon was fallen and her kingdom proud o'erthrown;
With the powers of human justice move they swiftly o'er the
plain,

'Till a mightier than Belshazzar in his princely court is slain;

'Till the peer of Persia's nations

Waves her trampled flag afar,

And above the old plantations

Rises Freedom's morning-star.

In his pride the lordly tyrant flings his palace gateways wide,
All the hosts of earth and heaven by his hand have been defied;

Who can guess the covered secrets deeply buried in his breast?
Oh, his sons and daughters revel while they slumber unconfessed;
But through all the scorching noon-tide
And beneath the sinless moon,
Toil the fatherless mulatto
And the "beautiful quadroon."

Oh, thou dark and mighty evil, thou hast left thy curse behind
And uncounted generations shall with quickened vision find,
On the pure and lofty pages of our country's history fair,
One great blot that wide outspreading mars sweet Freedom's
record there;
And the cotton-fields shall quiver
With dread mysteries untold,
And the dim swamp-forests shiver
With the secrets black they hold!

And a mixed, degraded people shall the sunny South invest;
Lawless, ignorant and vicious in their scanty lives unblest;
Will ye thoughtlessly upbraid them and their ignorance descry?
Well might they in truth and candor make to this a just reply:
"Ye have dared to thus degrade us,
And our simple minds to mar,
Come not blindly to upbraid us,
Ye have made us what we are."

But not all on Africa's children was the cloud of evil spent,
Faith and Truth's divinest altars by the black-winged bolt were
rent;
Who enslaves another's manhood with weak human power alone,
Lays a heavier yoke of bondage thoughtlessly upon his own;
With thy bonds of degradation,
Oh, thou mighty power of sin,
Through the gateways of our Nation,
Come no more a traitoress in!

COALS.

As baby fingers, eager, restless things,
Reach out to grasp the cruel, glowing coals;
So we reach out for some alluring thing,
Lying before us bright and glistening;
Unmindful of the sorrow it may bring,
Until its blighting scar is on our souls.

And as a stronger arm extended forth,
To save the tender flesh from unseen harm;
Sometimes just as we think to grasp our prize,
A wiser will than ours, our wish denies;
Our Father reaches downward from the skies,
And holds us back with His almighty arm.

Our Father see'th all, we see in part,
Sometime He will reveal to us the whole;
Then when He holds us back from some bright glow,
O let us not rebel and struggle so;
The hidden danger He alone can know,
The glowing thing we want may be a coal.

POSTHUMOUS

We may praise the workmanship of the skillful architect,
When the fabric that he rears
Hath withstood the wear of years,
And the battles of the elements, its symmetry unwrecked;
But when with an interest new from its grandeur we may turn,
Of the magic hand that wrought
From the outlines of a thought,
To completeness so colossal and symmetrical, to learn,
If a record we may find, often 'tis the message solemn
That the mind of sterling worth
Hath been summoned earth to earth,
And the hand is only dust that reared massive aisle and column.

We may laud the sculptor's art gazing on his work immortal,
Where on dome and pedestal
His illustrious statues dwell,
Or in form majestic raised to adorn some marble portal;
From the triumphs of his art, to the artisan we turn,
Of the magic hand that wrought
From the outlines of a thought,
To a symmetry and stateliness so marvelous, to learn,
Oh, how often do we find that for years before our time
That proud chisel gathered rust
And that hand was only dust,
And to ashes burned the ardent flame of genius so sublime!

We may read the author's lore, all our spirits filling
With the grandeur of his theme
And the beauty of his dream,
With a strange unfathomed power all our being thrilling;
Then with reverence enkindled from the printed page we turn,
Of the mind with truth afire,
Of the genius we admire,

From the archives of the ages, with new interest, to learn,
Oh, the answer is the same, ere our generation
That great pen hath gathered rust
And that hand hath turned to dust,
And that mind hath left behind only its creation!

We may prize the thoughts that live on the artist's canvas,
Thoughts that bloom in wintry hours,
Wrought from the enkindled powers
Of a nature and a mind, stamping their own impress;
With a thought of whose they are and from whom they came,
we turn,
Of the place of his abode,
Of his life's oft chequered road,
Of his genius and his nature with keen interest, to learn,
'Tis the same; the brush that moved o'er the fadeless canvas
Hath been idle many a day,
And the despot of decay
Hath enslaved the mighty brain, leaving but its impress.

We may list to music's power 'till its spell hath bound us,
Weaving all its silken chords,
Linked perchance with golden words,
Like bright fetters of delight clinging gently 'round us;
But when from its sundered shreds with a new desire we turn,
Of the soul that in them lives,
Of the mind that to them gives
All their meaning and their beauty and their mystery, to learn,
Still the records will repeat that the great musician,
Whose notes sway the world at will
Silent now, ah, strangely still,
Hath lived out his brief career and fulfilled his mission.

We may revel in the light of each grand invention,
We may bless the mind that caught
Inspiration from a thought,
To perceive earth's mighty forces move, or hold them in
suspension ;

But instinctively away from their master-truths we turn,
Of the reason that revolved,
The great problem that it solved,
All too often to the victor's lifelong injury, to learn,
And the records as before tell us that the donor
Of the priceless dower we prize,
'Neath the frozen marble lies,
Undisturbed by calumny, eulogy or honor.

We may read the poet's lay, strong in truth yet tender,
Waking echoes in our hearts
'Till the silent teardrop starts,
With a sympathy responding to its feeling, thought and splendor ;
But when from its fountain bright we have quaffed, to quickly
turn,

Of the spirit and the mind,
That their image left behind,
Clear reflected in the light of its crystal depths, to learn,
Oft, that same weird taper-light o'er our senses flashes ;
Long the pen hath idle lain,
God hath spoken yet again,
Earth to earth and dust to dust, ashes unto ashes.

Poor humanity were they, blossoming and blighting,
Living out their little day,
Clearing barriers from our way,
Kindling beacons that to-day are our century lighting.

Debts of gratitude we owe to each fellow mortal
Who in mind or spirit strong
Struggled through the ranks of wrong,
To unfurl his banner bright o'er the future's portal.

Poor humanity are we in our loftiest stations,
Whether high our lot or low,
'Tis our destiny to go
Sowing golden seeds to bless coming generations.
For a prize that is not ours we are ever striving;
Ours, the sower's tedious round,
Theirs, to reap the fruitful ground,
Happy if they only prove better for our living.

We may do illustrious deeds, we may pen grand pages;
We may sing immortal songs,
We may trample error's wrongs,
Or we may but humbly toil for the coming ages;
They may gather in the sheaves from our toil upspringing,
They may laud us for our skill,
At our golden lore may thrill,
They may bless our noble deeds, they may praise our singing;
But when from our work away, to ourselves at last they turn,
Who we are and whence we came,
Of the history and name
Of the few whose names are blazoned on the scroll of Fame, to
learn;
They will find we, too, are dust, who so lately flourished,
Fallen Autumn leaves at last,
Of some glowing Summer past,
Grateful if some violet grow, by our life-leaves nourished.

THE OAK AND THE VINE

To a stalwart oak a fragile vine
With its helpless tendrils clung,
And looking up saw the sunbeams shine
The lofty boughs among,
 But never content with its low estate,
 Longed like the oak to be noble and great.

Longed to arise from the dark and damp,
Of the thicket where it grew;
Bask in the light of the sky's bright lamp
And revel 'neath seas of blue;
 But the poor little vine, unsought, unknown,
 Was too weak to even stand alone.

The stately oak felt her clinging touch
And bowed his haughty head;
But he felt too proud to speak to such
A little thing, so he said:
 "Only a little vine, so small
 Without my aid it would surely fall."

But the oak's gaunt trunk was rough and bare,
Gnarled and disfigured by time,
And wishing still to be young and fair,
He let the grapevine climb,
 Saying: "Helpless vine so far beneath,
 You may twine my bark with a glossy wreath."

Gladly the vine performed its task
Nor sighed for a higher lot,
Nor paused in its humble work to ask
What glory its service brought;
 For, though it was neither great nor high,
 Was it not nearing the lovely sky?

So the years passed by and the old oak stood
In its conscious pride the same,
Nor strove for a higher, nobler good,
Content with its vaunted fame;
 While the little vine so far below,
 Ne'er lost for a moment its wish to grow.

Upward, onward, it steadily crept,
'Till the rough bark was draped with green,
And then while the haughty monarch slept,
It clambered the boughs between,
 And gained one morning in ecstasy
 The topmost bough of the old oak tree.

Brightly the light on its glossy leaves glanced,
And a bird perched on its stem,
While the merry sunbeams around it danced,
In a glistening diadem,
 And at night the moon with a smile benign
 Shone down on the little helpless vine.

Years passed and one of the Autumn eves
Some travelers passed that way,
Beheld of yellow and crimson leaves,
A wondrously gorgeous array;
 They paused and cried in their rapt delight:
 "The vine has hidden the oak from sight!"

And the tree awoke from its high conceit,
To find himself at last,
By the little clinging vine at his feet,
So wondrously surpassed,
 And cried, in his deep regret, "To me
 Was the loftiest station given,
 But while I boasted nobility,
 The vine was nearest Heaven."

THE BRIDAL BELL

Oh Bridal Bell, lone Bridal Bell!
Who shall thy vanished glory tell,
Where by rude hands now cast aside,
Thou liest stripped of all thy pride?
Where are the pale, sweet flowers that wound
Thy wire frame gaily 'round and 'round,
And where thy lily clapper white,
That trembled in the dazzling light?

Oh Bridal Bell, changed Bridal Bell!
What peri rung thy fairy knell?
What elfin hung thy walls with bloom?
What wizard wrought thy sudden doom
In dust and darkness to repine?
What king deplored a fall like thine?
The spider strings his voiceless lyre
In busy haste from wire to wire.

Oh Bridal Bell, lone Bridal Bell!
What magic shall thy gloom dispel?
Shall hands again thy bareness deck
Or Beauty yet reclaim her wreck
From out the debris of the past,
Where all her vessels lie at last?
Alas, thy latest meed is won,
Thou weird, unsightly skeleton!

Oh Bridal Bell, lone Bridal Bell!
Vague fancies in thy cavern dwell;
Thou seem'st like that institute
To which each minstrel tunes his flute;
Like thine the Bridal's brief display
Oft blossoms but to fade away,
'Till but its legal ties are left

Of all Love's faded flowers bereft;
Its blighted buds of Hope and Trust
Are trodden rudely in the dust,
'Till cast aside it lies undone,
A rude, unsightly skeleton.

Oh Bridal Bell, lone Bridal Bell!
Thou hast a voice for sorrow's knell,
Yet sing'st not of this alone,
Thou hast for joy a final tone,
For fabrics beautiful and rare,
Fashioned of plighted vows and prayer,
Whose ties were never stripped of bloom,
Whose frame no rage of rust could doom,
For every part of gold was wrought,
Each coigne with priceless jewels fraught,
Whence flash the diamond rays of Love,
Pure pearls of Trust and Faith above,
And every flower an immortelle,
Beneath thy belfry, Bridal Bell.

MY GARDEN

Once I'd have called this garden, lonely,
This dreamy garden, full of songs,
Of roses, birds and just "we" only;
But I have learned more of earth's wrongs,
Have learned that souls have starved for these
Sweet nature things, that are my part;
Oh, oh, to paint on every heart,
The sweet, glad blessedness of peace!

ONE LITTLE GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

One thought of holy ecstasy
Breaks on my spirit's sight
Like a bright, flashing meteor
Athwart the skies at night;
'Tis not of all the glory
Eternity may hold,
That centuries unmeasured
Shall wondrously unfold;
'Tis not of all the music
Angelic choirs shall pour,
Like rolling ocean billows,
To break on either shore;
My thoughts turn back bewildered,
Too weak to comprehend
The unsolved mighty problem
Of the never-ending end;
But sometimes vaguely, dimly,
I seem to realize
One glimpse of all the glory
Unseen by mortal eyes;
One burst of matchless music,
That souls redeemed hath stirred;
One sweep of that grand melody,
That ear hath never heard.
Thou saint, who circling cycles
Hath borne through seas of bliss,
I ask not of your triumphs
From such a world as this;
But thou, exultant spirit,
Freed from a world of woe,
Who the first glimpse of Heaven
Hath journeyed out to know,
Tell me what thrill of rapture,
Of happiness divine,

Hath thrilled and swayed and overflowed
That human heart of thine?
The dungeon bars behind thee,
The palace gates before,
Thou, entering to the presence
Of God forevermore,
One burst of Heavenly music,
One flash of Heavenly light,
And all beyond thee—glory,
And all behind thee—night;
Life's gift of sin and misery,
Earth's dower of blight and ban,
How seem they, when a glimpse of Heaven
Enters the heart of man?
Oh, all the strife and discord
Of years that seemed so long,
The sound of earthly voices
That thrilled the world with song,
The glare of earthly grandeur,
The pleasure and the pain,
Life with its doubtful portion
Of blessing and of bane,
Left like a heavy burden
All in the vanished past,
To rise above corruption,
A grave-stone at the last!
Needs it a vast forever,
With joy its grief to drown,
The power of endless ages,
To bid it crumble down?
Oh, when within the presence
Of glory and grace,
We hear archangel trumpets,
Behold the Saviour's face,
Before the crown is brought us,
Before the palm we wave,

Before we have forgotten
The darkness of the grave;
When with a song of triumph
The chains of death are riven,
The clouds of years will melt before,
One little glimpse of Heaven!

BABY BROTHER

My little brother sits upon my knee,
His clear, blue eyes gaze calmly into mine,
But underneath their sweet tranquillity
A depth of baby mischief I define.

Dear little man, thy journey just begun,
Before thee lies Life's pathway, long and wide,
Often through shadows, sometimes in the sun,
With thorns and roses strewn on either side.

My little brother, let the world go wrong,
Let Beauty trail her garments in the dust,
Lost be the music in Life's changing song,
But let me never lose thy love and trust.

THE RIVER OF BLESSING

Flow gentle river, to the sea
In cheerful calm serenity,
Nor pause to question, "Why."
Rise vapor, from the glistening spray
And take thy uncomplaining way
To yonder filmy sky.

Float fleecy cloud o'er scorching fields
That now no vernal fruitage yield,
In sweet, serene content;
Fall, gentle rain, o'er field and flood,
Nor fret that for so little good
Each tiny drop is spent.

Bloom, thirsty land and barren shore,
Life-giving drops like blessings pour
From wide-flung gates;
Smile, gentle river, many a gem
In Nature's glittering diadem
Your brow awaits.

A SUMMER FRIENDSHIP

Think not, my friend, our friendship of a season
Will with the golden Summer be forgot;
Truth hath a grander thought,
Higher than human fancy, time or reason;
God writes, "Forget Me not."

For God, who in His wisdom, love and pity,
Led us to look into each other's eyes,
To clasp glad hands, so soon to say good-byes,
Is leading both to that eternal city
Where friendship never dies.

We've known each other, we are friends though parted,
Heaven is our meeting place
From life's long journey; standing face to face
We shall recall a Summer, happy-hearted
With friendship's holy grace.

When we shall revel in the sacred beauties
Of a bright Summer-time that never ends,
I think we will be glad that we were friends
Through one brief earthly Summer's joys and duties,
Then to our Maker will our praise ascend.

Let us not count our Summer friendship ended,
I do not think God means it to be so,
His budding plans unfinished here below
Are just begun; what His great mind intended
Eternity will show.

LOVE'S PETITION

A sharper or more bitter sorrow prove,—
Hath Fate a keener thrust,
Than when his dart reveals that one we love
 We cannot trust?

Is there one thing too hard for God to do,
One foe (save this) too strong for Him to kill,
To make the evil, good; the false heart, true,
 Against its will?

Out of the dark, dark earth white lilies bloom,
Faith sings, sometime, somewhere,
Hope springs immortal from her winter tomb,
 Sin only is despair.

But is the falsity of those we love
Unfelt, O Christ, by Thee!
Our sin, alas, was this the anguish of
 Gethsemane?

Then send, O heaven, when words are mockeries,
Strong angels from thy throne
To where in dark, unseen Gethsemane,
 Love prays alone.

FROM THE CITY OF THE LIVING TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD

'Tis the tramp of mighty nations
Borne across the surging sea,
'Tis the tread of martialled armies
Echoed through immensity;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Hark! I hear their heavy tread,
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

'Tis the tolling bell's low dirges,
Borne aloft on every breeze,
Rolling on in solemn surges
Over mountains, plains, and seas,
Tolling, tolling, softly tolling
While the short, swift years have fled,
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

From old ocean's rock-ribbed islands,
From Sahara's parching floors,
From fair Scotia's heath-clad highlands,
Or from Iceland's frozen shores,
Rolls that march in solemn measure
While the hosts of earth are led
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

Over Egypt's tombs and temples,
Over ashen Indian graves,
Over England's ivied abbeys,
Over old Peruvian graves,
Rolls the dirge that sadly follows
Each unto his silent bed
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

Not a day but hears its sadness
Not a home but knows its sound,
Not a town aglow with gladness
With no graveyard's sacred ground,
Life enwrapt with brightest promise,
Hush! the last decree is said
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

When shall life's long march be over,
When shall death's grim victors halt,
When shall requiems roll no longer
O'er cold urn or chiseled vault,
When shall falling clods be silent,
When the last sad rite be read,
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead?

Not till all these streets are lonely,
Not till vacant temples stand,
Not till homes and shops are empty
Over every clime and land,
Not till none are left to sorrow,
Listening to the ceaseless tread
 From the city of the living
 To the city of the dead.

Traveling to that silent city,
One by one to be forgot,
Would we not lose heart and courage,
Hope and purpose—were it not
For our Father's loving mercy,
Like the golden sunshine shed
 On the city of the living
 And the city of the dead?

THE ANSWER

Not all unanswered now—the question of my soul
Asked of the cliff's age-furrowed brow,
Lost in the billow's roll;
For softer, grander than human speech
Are the answering thoughts that soothe and teach,
Thoughts launched by God, like sea-weed thrown
On the restless waves of life's great unknown,
Cast up on life's wave-washed beach.
Pure, calm, as a dove to its sheltered nest
My answer came on the wave's white crest.

The question: (This was the troubled thing—
A mourning dove with a broken wing.)
Tell me, oh billows, that roll on roll
Speak more than all things to the human soul!
Why must one spirit feel every dart
That has rent the body or pierced the heart,
Mental and physical, heart and brain,
Is there left one link in life's jeweled chain
That has not quivered with human pain?

The answer: (This was the heavenly thing—
A peaceful dove with a jeweled wing
That fluttered down from the billow's crest
And crossed its wings on a troubled breast.)
"Thou art given the priceless, jeweled key
That unlocks the great heart of humanity,
Thou hast felt their labor, their strife, their pain
Their weary heartaches, their grief and care,
Their bitter struggles and dark despair;
Let not one knock at thy heart in vain."

O little dove with thy folded wings!
O billows that utter such wondrous things!
Ye are thoughts from God; let him send at choice
The ocean thunder, the still small voice;
If they speak from One who alone can know
The height and the depth of our human woe;
Who has felt each pang of our mortal breath,
Sin's serpent fang and the night of death,
And Who o'er the waves of Life's troubled sea
Calls unto the suffering: "Come unto Me."

Touched with His compassion for sin and pain,
In a world that is starving for sympathy,
Where every heart knoweth its misery,
May life's hard lessons be not in vain;
Content if they teach me one noble song
That shall lift one life from the wrecks of wrong.

THE FROST

It came on a blossomy night of Spring,
The blight, the blast, the frost;
It touched the blooms with its icy wing,
Alas, for the Summer's promised fruit!
The morning dawned on those blighted blooms,
They were fragrant still and fair,
But the hand of death had been there,
Nor their tiny hearts did spare;
Alas, for the life whose heart is dead,
As the blighted blossoms that hang o'erhead!
Alas, for the branches bleak and bare!

SONG

There are shadows in the sunshine,
Poison in the roses' breath,
Nature with her bridal garlands
Twines the faded flowers of death,
Tones of sorrow, low and plaintive,
Tremble through life's merry waltz,
Since the morn a warning angel
Whispered gently, "He is false."

Still my lips repeat the question,
"Tell me, is the message true,
When the sunshine still is golden,
Earth so glad and skies so blue;
Can it be that you are faithless?"
'Gainst the thought my soul revolts,
Yet it was an angel whispered,
Softly, gently, "He is false."

Would he blight my youth's fair beauty
Just to feed the basest pride,
Pluck my love's half-opened rose-bud,
Soon, so soon to cast aside;
Teach my soul all men are base;
Love and honor—sculptured vaults—
All without made fair and lovely,
All within made dark and false?

If within my woman's bosom
There were found no faith in man,
If my heart's once joyous Eden,
Languished under blight and ban;
Could you stand acquitted, guiltless,
Of my young heart's direst faults,
At an upper bar of justice,
You who taught me to be false?

List! It was an angel whisper
Sent to comfort and reprove,
Saying: "Wronged and erring doubter,
Truth is truth and love is love."
Angel tones are sweetly drowning
Death's grim dirge and life's wild waltz
Pouring out in deepest music,
God is true, though man be false.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL—SONG

Peace, troubled Soul, peace troubled Soul,
Over life's sea the angry tempests gather,
Roll billows roll, roll billows roll,
Vain be thy strife, unnoticed thine endeavor;
Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Rest, sweetly rest, to silence awed,
Rest thou in peace with Heaven,
Earth hath no refuge given,
Torn, tossed and tempest driven,
Rest thou in God.

SONG OF THE WIND

O Wind! in all thy wingless flight,
What treasure hast thou brought,
And com'st thou through the solemn night
With good or evil fraught?

I hear the gladness in thy song,
The sadness in thy wail;
As swift thou wing'st thy flight along
O'er city, hill and vale.

The stately oaks before thee bow,
And make obeisance low,
Oh, tell me, Wind, whence comest thou
And whither dost thou go?

The shadows on my chamber floor
Were playing hide and seek,
When through the storm's wild rush and roar
The Wind's voice seemed to speak;

And in a deeper, mysterious tone
Of solemn melody,
Told where its viewless wings had flown,
And sang this song to me:

"I crossed the ocean's broad expanse,
I wrecked the ships at sea,
I fanned the wavelets where they dance
To music wild and free.

I echoed through the lonely caves,
And played among the rocks;
I flung the sea-weed from the waves,
And chased the gulls in flocks.

I rose above the sandy beach
And many a jagged cliff,
Where, far beyond the breakers' reach,
Their giant heads they lift.

I tossed the desert's burning sands
O'er many an unknown tomb,
I saw the helpless caravans
Sink 'neath the dread simoon.

I rustled through the stately palms,
On many a southern isle;
I sang my sweet and mournful psalms
Where tropic sunbeams smile.

I roamed through Nature's spacious park,
Through scenes sublime and strange;
I roared through cañons deep and dark
In many a rocky range.

I kissed the flowers on sunny days,
And waved the golden grain,
And sang my morning hymns of praise
Through many a leafy fane.

I frolicked with the pure snowflakes,
I laughed among the trees;
And sang above the mountain lakes
My sweetest symphonies.

Millions of brooklets join with mine
Their faintly murmured chants,
Where through the forest's dim outline
The flickering shadows dance.

And where the mighty river rolls
Forever to the sea,
'Neath sunlit-skies and starry scrolls,
We blend our melody.

From north to south, from east to west,
I wander wild and free;
I have no wish to stop and rest,
My home is land and sea.

Millions of years have heard my voice,
And many more shall know
Sorrow and gladness, gain and loss,
Ere I shall cease to blow.

Not useless, aimless, is my course,
For He whose righteous will
Rules all this boundless universe,
Can bid the winds be still.

For He at whose divine command
I take my wandering flight,
O'er ocean waste, or desert sand,
Marks out my path aright."

SUPPOSE

Suppose the sunbeams should say to the roses,
"You are wasting your time, oh, what are you worth?
Each useless rosebud the morn uncloses
Should bloom a sunbeam to light the earth."

And the roses, drooping their heads of beauty,
Should wither and die ere the day began,
And say, "Oh, the sunbeams can do their duty,
We have no part in the world's great plan!"
But the roses were never made for shining,
Any more than the sunbeams to breathe perfume;
So each, without murmuring or repining,
Does its part in dispelling earthly gloom.

O the roses! the roses! they cannot lighten
A hemisphere with a flood of light,
But they do their best in the world to brighten
Gloom that is darker than earthly night.

DEVELOPMENT

A naturalist watched with a wondering awe,
A winged beauty struggling its way to the light;
Such strivings, and pantings, and strugglings, he saw
Then, gorgeous wings spread, without blemish or flaw.

Another cramped life was in strife to expand,
The naturalist opened the close, cruel door,
And the inmate crept out by the help of his hand;
But a colorless creature the naturalist scanned.

Dull, lusterless wings, undeveloped, and small,
And the naturalist cried: "Even so 'tis with man,
We must struggle and strive, we must rise when we fall,
Life's a struggle for light, or 'tis nothing at all!"

THE RESCUER'S REQUEST

Listen, did you not hear the cry,
That strong, weak wail of agony,
 Of a drowning, struggling soul?
Oh, could I still to the rescue fly,
To live with them or with them to die
 Ere the waters o'er them roll!
 Hark! 'tis the cry of a last despair,
 Lost, lost, on the merciless air;
 Tell me, oh friends, midst the storm and flood,
 Did I do all that I could?

My cold lips prayed for Herculean power
In the frightful spell of that awful hour,
When frightened face and when failing form
Were all I saw in the raging storm;
When the strong grew weak and the weak grew strong,
And the moments were years, unsolved and long;
When faces were turned to me
Frozen and white in their agony.
There was one who sought me with pleading eyes,
God only knows where his pale form lies.

There was one who reached out her hands in vain,
Can I ever forget that cry of pain,
While her long, bright tresses, like seaweed strands,
Floated out as she lifted those hopeless hands!
And a child's sweet, silent face went down,
And that hoary head with its glory crown;
While the scoffer's curse and the Christian's prayer
Mingled together on the burdened air;
Is there on my hands one drop of blood?
Tell me, did I do all I could?

O friends, you tell me no other arm
Like mine drew back from impending harm
The crowd who rushed from the blazing deck,
Or the crew who clung to the shattered wreck;
No other hand was so strong to save
The struggling souls from a watery grave;
No other dared like myself to grasp
Chill forms from the water's icy clasp,
Nor sacrificed on that sinking deck
Their life's young strength to a hopeless wreck!

Oh, tell me no more where another failed,
Where their strength gave way or their courage quailed;
There were fellow-men in that struggling storm,
With hope aglow and with life-blood warm
For perishing manhood and womanhood;
Did I do all that I could?
If one was lost whom I might have saved.
What care I for aught that I bore or braved,
If a human cry rung on the air,
That I might have calmed in its last despair?

Speak not of the few whom these hands have saved;
Tell not of the perils I met and braved;
The cries of the drowning disturb my rest,
Tell me, oh, this is my one request,
That no sinking soul on the waters tossed,
Whom I might have saved, was lost!
Oh, I can hear the drowning call,
I could not save them all.
They sink, I hear it, that sickening thud;
My God, did I do all that I could?

THE YEARS OF OUR LIVES

We spend our lives as a tale that is told in a lonely watch of the
night,

Like a changing story written down on the pages, pure and white,
By a flickering taper giving out its weak, uncertain light.

The days of our years, ah! these the links of which the chain
is wrought,

With the heart's deep feeling intertwined and the mind's
unceasing thought,

Each hath its romance interwove with its own peculiar plot.

They are strangest stories, these lives of ours, that our aching
hands have penned,

Success and failure, joy and grief, through their mystical mazes
blend,

Strength, labor, and sorrow, their broken thread from beginning
unto the end.

O, many a blot and sad mistake do the pages white contain,
And the things we are writing with feeble hands, we may never
erase again,

'Till our living chapters are brought to light from the dark where
they long have lain!

Many critic eyes on the story gaze, but they cannot read the whole,
Not 'till the hidden histories shall the hand of God unroll,
Not 'till the eye of God shall read and perfect the blotted scroll.

He shall correct the sad mistakes we have thoughtlessly put
therein,

He shall the hateful blots erase, till as white as when we begin,
Nor cast the work of our lives aside for aught but uncanceled
sin.

Then shall the loving angels read, with their vision deep and clear,
The beautiful, faultless chapters kept of every erring year,
When in the archives of all time, our humble lives shall appear.

EXISTENCE

We waken vaguely, dreamily at first, as from a slumber deep;
Waken to feel, to think, to love, to hate, to smile and weep;
Waken to sin and sorrow, to a widening view

Of many things strange, wonderful and new;
We take unsought what life hath dared to give,
To be, to do, to live;
We question our existence, in reply
They tell us we must die.

We learn of God and man, of earth and heaven,
Of evil punished and of wrong forgiven,
Of an immortal life beyond the grave,
Of One from heaven who came on earth to save;

We doubt or trust,
We fall asleep, we slumber, we are dust.
And is this all, O God, this petty play,
This drama of a day;
This tragedy enacted o'er and o'er
Of sin and grief and pain and little more?
In Thy great heart, safe kept from wrangling strife,
Thou hast the keys of life;
Thine to explain the things half-understood.
Evil and good
Rise up before us and demand our powers;
The choice is ours.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS

I am sitting in the gloaming,
In the gloaming all alone;
Listening only to the moaning
Of the organ's plaintive tone;
Hearing but the distant footsteps
Of the ages that have fled;
Seeing but the shadowy faces
Of the nations long since dead.

Long, long years ago they wandered
In the paths we daily tread,
For a little while they pondered
On the living and the dead;
Then they passed away in silence
To the cities of the dumb;
Making way for those who followed,
Making room for us to come.

O remote and distant ages,
Unknown tribes or empires grand;
Whether savages or sages,
Ye have written on the sand,
And the sands of time dissolving
Into life's great ocean tossed,
Year by year grow faint and fainter,
Few indeed are never lost.

These, like monuments are standing,
O'er the tombs of millions more;
Names that age to age are handing,
Landmarks left along the shore

Teaching us how brief our stations,
How our glories must decay,
Pointing to the generations
Who have lived and passed away.

So I'm sitting in the gloaming,
In the gloaming all alone;
While my phantom thoughts are roaming
Through the ages that have flown;
Musing here in solemn silence
By the landmarks on the shore,
How each moment bears us farther
From the great and good of yore.

Farther from their grief and glory,
Nearer to the close of ours;
Farther from their song and story,
Nearer to our fading flowers;
For our feet are daily slipping,
Slipping from life's changing stage;
Making room for nations coming,
Nations of a later age.

CALIFORNIA'S WOODLANDS

Ye timbered pastures, bright with Autumn splendor,
Yet softened with the haze by distance lent,
What hallowed memories, sublime and tender,
Are with your glories blent!
Thrilled by the passing touch of magic fingers,
From pathless thicket to sky-reaching dome,
A peaceful solace ever gently lingers
And breathes of home.
Home! that one spot, wherever situated,
Clothed with a grace no other clime may share,
From her bright precincts, by her love created,
Spring fadeless wreaths that later years shall wear;
Around her lowliest paths of daily duty
Gush rippling fountains, from Youth's glistening sands
Flow down the years, and dim with heaven-born beauty,
The glare and glitter of all other lands.
So in your shades, I love to muse and ponder
On moments yet to be,
When no more fresh to Youth's awakening wonder,
Your joys shall steal the shades of memory.
In your still aisles and forest sanctuaries,
Sacred as with the silent hush of prayer,
Spring for her farewell kiss the longer tarries
On Summer's golden stair;
And here old Autumn paints in rich profusion
Madroña berries and bright leaves of flame,
Then steals from out the forest's sweet seclusion,
Telling not whence he goes, or whence he came.
Beneath those gnarled old trees, antique and hoary,
Sear leaves have echoed to the Indian's tread,
And lovers oft have told the old-time story,
While birds sang overhead.



When Spring with fragrant breath and flower-wreathed tresses
Returns with dewdrops in her silken locks,
With lavish hands the frozen woods she blesses
And the mad cataracts leap o'er the rocks;
The tiny lake beneath the oak's gaunt branches
Shall overflow her rim,
While eddying circles whirl in graceful dances,
And dainty violets wreath her mossy brim;
Then the proud fir in vernal gladness carries
Above her dark green branches, lighter plumes,
The forests change their bright madroña berries
For manzanita blooms.
But now they lie in Autumn's pensive glory,
Like the bright sunset of a shorter day
That only burns to end the beauteous story
And pass away;
So all these gleaming flames of gold and amber
A sad, sweet theme pervades,
Down shining steep, the gloaming shadows clamber
And the bright sunset fades;
So o'er these Autumn woods, now robed in splendor,
Winter will spread his pall;
The lonely pines in sighings soft and tender
Shall mourn their fall.

THE UNATTAINED

(A Sunset Harmony.)

My friend come with me to the ferny brink
Of this clear spring shut in by clustering trees
And from my cup the crystal coolness drink,
Is this the end to live, to love, to think,
And thus to quench that still unsatisfied and longing thirst
For sky-flight—'till the bird its cage would burst
Unsoothed by things like these,—
Siesta, friendship, thought, stagnation gained?
Through these still trees
I catch a soul-glimpse of those sunset towers, free and unchained,
A glimpse of silver seas and golden shores
And city turrets,—thrones where thought has reigned—
I almost hear the splash of amber oars,
I almost see the thrill of fluttering sails,
But not with earthly eyes.
Too far it lies
In the dim distance of the unattained.

Somewhere far back
Sweet visions of a sunrise threw their glow,
Across the path my child-faith longed to go;
But that is gone, sometimes I half forget
That brightening dawn
Of hope and faith and high ambition's flight.
For life goes on and on,
A level plain, a toilsome beaten track,
With here and there a wood, a sheltered spring,
A little flower to bloom, a bird to sing.
But I will not look back,
No: better forward to that grand eclipse
Of all that man has sought for or has gained,
The sunset vision of the unattained.

What though my feet had reached the utmost round
Of all my early hopes, and plans, and aims,
Still earthly ladders reach but earthly ground;
And though my heart is pained
So often, that I was too weak to climb
To those loved heights 'till passed the golden time;
Earthward sometimes there is from Heaven let down,
A higher path than man has ever gained,
Above the weak acclaim of passing crowds,
Above earth's mountain peaks,
Upon the clouds
For him who fails to climb earth's dizzy heights,
Whose patient sweetness is his only crown.

God writes,
And from white cloud scrolls His bright promise speaks,
When to aspiring souls that have not gained their earth desires.

God lights
His sunset fires and dims the glory of earth's unattained.

GREAT FORCES

The thunder's roll attends the lightning's play,
Great love is silent and great grief is mute,
Great thoughts have in great acts their perfect fruit;
No flash, no noise, when Purpose marks her way;
The mighty force that midst the stars might flash,
From cloud to cloud in stirring thunder's crash,
Comes down to earth through dust and smoke to move,
In unseen silent usefulness to prove
Her greatness, highest, noblest, grandest when
She bears the humble messages of men.

DEFECTS

The surface of polished metal
Is marred by a speck of rust,
And a lily's pure, white petal
Is stained by a touch of dust,
And the white bird's wings are spotted
Should he trail them once in the fen,
And the clear, white page is blotted
By one careless turn of the pen;

The sculptor's work uplifted
By a hasty stroke is defaced,
And the work of years is rifted
By a moment's careless haste;
The purest in form or color
Is spoiled by a line, a stain,
In the more imperfect and duller
Defects do not show so plain.

Then learn that the mind's bright metal
Is marred by a touch of rust,
Then dip not thy soul's white petal
Once low in the mire and dust,
And trail not thy wings so spotless
In the murky depths of the fen;
Would the page of thy life be blotless,
Then write with a careful pen.

For the character slowly erected
May be crushed by a hasty blow,
And the symmetry years have perfected
One moment may lay it low,
And the world that with look upgazing
Has stared at thy stainless name,
Perhaps with no word of praising,
Will cover thy past with blame.

U. S. GRANT.

Dead! The swift wires brought the message,
And a Nation's grief replied,
Dead! Columbia's noblest hero
In the land he loved has died.
He who braved the fire of battle,
He who faced the storm of war,
He who vanquished mighty armies,
Earth's most honored conqueror.
Mourn Columbia, o'er thy waters
Sounds the death knell of thy brave,
Droop thy proud old flag in sadness,
'Tis the flag he fought to save;
He shall sleep where none may waken,
In the land he loved so well;
But thy unborn generations
Shall his deeds of valor tell.
Over Orient lands he traveled,
Foreign nations made him room,
Heathen empires spread before him

Their rich fruitage and their bloom;
But not one of them could claim him,
O'er the ocean's pathless foam
Faithful vessels bore him safely
Back again to friends and home.
Egypt's tombs nor India's temples
Shall his precious dust inclose;
Nor in Britain's ivied abbeyes
Shall our sacred dead repose.
But his own, his native country,
Shall protect his lettered stone;
Proud Columbia, draped in mourning,
Claims her hero for her own.
Rest in peace thou veteran warrior,
All thy victories are past;
On thy ear shall no more thunder
Cannon's roar or trumpet's blast.
'Till thy peaceful, slumbering ashes,
Resting 'neath thy country's sod,
Shall awake with countless millions
At the mighty trump of God.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

Remember thy Creator in the bright days of thy youth,
Ere sins and sorrows later may choke the germs of truth;
Give to thy Maker's service thy best and brightest hours,
Sow not wild tares and thistles, but strew the world with flowers.

Chorus.

Come join our youthful army,
Come seek to learn the truth;
Remember thy Creator
In the bright days of youth.

Remember thy Creator, for He remembers thee,
In countless blessings scattered o'er earth and sky and sea;
He sent His son, our Saviour, in mercy and in love,
To lift the lost and fallen and bid them look above.

Chorus.

Come join, etc.

Remember thy Creator in songs of grateful praise,
In prayers and words and deeds of love, through all thy youthful
days;
In lifting up thy brother as Christ hath lifted thee
From chains of death and bondage to life and liberty.

Chorus.

Come join, etc.

Remember thy Creator before the years draw nigh,
When weary of a wasted life we only wait to die;
He wants our joyful service while we are young and strong,
A mighty army marching against the ranks of wrong.

Chorus.

Come join, etc.

REMEMBRANCE.

Sometimes, I think, we never do forget;
The friendly face, the word, the smile, the tear,
May slumber undisturbed for many a year;
The chariot wheels of Memory revolve
And lo, before us looms the thing we deemed
Forgotten, though of which we one day dreamed
And had but slumbered when we thought it dead.

These things can never die, though lethargy
May wrap them in its solitude profound;
Yet they are not extinct, but wrapped around
With the dark chrysalis—unconsciousness;
Till, unexpectedly, the mystic spell
Is broken,—Memory's living beams dispel
The sweet forgetfulness that veiled the past.

We lay the past away as on a shelf
Deep in the hidden labyrinth of the mind,
And there are volumes that we fail to find;
As oft a misplaced book is counted lost
When only screened from sight in some recess,
Each thought leaves on the mind its own impress,
And though but faintly, not to be erased.

O sweet Forgetfulness thou art but brief,—
A trance that sways the senses for an hour
As morning dewdrops glitter on a flower!

What would not millions give to have thee stay
To cover up the memories Time records
As with a burning pen in loving words
That e'en though stifled wake to life again!

In thoughtless circles, mingling with the dance,
In haunts of drunkenness and revelry,
We find them striving to drown Memory;
Amid the fascination of the hour
Each his own phantom for a while pursues,
Hoping himself in some charmed spell to lose
Or find the fountain of oblivion.

THE DESERT CAMEL

Trackless and bare are the sands of the desert
No verdure adorns them, no green tree is there;
Parched by the winds and the hot, scorching sun rays,
Strewn with white bones lying bleaching and bare,
Like a vast ocean of rolling sand surges
Beaten and driven like waves on the deep,
Changing and shifting in wildest confusion
In the hot wind-storms that over them sweep.
Patiently, slowly, across the vast ocean
Plod the strong camels, so faithful and true;
Ships of the desert; with merchandise laden,
Gladly for them comes the harbor in view.
Onward they toil on their long, weary voyage,
While never a blade of grass blesses their sight;
Cheered through the day by the songs of the Arabs,
Resting upon the bare sand-waves by night.

TO MY PANSIES.

Pansies, your drooping, sleepy heads low bending
Beneath the gentle moon's transforming beams,
While myriad stars their varied ways are wending,
Tell me your dreams.

In deepest shades of yonder oak and willow
The breeze has rocked the baby-birds to sleep,
While o'er your lowly fringed and dewy pillow
Moonbeams and shadows creep.

Have you no dreams, with your shy, tender faces
Turned from the silvery light,
While on your heads a thousand airy graces
Their forms unite?

Do no weird fancies, steeped in thought and feeling,
That man with all his wisdom never guessed,
Come through the shadowy moonlight softly stealing
To charm your rest?

Ah! willful pansies, I would guess their meaning
And steal some of their honeyed sweets away;
But keep your pretty secrets, pansy dreaming,
An elfin might betray.

On yonder hills the blushing Bride of Morning
Scatters the mists beneath her sunny smile;
The few faint stars her cloudy robes adorning
Your eyes beguile.

Awake, my pansies, choristers are singing,
On golden wings their artless notes are borne;
Lo! from your leafy buds in rapture springing
Ye greet the morn.

Each tiny face wears some distinct expression
Stamped in its royal dyes,
Linked with a universal, shy confession
Of sweet surprise.

Into the heavens your wondering eyes are staring
As if to penetrate their burning lamp
While mosses, round your feet, fresh dewdrops wearing,
Lie cool and damp.

Into each beauteous face I gaze with pleasure,
That no distrust attends;
I find in you, what I have learned to treasure,
Unchanging friends.

Sweet sympathy, that boon of earth's denying,
That surest balm for care,
Wafting from upper fonts your wants supplying,
Ye sweetly share.

Ye are to me a silent inspiration
With voiceless teachings blent,
I learn of you (though in the lowliest station)
To be content.

PATHS

The mountain lifts its burly form
To Summer's sun and Winter's storm,
And gully, slide and deep ravine
Give proof of tempests that have been,
Yet Spring still clothes her slopes with flowers
And grasses bend to April showers;
Adown the mountain's sides are wound,
O'er grassy slopes and rocky ground,
From the great boulders' topmost place
To the cool lakelet at its base,
Steep hillside paths that twist and turn
Till lost to sight in rush or fern.
The deer's impatient hoof has torn
The dewy turf at earliest morn,
The sheep has trodden grass and weeds
In winding paths wh'er she feeds,
The goat has worn his narrow way
To the great boulders, grim and gray.
Two mountain paths among the rest,
One from the east, one from the west,
Wind zigzag down the steep incline
Through sapling growths of fir and pine,
Through rocky gulch and deep ravine,
O'er sunny slopes, huge rocks between,
Through laughing rivulets that play
In gladness down their shallow way,
Where tend'rest spring flowers bloom and fade,
Through light and shadow, sun and shade;
Till, nearing each the other's route
They turn abruptly now and meet
Where a great oak spreads out his limbs
And chants his breezy forest hymns;
And now together, broader grown,

Descend the mountain-side in one.
Thus, though unrealized—unseen,
Our life-paths meet and intervene,
Cross and recross in life's swift loom,
In shade and sunshine, light and gloom,
And two, beginning far apart,
Wind round the earth from where they start
Till meeting, hence through shade and sun
Two life-paths mingle into one;
Thus, through the world in devious ways,
We journey with the fleeting days;
Thus, down life's mountain path descend,
Knowing not whence our steps shall bend:
Certain of naught but that each route,
Each zigzag path, shall reach the foot.

STARS

There are stars so high above us,
In the gardens of the skies,
That to reach them angel pinions
Must be given us to rise;
There are little stars around us,
Twinkling in the dewy grass,
That we may gather, twining
Wreaths and garlands as we pass;
Then shall we scorn these lower stars,
Nor heed what they may teach,
Because the stars above us
Are too high for us to reach?
We may wreath earth's common blossoms
Into crowns of light and love,
Though we may not climb to gather
Those higher stars above.

SORROWS

They laid beneath the senseless ground
The noble brow, the active limbs;
They softly chanted burial hymns,
There was no other sound.

She stood alone, with head bent low,
She, the young, beautiful and good;
Alas, her blighted womanhood,
For she had loved him so!

She turned away, life is not brief
Whose best beloved face is gone,
Still, still to suffer and live on,
This, this it is to die of grief.

She saw the sunshine strangely dim,
She saw bright flowers, no longer bright;
Earth's color, beauty, music, light,
Had faded out with him.

She faced the world with faltering breath,
She worked, she smiled, she slept, she waked,
None saw the human heart that ached.
Has earth a sadder thing than death?

But evermore she hid her pain
And whispered softly to her grief:
"O heaven is long and earth is brief,
Yet shall we meet again!"

But once she met a face so grieved,
She half forgot her heart's dull care
Before that vision of despair,
Of hope and peace bereaved.

She sought the wounded one and said:
"I too have suffered, tell me all,
Between us pride shall raise no wall,
Our hopes alike are dead."

"Sweet sympathy shall soothe our pain,
The dead are freed from all our grief;
Heaven is so long and earth so brief,
Yet shall we meet again."

The pale lips said, with quivering breath:
"You have no shattered shrine of trust,
Truth is immortal in the dust.
Earth has a sadder thing than death;

Heaven for the false provides no open door,
I have been wronged and cruelly deceived
By one I loved and trusted and believed,
And we shall meet no more."

TO THE FLOWERS

Bright little day stars
Scattered all over the earth,
Ye drape the house of mourning
And ye deck the hall of mirth.

Ye are gathered to grace the ballroom,
Ye are borne to the house of prayer,
Ye wither upon the snowy shroud,
Ye fade in the bride's jeweled hair.

Ye are relics of bygone ages,
From Eden inherited,
To gladden the homes of the living,
And mourn on the graves of the dead.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND

And thou art gone, whose sympathy made days
Of nervous dread and silent agony
Into thank-offerings of prayer and praise
For one kind friend, one who was kind to me!
Oh, you may think it was the daily acts
Of thoughtfulness, all for my comfort done!
Often the setting its bright jewel lacks,
A hollow thing when sympathy is gone
Is the cold deed—that lifeless ministry
That freezes all the springs of hope in me,
Think not I have forgotten one who cares.

THE RED LINNET

In Spring, when the roses are loaded with buds,
And the oak-tree has put on her new leafy dress,
When the hill-slope, just washed in the late wintry floods,
Is spread with a carpet of blossom-starred grass;

Where sweet baby-blue eyes peep up to the light,
And sun-drops lie just as they dropped from the sun,
And the tea-flowers lift up their wee blossoms of white
By the shooting stars, saucy and ready for fun;

Then comes the red linnet, so joyous and gay,
To build and to brood in the oak's scattered shade,
And sing his sweet ballads on trellis and spray
Till joy bounds ecstatic o'er meadow and glade.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE

Beside a lonely and neglected grave
I paused and watched the tangled grasses wave
 Mournfully to and fro;
A rude, unlettered slab still strove to keep
Its lonely vigil o'er the grass-grown heap
Where bereaved love had wept and ceased to weep,
 Long years ago.

The lonely pines wailed forth a plaintive dirge,
Like the low moaning of the ocean surge
 Through hollow caves,
Till with an inner consciousness, I heard
A voice, that through the moaning branches stirred
With the weird melody in every word
 Of restless waves.

"I am forgotten, summers bloom and die
And careless strangers wander heedless by
 My lonely tomb;
But long, long years my pulseless heart has slept
Since love above its moldering ashes wept,
And where the myrtle's graceful garlands crept
 Rude thistles bloom.

"I am forgotten, yonder marble pile,
Where through the golden days tall lilies smile
 And jasmines cling,
Is decked anew each day with loving care
While sorrow kneels in tearful anguish there
And love bestows in silent, mute despair
 Her offering.

"I am forgotten, not a tear doth fall,
Memory no more my image shall recall
Or mourn my doom;
Nature's impartial hand alone doth strew
My silent bed with tears of crystal dew
And sunbeams slanting rifted cloud-drifts through
Deck my lone tomb.

"I am forgotten, fragile flowers of yore,
Choked by the weeds, gave the brief conflict o'er,
Nor left a trace;
Farther each year my tidal wave recedes
From memory's shore, but no one heeds
Or calls to mind my long-forgotten deeds,
Lost form or face.

"I am forgotten, yet from my still bed
I hear the names of the illustrious dead
In deathless song;
Often these eyes on honor's scroll have gazed
Where deathless eulogies triumphant blazed,
Alas! to pass unhonored and unpraised
From out the throng.

"I am forgotten, Fate's austere decree
Marked out for mine that dreaded destiny
To be forgot;
My little day of hope and fear is done,
I lie unnoticed now from sun to sun
And wail from thy lone depths, oblivion,
Remembered not."

Among the pines the last wild wail was lost,
But still the wind their moaning branches tossed
 Against the sky;
When in my heart a slumbering voice awoke,
And, though no sound the solemn stillness broke,
From out my inner consciousness it spoke
 And made reply:

“O lonely pines, chant your sad dirge no more,
O melancholy voice, no more deplore
 Thy common lot;
I stand above the earth, below the sky,
Below the angel choirs that sing on high,
Above the unknown dead whose ashes lie
 By man forgot.

“There is a love that hath its vigil kept;
There is a power, an eye that hath not slept
 Above thy dearth;
Mortal, whate’er thy long-lost form may be,
In the vast archives of eternity
Still lives above frail human memory
 Thy name, thy worth.”

CHARACTER

Oh! who would be flattered with praise undeserved
Or with honors that are not his due?
Oh! who in the curse of a hypocrite's garb
Would friendship and fortune pursue?

Oh! who would be proud of a virtuous name
That has not its fountain within?
Oh! who would be proud of a record of fame
Defiled by a record of sin?

Better to know that our motives are right,
Though others may never applaud;
Better to see all our fondest hopes blight
Than be false to ourselves or our God.

Better to act with a noble design
And drink slanders, wormwood and gall,
Than be sung to the heavens for motives sublime,
And know they were narrow and small.

Reputation may fade like a false, fickle dream,
When we stand before God's judgment bar,
But firm shall stand character (not what we seem)
But just what we truly are.

MY SANCTUM

Have you seen my princely sanctum where I sit?

Oh! an artist or a queen might covet it!

When I raise my eyes such perfect pictures meet my gaze,
Not an artist or a poet but would stop to praise.

Hung about it, hung above it, on its ceiling, on its floor,
Never was a palace frescoed by a greater hand before;
For the echoing vaults above me are all trembling, floating
leaves,

Swaying, quivering, where the sunshine and the shadow in-
terweaves;

And the cool, cool depths of water, ripple, dimple at my feet,
And fantastic roots are braided for my lowly little seat.

Clear is the untarnished mirror where the stream is deep,
Where the grand old trees' reflections calmly lie asleep;

I can see my face within it, when I stoop,

Framed by branches that above me sway and droop.

And the pictures, there are mountains, there are forests on my
walls,

And such color, and such distance, and such light upon them
falls.

White clematis and pale, wild roses drape the fence,

Wild blackberry vines are trailing in luxuriance.

Drooping low to kiss the water, berries ripening in the sun,
Green leaves dropping on the streamlet's surface slowly, one
by one,

Have I music up above me in an unseen gallery?

Golden voices chant a chorus gaily, gladly merrily;

While somewhere from softening distance coos the mourn-
dove, plaintive, sad;

Is my own heart like their music, never altogether glad?

Are their voices, saddest voices, stealing softly unaware,

Softening down the wild, sweet rapture of the happy songbirds
there?

'Tis so like it, 'tis so like it,—all this beauty's dream

And those minor notes that sadden all the joyous theme!

WORKERS

Call no work low that is honest;
Honest toil never degrades;
Rather the thief and the sluggard
Unerring justice upbraids;
 Scorn, who of scorn are deserving,
 Praise, to whom praises are due;
 Honor to every true worker
 Under the red, white and blue.

Praise for your noble example,
Honor for idleness spurned,
Long may you reap the unsullied
Blessing of benefits earned;
 Kingly is loyal endeavor,
 Noble the task that is true;
 Duty is never degrading,
 Do what your hands find to do.

Into the mills and the factories,
Into the quarries below;
Into the field and the forest,
Bravely and cheerfully go;
 But for the wheels ye are turning,
 But for the timber ye hew,
 But for your toil in the harvest,
 What would the nation pursue?

Yours is a praiseworthy calling,
Stain not its record by crime;
'Tis yours to make it ennobling,
'Tis yours to make it sublime;
 Wield not the sword of transgression,
 Be noble-hearted and true;
 Scorn to be anarchist traitors,
 Under the red, white and blue.

Justice will come to the worthy,
Right at the last will prevail,
History grandly repeats it,
Time never knew it to fail ;
 Wait is the gold key of justice,
 Justice will open to you ;
 Truth is the only sure watchword,
 Truth will yet carry you through.

Scorn to the men or the women
Who honest labor despise ;
Near be the day in the future,
When such false sentiment dies ;
 Deep be the grave where 'tis buried,
 May none e'er bring it to view ;
 Servants are good as their masters
 If they're as upright and true.

By all the trampers and loafers
Making their country's worst bane,
By all the truly degraded
Living on ill-gotten gain ;
 Scorn, who of scorn are deserving,
 Praise, to whom praises are due ;
 Workers are nobler than idlers,
 Under the red, white and blue.

THE RAINLESS SUMMER

This is the rainless summer,
Deluged with heat and light.
Everywhere is the shimmer
Of sunshine, broad and bright;
But never the filmy vapors
Wrung from the panting ground,
Return to the flowers, in Summer showers,
With the raindrops' cheerful sound.

The willows bend by the river
And their branches, long and green,
In the warm dry breezes shiver,
And dance in the golden sheen;
But the sands are hot about them,
And but stagnant pools remain,
Where the flood has poured and the torrent roared,
To the song of the falling rain.

The grapevines, green on their trellis,
Are heavy with emerald drops,
And a thousand twitterings tell us
Of birds in the high treetops;
But where are the tender wildflowers,
And the grasses, bent with dew,
When the ripples strayed and the young lambs played,
While all things were made new?

O, this is the year's great noontide,
That follows her dewy morn,
When near to the dusty roadside
Are the stalks with their golden corn;
And down in the shady orchard,
Half hid in the living leaves,
Bright goblets shine with brimming wine,
O'er which no fond heart grieves.

O radiant, rainless Summer!
The year's bright sunset is nigh;
When Autumn, the gay newcomer
Shall paint, with her rainbow dye
The fresh green leaves of the forest;
To fade in the gray twilight,
When rain and frost, on the chill wind tossed,
Shall herald the year's great night.

And from the bell-towers tolling,
At the midnight of the year,
Shall the brazen tongues be calling
To the old year's frosty bier;
'Till the birth of another cycle
They publish from strand to strand,
Where the streamlets creep and the swift floods sweep
O'er the rainless Summer land.

STONES AND JEWELS OF FAME

Sometimes I think if I should write an ode,
To be, by every idler said or sung,
The jest and sport of every schoolboy's tongue,
Common as stones down-trodden in the road,
As poets oft have purchased deathless fame,
I should not be so pleased with my success,
As if some little gem of higher art
My hand might pen, the nobler few to bless,
The delving mind, the contemplative heart,
Stones for the many, jewels for the less.

TO THE POSSESSOR OF AN UNBRIDLED TONGUE

Out of the grass,
Through flower-like clumps of gladsome words
Springs a dread serpent whose unerring dart
Is death to all the joyous, happy birds,
Of many a human heart.

The venom'd sting
From tongues whose hate might wrap a world
In white, dread flames from demon souls uncurled,
While all the birds, too terrorized to sing,
Fold their bright wings.

As from a serpent
Would I hasten from the venom'd tongue,
Nor look again upon the one who flung
Unjust anathemas, to make the chords
Of Life's sweet music jar.

Pour forth thy words!
As I avoid the serpent's flowery path,
So shall I circle far,
Aside from all thy unreasoning wrath.

A DREAM PICTURE

A lady who lived in a time gone by
Had for many years a cloudy trial
That cast its shadow athwart her sky
Making the hours seem long by the dial;

But once in her dreams she found herself
In the golden light of a sunny day,
When a thick cloud gathered above her path
And shut out the sunlight from her way;

Then suddenly it broke and she saw
That a thousand tiny songbirds there,
With brilliant plumage and spreading wings,
Had formed the cloud in the sunny air;

Then they burst into song above her head,
In such thrilling notes as they took their flight,
That the lady woke from her wondrous dream,
Weeping for gladness and delight.

Look up at the clouds, not down, to lament
The shadow that darkens all earthly things,
And soon you will find they are angels sent,
With beautiful songs and protecting wings.

THOU SHALT FORGET THY MISERY

Thou shalt forget thy misery,
As waters that have passed away,
The river murmurs as it speeds,
The cool wave whispers and recedes,
And tiny mountain brooks repeat
In infant voices gurgling sweet:
"Forget, sad heart, thy misery,
What are the waters passed away?"

Thou shalt forget thy misery,
And is it not a mockery?
Shall time flow on nor leave a trace
Of aching heart or troubled face,
Of weary hands, of stumbling feet,
And Life's broad stream flow clear and sweet,
Nor Mara's bitter waters blend
With the bright current to its end?

Answer, bright, babbling, boiling brook,
In graceful curve, in rugged crook,
As days and weeks and months go on,
Forever coming, going, gone;
Is it an idle mockery,
The faith that cries out hopefully,
Thou shalt forget thy misery,
As waters that have passed away?

THE OPENING OF THE ROSES

Oh see in all their varied, fair unfoldings,
The rosebuds opening, opening to the light!
White waxen scrolls and tinted silken lusters,
And crimson velvet folds in wreaths and clusters;
They seem all tangled in my heart's life-story,
Its sadness and its sweetness and its glory;
The red and white ones mingled in a cross,
My life's strange heritage of life and loss,
With all the sweetness born of patient trust,
Born to sunshine out of dark and dust;
I love them all—pink-tipped and amber-hued,
But these my love with deepest aim have wooed.

REDEMPTION SONG

O the angels are singing because, because,
Christ beareth my burden to-day!
From the tomb in my heart they are coming to roll
The stone of my sorrow away, away,
The angels will roll it away!

O the angels are singing for joy, for joy,
When Christ took my burden of clay,
When He stooped to lift what was bearing me down,
The stone of my sorrow, to-day, to-day,
The angels will roll it away!

THE LONGING OF THE SOUL

(As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so
panteth my Soul after Thee, O God!—Ps. 42:2.)

Locked in this prison house of clay
My Spirit pants to be away,
And mourns its low estate;
Flutters and struggles to be free,
Reaches and longs, O Lord, for Thee!
Why must it wait?

A thousand wrecks around me lie,
These all have failed to satisfy;
Saviour, I pray
To anchor on that blessed shore,
Where sin and sorrow wound no more,
Through endless day.

In yonder heaven of delight
Oh, to awake from life's dark night,
And meet my King!
Behold the beauty of His face,
The glory of His matchless grace
Forever sing!

They say this world a heaven would be
If purged of woe and misery,
Of sin and death;
Oh, vain such mockeries to pursue,
From Thee, O God, the Spirit drew
Its vital breath!

To Thee ascend its quenchless fires,
To Thee it evermore aspires;
Without Thy face
Earth might take on the hues of Heaven,
Yet would the Soul with longing riven
Pant for its natal place.

Peace, panting Soul, on holier sod
Happy forever with thy God
Thou shalt abide;
Soon these frail prison bars shall break,
The fluttering Spirit shall awake
And shall be satisfied.

HOPE'S CHORAL

Glad is my heart this Autumn morn
Though oft by cruel fortune torn;
Happy I am, though bitter tears
Have mingled with the flood of years;
Let clouds of blackness veil my sky,
Hope shall the gathering storm defy;
Let tempests howl and thunders roar,
And surges beat life's billowy shore;
Be mine, the eagle's dauntless flight,
Above the storm's impending night,
Where bathed in day's serenest glow,
The clouds float tranquilly below;
Be mine, the sky-lark's loftiest aim,
From angry storm and raging main,
To soar aloft on joyful wing,
Rise far above the clouds and sing.

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THE HAVEN OF REST

Is there beyond this life's narrow horizon,
Is there beyond this life's ocean distressed,
 Calm in the clime of some sheltering shore,
 Where the storms cease and the tempests are o'er,
 Sky, land and ocean at peace evermore,
Is there, oh, is there a Haven of Rest?

Not for the hands that are trembling and weary,
Not for the feet that the thorn-paths have pressed;
 But for the hearts that are sickened to view
 Wrongs that the tired hands can never undo,
 Sins, briers, that scatter the winding way through
E'en to the haven, the Haven of Rest.

Boast we of courage that never is vanquished,
Hearts brave and strong the mad breakers to breast?
 Ah! the chill wavelets will beat them aside,
 Stranded above the slow ebb of the tide,
 Need we a pilot, a lamp and a guide,
Over the shoals to the Haven of Rest?

Is there no haven, no haven beyond?
None have come back from the sun-setting West.
 Oh, have we watched for some token in vain,
 Striving our gaze o'er the billows to strain,
 Only one unfailing promise to gain,
Of that fair haven, the Haven of Rest?

Is it a flower on the stormy deep driven,
Crowning the brow of the darkest wave's crest?
Nearer it floats 'till its frail form we hold
Close to our hearts as its beauties unfold,
'Tis God's own promise, a blossom of gold,
Cast out adrift from the Haven of Rest.

Strong for the toil that each fleeting year bringeth,
Work, all we ask of life's meager behest,
Cometh a time when the strongest arm fails,
Cometh a time when the bravest heart quails,
Longs to cast anchor, to drop the torn sails,
Midst the green isles of the Haven of Rest.

Haven of Happiness, bright port of promise!
Harbor, where all who have entered are blest,
Pilot across life's sea,
Leaving the course to Thee,
We shall safe anchored be
Sometime at home in the Haven of Rest.

There though glad feet shall go swift at bidding,
Idleness never the tireless hands' guest
Yet shall no heart complain
Of weary work and pain,
Of toil or tears in vain,
Anchored at last in the Haven of Rest.

Little we know what the dense fogs are hiding,
Isles, flower-encircled and music caressed,
Skies never veiled by night,
Towers bathed in fadeless light,
Forms clad in garments bright,
Thronging the shores of the Haven of Rest.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

When sunset tints the western skies
With evening's roseate flush,
When the woodlands lie in shadows
In the twilight's deepening hush;
When the shadows lengthen round the
Lowly cot and stately dome,
When the toilsome day is over,
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me, when morning
Calls from slumber to awake,
When the lark is skimming gaily
O'er the bosom of the lake,
When the meadows lie serenely
'Neath the blue ethereal skies;
And the saucy sprightly bluejay
Wakes the forest with his cries?

Do they think of me and miss me,
In the noontide's glowing heat,
When the cottage echoes gaily
To the tread of little feet;
When the oriole and warbler
Sing their merry roundelay;
Do they think of me and miss me
In the busy, bustling day?

Do they think of me in winter,
When the falling of the rain
Makes a pattering on the shingles,
Trickles down the window-pane;
When the low night-winds are whispering,
Like some far-off mournful lyre,
When they gather in the evening,
'Round a brightly glowing fire?

When the children's merry laughter
Makes the cozy home-nest ring;
Do they think of me, I wonder,
When the evening songs they sing?
What is sweeter than that music,
When their childish voices raise
In their songs of flowers and fancies,
In their songs of prayer and praise.

Oft I sit beside my window,
When the day's long march is o'er,
When the waves are slowly creeping
O'er the distant ocean's shore;
And I wonder as I sit there,
In the twilight, all alone,
Do they pause amid life's bustle
To think of me at home?

FLOWERS AND WEEDS

This fragile hothouse plant of mine
In perfect bloom,
This flower whose varied tints combine
The costliest jewel to outshine,
This native of some tropic clime,
This princess of a royal line,

Ah! would she own
That low, coarse weed by yonder fence,
A cousin to her excellence?

And yet the truth must needs proclaim,
With Fate's stern pen;
The weed, a thing of blight and blame,
Bears in its coarse low life the same
Remote and honored family name,
As this, my pet of floral fame;

With flowers and men
The ties of nature sometimes bind
To rudest natures left behind.

The honored, virtuous life must blush
Ofttimes in vain,
For kindred lives whose baseness crush
The buds of promise in their flush,
And make their names a funeral hush,
And pure affection's fountains gush,
To bear a stain;
Condemn not truth for error's deeds,
While flowers are flowers and weeds are weeds.

AMBITION

Virtue or vice, which shall we call thy name?
Parent of wealth, of liberty, of fame;
Author of crime; shall reason bless or blame?

Thine offspring are in number as the sands,
In monument to thee, all triumph stands;
Yet, blood of innocence is on thy hands.

Stagnation into frenzy, thou hast turned;
Kindled, in sluggish veins, thy fire hath burned;
To censure and to praise thee, man hath learned.

Read where thy record fills the page of time,
Inspirer of the cursed Cain, of crime;
Creator of the noble and sublime.

LINES

May the first song and yet the last I sing,
Be of the sweet bird with the broken wing
That struggles in the red-stained grass to rise,
And pours its music into thankless skies;
Be of the rosebud bright and fair,
Breathing sweet fragrance from the air;
Be of the heart that torn and wounded lives
Above the anguish that another gives,
That lets no bitterness from all its wrong
Taint its pure sweetness or make harsh its song.

COMING BACK

They are coming back, all the dear lost things,
They have flown away on their silent wings,
Sometime, sometime, down the future's track,
They are coming back, they are coming back !

All the beautiful things that we would have kept,
Over which we have prayed, over which we have wept ;
All the dead, lost loves, that our tired hearts lack,
Sometime, sometime they are coming back.

All the broken friendships, the sundered ties,
All the happy voices and bright, glad eyes ;
Though the night and the tempest be long and black,
The dawn and the sunlight are coming back.

Then pray, tired heart, but in praying, sing ;
God taketh not from thee one goodly thing ;
Thy jewels are lost on life's dusty track,
God knows where they fell, he can give them back.

All thy heart's high hopes, all thy brave desires,
All thy soul's deep smothered but quenchless fires,
All the failures that come when we best have planned,
Sometime we shall waken and understand.

Sometime, not far distant, oh heart so fond !
Somewhere, just above us and just beyond,
Somehow no brightness our lives shall lack,
Old earth's lost jewels are coming back.

PITY HER NOT

Pity her not who so sweetly can slumber,
While life's delirium rages around,
Sleep that no vision of care can encumber,
Slumber unbroken by motion or sound.

What will she miss in the life of a woman?
Roses that bloom 'midst the cruelest briers;
Maybe a love, weak and selfish and human,
Songs all discordant to heavenly choirs.

Pleasures, perchance which she never yet tasted,
Possibly fame, which she never can know;
Beauty, like rose petals scattered, love wasted,
Like their perfume in a desert of woe.

You who have loved her, to you is the sadness
Of that deep loneliness hard to forget;
You who have wronged her, to you comes the madness,
Unfelt by her, of remorse and regret.

Pity her not—they have need of your pity,
In life's delirium tossed to and fro;
In the calm earth or the beautiful city,
Naught of their pain and unrest can she know.

THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

The gates swung back on golden hinges turned
Their pearl-hewn massive panels noiselessly,
And o'er their jeweled portals swiftly sped
An angel on a mission sent.
One blast of music followed in her train,
A fragment from the grand eternal swell of Heavenly harmony
that rolled within;
The gates had closed, the gateway beautiful
Shone purer than the stars that hung beneath,
And still the sweet notes, that like singing birds, had winged
their flight
Into the ether space, flew back in echoes from the farthest star.
The angel paused a moment ere she took
Her journey through the cloudy realms of air;
Her eye was fixed upon a distant speck, dim and uncertain in
the moving shapes that circled through the glittering
universe;
Her brow was draped in waves of shining hair, her clear eyes
pierced the cloudy fields below the solid planets in their
rhythmic round,
And gazed undazzled through the glare of suns,
And then with one swift flight her form was lost amid the whirl
of worlds.
The last bright flames of sunset had expired,
The ashen twilight, that had veiled the hills
Shining deep blue against the amber sky, had vanished and
the dark o'ershadowing night spread like a spangled
curtain over all,
Spangled with twinkling, gleeful, loving, stars;
And far beneath them a great city slept.
A city with its pomp and poverty,
A city where the guilty and the good
Met face to face amid the multitude,
And meeting, passed, and passing, met no more;

Prisons loomed up like giant spectres there, and dens of Vice
glared out with bloodshot eyes and gave forth sounds of
mockery within;
And up toward the pure, unfading stars, the church-spire
pointed with unchanging faith,
And from their holy altars incense rose of prayer and song
and hallowed all around,
A city with its virtue and its vice.
Through the dim lighted or the darkened streets, unheard, unseen,
amid the jostling crowds, sped with white wings the
Heavenly messenger;
She passed the entrances of lighted halls, whence flowed soft
tones of music, and the sound of circling dances and the
laugh and jest,
Winged with the fragrance of ten thousand flowers;
She passed the jaws of dens where
Riots ruled and Crime unloosed made horrible the night with
gory victims and unearthly groans, and Vice triumphant
gloated o'er her spoils;
She passed the prisons where in lonely cells crouched hopeless
wretches in their vague despair;
She passed the churches with their lofty spires pointing toward
the gateway beautiful;
And stayed not 'till within a little room whose one small window
looked serenely down upon a busy, hurrying street below,
she paused, at last her destination reached.
Upon a table burned a lamp and near, lost in the volume that
he held,
A youth sat with a thoughtful, earnest brow,
A moment by his side the angel stood, and then he raised his
head and laying down the little volume on the table near,
rose (seeing not the Heavenly messenger) and passing to
the window stood and gazed long on the busy, hurrying
scene below,
His face was sorely troubled and perplexed,

The shadow of a great impending harm seemed to his sight to
hang
With fiery brands above the land, and the people that he loved.
The ardor and the strength of youth were his, but the wild,
reckless avenues of youth lured not his steps,
He stood alone, apart, and saw afar the sure destructions lowering
overhead,
Saw the cursed country where a wrong prevails and right must
perish with no hand to save,
And standing thus, perplexed and horrified, the angel came and
stood beside him there.
Her presence seemed to chase the clouds away,—a moment and
he stood again alone,
But not as then in deep dejection plunged;
His face though earnest still was peaceful now,
The sunrise of a noble purpose shone above the mountain-tops
that seemed so high;
For when the angel messenger was gone, her message lived
engraven on his heart,
He heard no step, no voice, no seraph saw,
But when her hallowed presence passed without
He raised his eyes toward the stars above
And whispered to his calm, exultant heart:
“Surely an angel was sent down from Heaven!”

LIFE'S AIM.

Not for love, or fame, or pleasure,
Let me live;
Not for any golden treasure,
Life may give.

Fame's a phantom, love but human,
Gold a snare;
Just to be a useful woman
Is my prayer.

Not from wealth, or fame, or beauty,
Cometh bliss;
Blooms alone by paths of duty,
Happiness.

Let me not grow sad and weary
In the race;
Ever keep a kind and cheery
Heart and face.

Worth, be thou the crown and zenith
Of my aim,
Weighed with thee, how little meaneth
Beauty, wealth or fame.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

("We all do fade as a leaf."—Isaiah 64:6.)

Beautiful leaves of Autumn,
With the sunset hues they vie;
Gems for the glorious setting
Of the pale and pensive sky.
Bright as the flaming opals,
That gleam in the amber West,
Is the Autumn's rich creation
Of gold and amethyst.

Beautiful leaves of Autumn,
How brief is their rich display;
Like all other earthly glories
They must perish and decay.
And where through the lovely summer,
They hung in their stations high;
Trodden by careless footsteps,
Their moldering forms shall lie.

Beautiful leaves of Autumn,
They are robed for an early bier;
Destined to fade and wither
On the grave of the dying year.
And a strange sweet theme of sadness,
With their gorgeous splendor weaves
For all, yes all that is earthly
Doth fade like the Autumn leaves.

Beautiful leaves of Autumn,
Where the breezes of Spring rejoice;
The Autumn winds are chanting,
In a sadder, sweeter voice.

And while in gorgeous splendor,
The Summer glories wane;
In plaintive tones they murmur
Their soul-subduing strain.

Beautiful leaves of Autumn,
Glowing with hectic hues;
Dripping with pearly rain-drops,
Or laden with honey-dews.
Bright is your reign of beauty,
But beauty is always brief;
And human pride and glory,
Shall fade like an Autumn leaf.

Beautiful woods of Autumn,
I love your pensive shades;
Where each silent aisle of brightness,
A solemn air pervades.
'Till I pause midst the fading beauty,
So gorgeous and so brief;
And say with the ancient prophet:
"We all do fade as a leaf."

REST.

(Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden
and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.)

O the toiling and the striving
Of this busy age!
O the anxious care of living,
Mankind's heritage!
Weary mortals reaching after
Things they cannot reach;
Tears beneath their lightest laughter,
Heartaches under gayest speech.
Brows where Care is ploughing furrows,
Eyes where Time is writing sorrows,
This is what you teach:

That the planning and contriving
Of the wisest and the best
For a better, easier living
Has not brought the tired world rest.
Listen! 'tis the Saviour calleth,
Like the dew His message falleth;
Dew that falls tired earth to gladden,
From the east unto the west:
"Come ye weary, heavy laden,
I will give you rest."

And from mountain, plain and city,
Weary souls whom angels pity;
Bring to Him their heavy losses,
Bring to Him their cruel crosses.
O, that all the world distressed,
Tossed in life's delirium fever,
Might but claim the free bequest,
Peace that floweth like a river,
Christ hath brought the tired world rest!

Like a great ocean weary of unrest,
My soul cried out to God in troubled waves;
Storms, rocks and billows, yawning, hungry caves,
A midnight ocean in one human breast
Cried unto God for rest.

And in the darkest hour before the dawn,
One stood beside me, One whom angels laud;
Whose form was like unto the Son of God.
I woke, the troubled sea of life rolled on,
But all the burden of my soul was gone.

O burdened spirits cease your fruitless quest,
For Christ alone thy burden can remove,
'Till with the boundless ocean of His love,
A sunlit ocean in one human breast,
Where flow the tides of His eternal rest!

MY FATHER KNOWS THE WAY.

My Father knows the way, His love
Compare with any human love;
The best affection man may claim
Is as a candle's flickering flame
To the world-lighting sun above.

My Father knows the way, I turn
Toward the road I've traveled o'er.
O my weak vision, dazzled, blind!
My Father knew the way behind,
He knows the way before.

My Father knows the way, His hand
Holds tight the reins of chance and fate.
No star reveals the road ahead,
And yet His child should feel no dread
Although the night is late.

My Father knows the way, His eye
Can pierce the gloom that blinds my sight;
I hear the rumbling wheels go on,
Life's chariot o'er Time's road is drawn,
I know that all is right.

My Father knows the way, His ear
Can catch the faintest sound before.
He knows where lie the banks so steep,
Of Trouble's river, dark and deep,
He hears its nearing roar.

My Father knows the way, His care
Shall guard me through the blinding foam;
Nor yet forsake me when I see
Flash out on Life's dark mystery
The beacon light of home.

A DREAM PICTURE.

I dreamed of one who just had died,
Sweet mercy painted o'er the past;
And evermore I see her last
Risen immortal, glorified.
She stood—a cloud beneath her feet—
Her countenance divinely sweet;
Her robes were draperies of white,
Her hair an aureole of light.
She sang, and oh! I heard as here
The same dear voice, more rich, more clear.
Yet, as if seeing all the wrong,
And sin, and sadness of mankind,
Her calm eyes gazed across the world
Of sorrows she had left behind;
And all that look, that voice, that song
Full of sweet earnestness to save
That lost world from its wrong.
I see that picture hanging still
On Memory's walls, a thing sublime;
I know it cannot fade until
I close my eyes on scenes of time;
And yet I wish some artist's hand
Might paint her life-sized portrait, just
As in that dream she came to me
Risen immortal from the dust.
That all the world might look and see,
The careless world of jests and songs,
How angels gaze upon their wrongs;
How heaven bends over earth to save,
And love uprisen from the grave
Can sing for earth no song beside
A saviour—Christ for man has died,
And risen, immortal, glorified.

O, CAN I BE HAPPY IN HEAVEN?

O, can I be happy in heaven,
Though free from earth's trouble and care;
Though glories undreamed of be given,
If one whom I love is not there?
Could I walk the bright streets in my gladness,
Secure from all darkness and doubt;
And feel not a shadow of sadness
For one lost in midnight without?

O, could I be happy in Heaven?
Could the joys of that beautiful place,
Soothe to calmness my soul, anguish-riven
O'er the memory of one absent face?
And to know that forever and ever,
My pleadings and prayers are too late;
That to find them and save them I never
May pass through the beautiful gate!

O, should I be happy in Heaven,
If one whom I love is not there?
Would not the bright heritage given
Be a burden too dreadful to bear?
The crown and the harp, and the mansion
In that sunlight that never shall set;
Will the soul in its glorious expansion,
Thrilled with rapture, its sorrow forget?

O, would I be happy in Heaven
I ask? Could that other world's bliss
Make up to the soul that has striven
For the hopes that are blighted in this?
Could we walk by the beautiful river,
Could we tread the bright pavements of gold;
Forgetting, forgetting forever
The friends and affections of old?

O, shall we be happy in Heaven,
When the tears are all wiped from our eyes?
Will our hearts never ache—anguish-riven—
For a soul that eternally dies?
If one thing could soothe the sad spirit,
'Twere His love, who before us hath trod;
Could we think of one loved one and bear it,
Shut out from the presence of God?

O, this is so little of living,
And that is so endlessly more;
Shall the strongest of ties Time is weaving
Be rent at the portal before?
To one, endless happiness given,
To one, an eternal despair;
O, can we be happy in Heaven,
If one whom we love is not there?

O Thou, who in agony's garden,
Wept teardrops of sorrow and blood;
Who paid on the cross for our pardon,
Redeemed us from sin unto God,
May one priceless answer be given
The longing that burdens my prayer;
That when I am with Thee in Heaven,
All, all whom I love may be there!

OUR LILIES.

Beautiful lily, so pure and pale,
Lightly poised on thy slender stem,
Soon, soon, shall wither thy petals frail—
But another lily must fade with them.

Another lily as pure and pale,
Beautiful, but so still and cold;
Broken its life-stem in the gale,
Before its petals could quite unfold.

Did we guess when thy tiny bud appeared
On a dewy morn, forever past,
Where with our broken bud endeared,
Thy beautiful form should fade at last?

We have chosen thee for the little hands
That shall gather earth's blossoms nevermore;
But we know she sings with the angel bands,
Midst the fadeless fields of the other shore.

God walked in His garden and saw it there,
The dear human bud that His love had given;
He knew earth's desert was bleak and bare,
And took it to bloom midst the flowers of Heaven.

Where the storms of time can never scar
Its fragile form with their cruelty;
Where the dust of earth can never mar
The pearl of its perfect purity.

Beautiful lily so unalloyed,
Thy sisters shall blossom nor sigh for thee;
But oh the measureless empty void
In hearts and homes that must ever be.

Blossoms as lovely and sweet as thou
Shalt wither forgotten among the rest ;
But thou shalt live in our memory now,
Clasped to that still, white-mantled breast.

Oh, dost thou fear in the tomb to fade,
Or shrink from the tear-bedewed couch so low ;
Thou the last earthly blossom laid,
In the hands of One who has loved them so !

No, like a blessed symbol sent,
Thy incense rises to waft away ;
Like a beautiful spirit just unpent,
Lingering gently but cannot stay.

Cover them o'er with the valley clods,
Safe from the blight of earth's frosty gale ;
This was our lily, but that was God's,
Beautiful lilies so pure and pale.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What though an angel dipped his pen
In living pools of flame and flood,
Yet would he fail to teach to men
The love of God.

What though in utterance sublime,
'Twere written on the orbs above,
This thought above the world would shine
That God is love.

Source of earth's purest, holiest bliss,
Sun of that brighter world above;
Yet can we teach no more than this,
That God is love.

Oh Love divine! Thyself descend,
As with the pinions of a dove;
And teach the world to comprehend
Thy wondrous love.

LITTLE THINGS.

He has learned much, who folds his tired wings
From wandering o'er the earth in useless quest;
To find in the delight of little things
Fresh entertainment and contented rest.

To see defects may take no keener sight,
To point out thorns and flaws at every turn,
Than to discover beauties exquisite,
And hidden worth and sweetness to discern.

Let not one simple pleasure be despised,
Be each a jewel in Life's circlet placed;
Not one delight of friendship pass unprized,
Nor song, nor beauty, nor sweet fragrance waste.

He has gained much, whose heart has said adieu
To cynic thoughts and skeptic questionings,
Amid the peace of Nature's life to woo,
An innocent delight in little things.

NOT AS A KING.

Not as a king unto us He came,
Not with the pomp of a titled name;
No haughty herald He sent before,
No royal robe to the world He wore.

Not with the sound of the conqueror's drum,
Not with an armed host did He come,
From the lowly hamlet of Bethlehem,
To the holy city, Jerusalem.

They looked for His coming in power and might,
Appareled in majesty, grandeur, light;
No earthly glory to them He brought,
He came to His own and they knew Him not.

Not as a king's, O Thou Holy One
Was thy throne established, thy reign begun;
In the Bethlehem manger He wept and smiled,
When He came unto us as a little child.

O man, in your kingly glory strong!
O queenly proud of the festal throng!
In the sheen of your royal grandeur dressed,
Tired with the toys of a world's unrest.

Not as a king, oh! not as a king,
To His glorious presence He bids you bring,
Costliest incense and gold to buy,
Favor and peace at His throne on high.

Hearken, who comest with kingly tread!
Listen, who bowest the crowned head?
On him alone hath the Saviour smiled,
Who came unto Him as a little child.

ALL IS WELL!

"All is well!" The watchman's cry
Breaks the midnight's slumbrous spell,
And the answering words reply:
"Twelve o'clock and all is well!"
Undisturbed the City sleeps,
Unalarmed by clanging bell;
Every gust of wind that sweeps
Echoes sweetly, "All is well."

All is well, no dread alarm
Breaks upon the midnight quiet,
Warning of impending harm,
Fire or theft or drunken riot;
Oft the midnight hour has heard
Cries for help and danger's knell,
But to-night the passing word,
Says at midnight, "All is well."

THE WATERS OF MARAH.

We may laugh and sing, we may dance and jest,
As if life were only gladness;
But where every heart's deep fountain starts,
There's a little pool of sadness.

Where the waters of Marah stagnant lie,
Or rise to its brim o'erflowing;
Where the spirit sighs while its music dies,
When no one else is knowing.

O life should be like a sweet, glad tune,
From the year's dull keys ascending;
Like the wild-bird's song in the heart of June,
But broadening and never ending!

Yet each must know where the sobbing notes
Drown often the tones of pleasure;
Like a laughing brook o'er its cold sharp stones,
Is the song in its changing measure.

In the whirling dance in the festal hall,
Where human hearts seem lightest;
In the golden glare of pride and wealth,
Where life seems best and brightest.

There is many a frozen marble smile,
On the sculptured lips of pleasure;
And many who try to drown a while,
The toil of life's dull measure.

THE WANDERER.

I came into this beautiful world
Like a leaf tossed on the sea;
A leaf from the tree of life down-hurled,
O there was no place for me
In the dizzy surges that tossed and whirled
In the great, wide, cruel, beautiful world!

On the beautiful, deep unrest
Alone, oh, so all alone!
Sometimes up, up, to the wave's white crest,
By some wandering wind-sprite blown;
Sometimes rocked low in the cradle rest
Of some mighty billow's heaving breast.

Roll, mighty years that are hurrying
To its goal the exiled leaf!
Roll mighty billow and weep and sing,
Your gladness and your grief;
Each unto each its own shall bring,
Every flying year is an angel's wing.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

Had I not trusted in Thee,
 O Saviour of mankind,
The darkness would engulf me now
 That lies so far behind.
Lost in the dizzy whirlpool
 Of doubting and despair,
There seemed no friend to pity,
 None who could save was there.
I waited, prayed and trusted,
 And God hath heard my prayer.

Had I not trusted in Thee,
 When in mad waters whirled,
I dare not contemplate the wreck
 On rock and chasm hurled.
Because I trusted in Thee,
 With sails all torn and riven,
With shattered mast and pennon,
 And all on sharp rocks driven,
Behold the morning dawneth,
 And Thou hast heard from Heaven!

Had I not waited, praying
 That long, long night of gloom,
I never should have crossed the bar,
 Or reached my haven home.
But when earth sends no helper,
 God's watch-care shall avail;
He held those crashing timbers,
 He hushed that angry gale,
He lighted on those boulders
 Lamps that shall never fail.

My heart goes out to rescue,
From ruin and despair,
The weak and feeble-hearted ones,
Who perish without prayer.
No hope in hardened hearts,
Upon sin-stained lips no word
Repentant, or believing
The mercy of the Lord;
While my prayers change to praises
To God, for He hath heard.

Then pray though wordless, voiceless,
Thy soul's desire arise;
Though drowned in human sorrows,
He hears the raven's cries.
Remembering our weakness,
Our fallen low estate;
His loving kindness is so strong,
His tenderness so great.
He guides us when we trust Him,
He saves us while we wait.

HOPE IN GOD

Why art thou cast down my Soul,
Why disquieted within me?
Though the billows o'er thee roll,
Trouble's waters shall not win thee,
Though the fiery flames consign
Thy frail earthly house to ashes,
Lo, a quenchless flame is thine,
O'er the night of death it flashes;
Hope in God, thou shalt not die,
Spirit of the Eternal Spirit;
He it is who hears thy cry,
Whom alone thy praise doth merit.

THE INVALID TO THE CAGED BIRD.

What are you singing my beautiful bird?
What are the words of your song?
How can you carol when always denied
The freedom for which you must long?

Once, where the wild roses blushing at morn
Grew pale at the sunset's first glow;
Hidden from sight by a cool, leafy screen,
Your little nest swung to and fro.

There your bright eyes first awoke to the light,
And your restless wings scarcely could wait;
So eager to try in the great outside world,
Their portion of fortune or fate.

But long ere your delicate velvety wings
Were penciled with faint lines of blue;
With the first eager taste of sweet freedom's delight,
A prison stood ready for you.

Have you forgotten the shadowy trees,
With the lily-bells nodding below?
Have you forgotten the rocky hill-side,
Where the wood-pinks and buttercups grow?

There I too, wandered, unfettered and free,
Ere my prison doors hid them from sight;
I too, am longing to see them again
Aglow in the sun's golden light.

For I am a prisoner, too, beautiful bird,
Shut in from the beauties I love;
Shut in from the blossoms and verdure beneath,
And the blue of the cloud-lands above.

O teach me, sweet singer, your pure, artless song,
That I may your happiness share ;
And forget in the joy of a rapture like them,
The phantoms of hope and despair !

THE SONG OF PEACE.

The war-song and the battle-hymn
Their stirring notes have stilled ;
That oft in valley, ghastly grim,
Brave soldier-hearts have thrilled.
Then wake a new and nobler strain,
And may it never cease ;
A better song, a sweeter song,
The glorious song of Peace.

Within our country's broadest bound
Is seen no martialled host ;
No wrathful cannon's roars resound
To quake from coast to coast.
No wounded soldier waits his end,
No captive his release ;
No anxious, troubled guards defend
The blessed throne of Peace.

But Youth goes forth to fight and win,
Where no red sabers shine ;
And Age rejoices that war's din
Jars not on life's decline.
And Love, whose heart-strings were her chains,
Smiles in war's long surcease ;
Whose tears were blood, a princess reigns,
In all the realm of Peace.

In war—a country's hopes stagnate,
In war—her strong are slain.
In war—dark evils desecrate
Her council hall and fane.
In war—with wings of omen dark
Her wrongs and debts increase,
Prosperity and progress mark
The golden realm of Peace.

Then swell the chorus loud and long
'Till it reverberates,
Thanksgiving hymn and natal song,
Of our United States.
And be our nation's greatest boast,
O'er wrong and hate's decrease;
To louder swell from coast to coast,
The triumph song of Peace.

LINES

The years bring changes as they come
To every heart, to every home,
Though silently they seem to pass,
As Summer breezes through the grass,
Old haunts in time grow new and strange,
And old familiar faces change;
There is no earthly Eden fair
But time and change are busy there;
Yet is the despot, Time, defied,
By Heaven's best gifts to few denied;
Time cannot faithful friends estrange,
Nor bid sincere affection change.

A WISH.

I only ask a happy heart,
And broader scope for true ambition;
I would not want a nobler part,
Or loftier position.

I would not dream in marble halls,
Or waste my years in idle splendor;
Not while a true Ambition calls,
And angel guides attend her.

What is a crown, and what a throne,
And what great wealth in golden coffers?
Wisdom and happiness alone
Life's highest promise offers.

A crown may press a maddened brain,
Despair lurk in a golden chalice;
Gay pleasures hide a life of pain,
A broken heart dwell in a palace.

I only ask for strength to toil
At some true work, a heart to love it;
And that no cankering worm may spoil
My life fruit, when unworthy of it.

A happy, useful life will show
Itself reward for best endeavor;
This be my choice, and then I know
It shall go on forever.

THE DAY OF JUSTICE.

Not these gray mountains, falling old and grim,
Their rocks and boulders piling stone on stone,
Will hide the wicked from the face of Him
Who sitteth on the throne.

Long was that face by clouds and mists obscure,
And men have been by sin and shame enticed;
Remembering not that each shall stand before
The judgment-seat of Christ.

There shall the laurels fall from many a brow,
Then many deeds of valor none applaud;
Justice and judgment, aye, forever, now
Belongeth unto God.

Then shall a clean and stainless life shine forth,
For God looks not on sin with tolerance;
There shall one lovely deed of love be worth
More than long arguments.

These petty courts that through long centuries
Justice and judgments have dispensed to men,
These justice halls and penitentiaries
Will not be needed then.

For, cast aside shall be these laws that play
With crimes, as cats with mice, to tantalize
One victim, while another hid away
Mocks at stern Justice's eyes.

When sits the Judge of all the universe,
Up on His righteous throne—none shall distort
His laws—on sin shall fall sin's curse
In that high court.

And to extort exorbitant demands
From human anguish, none shall plead God's laws;
And none with lifting of unholy hands
Defend an unworthy cause.

Fear not, O Faith! 'tis here thy sight is dim;
He who could guide through this long, tortuous way,
Will keep the trust committed unto Him
Against that day.

The wrong shall not forever do and dare,
God's mercy is long suffering, Christ hath died;
But not in vain in laboring and prayer
Has earth for justice cried.

Angels may pity, none of vengeance dream,
When fails the feeble arm of human might,
And the great Judge o'er countless worlds supreme
Makes all things right.

FRAGMENT

Better a purpose, pure and true and strong
Than all the gold that this wide world can give;
Better a home within the gate of Heaven
Than here in marble palaces to live.

AN INVOCATION

O Happiness! where have your airy wings flown,
Art thou in the meadows, the groves, or the hills?
Oh, leave not the tired heart in sadness alone!
Come back, and the charms of thy promise fulfill!
Where, where hast thou gone, must we seek thee in vain,
In the city's gay whirl or in nature's wild glen?
And cry in despair: "What is loving but pain!
What is friendship but grief to the children of men!"

Oh! is there no prospect but parting and death?
Ah! parting oftentimes wears a bitter sting,
When death has no part in the faltering breath,
When souls have no solace, hearts nowhere to cling.
Farewell, saddest message on tongue or on pen,
But sadder when breathed in the silence alone.
Oh, come, sweet inspirer! where, where hast thou been,
While eyes have grown tearless and hearts turned to stone?

Come! come with the smiles and the gladness of Spring,
Breathe! breathe o'er the spirit the balm of thy breath;
Make the arches above with thy welkin song ring,
And the ashen rose blush on the pale cheek of death.
Peace! peace! bid the troubled waves catch the refrain;
Let peace like the moonbeams dissolve the night's gloom,
But when shall lost Happiness blossom again?
Oh, when shall the rose gain its wasted perfume?

O'er mountain and vale we have sought thee afar,
Stray sprite of the sunshine, frail being of air,
We followed thee, long as a glittering star,
We reached to secure thee and no star was there;

We saw thee reflected in lakes of delight ;
We launched and pursued thee in vain, far and wide ;
We grasped thee a moment and checked thy swift flight ;
But with us thou wast not content to abide.

Stay ! stay ! we entreated, but e'en as we plead,
Thou wert slipping away with the dew-pearls of morn ;
We cried : "Do not leave us," and lo, thou hast fled !
Was it but to despair, that the spirit was born ?
Was it only a dirge that was meant for the song ?
Is Happiness only a phantom of air ?
Ah ! these are the questions perplexing so long
That rise like a surge ere the heart is aware.

But hush ! there's a sound on the mist's sable wing,
'Tis the voice of true Happiness speaking so low
That only the soul hears the song she would sing,
And only the heart her sweet message can know.
"Come back, vain pursuer of pleasure and peace,
Beware of the hollow allurements of sin,
They blind and deceive you, your woes to increase,
My source is above and my throne is within.

"Above where the angels pluck roses of bliss
And incense is burned on an altar divine,
Within where the heart sinks in sorrow's abyss,
'Till I kindle my fires on its innermost shrine ;
Not all the rich dowry wealth can bestow,
Not all the devotion true friendship can boast,
Not all the gay blossoms ye gather below,
Can bring more than transient enjoyment at most.

"Cease ! cease to go groping for toys that will please,
The flame that is quenchless descends from above,
Earth's cold, cruel ways would the warmest heart freeze,

That burns on its altar no incense of love.
I come, lo I come, with the message of peace,
With sunlight and gladness, with music and smiles;
I come to bid woe and despondency cease,
I come to strew beauty o'er earth's barren isles!

Even death shall be glad with the promise of life,
And peace her millenium reign shall begin;
Sad farewells and partings with hope shall be rife,
When the lamp of true Happiness burneth within.
Come home, sad repiner, by life's tempest tossed;
Oh! not to despair was the spirit designed."
At the door of the heart knocks the angel we lost,
And with roses of bliss is her scepter entwined.

THE OTHER SIDE

"They are beautiful," said mamma, pointing to the starry
skies;

"Heaven is way up there," said Charley, lifting two great
solemn eyes.

"Yes," said mamma, speaking softly, "but we cannot see it
now;"

"We can see the bottom of it," Charley said with thoughtful
brow.

What a thought of childlike wisdom

Baby Charley's words expressed,

Now we only see the bottom, sometime we shall see the rest;

If the earthly glimpses given be so beautiful, when wide

Swing the golden gates of Heaven, what will be the other
side?

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING VIOLETS IN A LETTER

Dear little violets, crushed in a letter,
Words may be true, but thy eloquence better
Speaks of a friendship unchanged and sincere;
Many a flower is more handsome and stately,
Many a blossom more waxen and saintly,
But are there any more modest or dear?

Blue speaks of truth in a thousand forms molded,
Tinting the sky-scrolls above us unfolded,
Blossoming with the sweet violets of Spring,
Looking from soul-windows deep with emotion,
Written in all the blue waves of the ocean,
Touching with beauty the bird's azure wing.

Oft we may question true friendship's existence,
Oft be deceived by mere scheming and pretense;
But these winged bearers a message have brought
Telling, not what friendship is or has once been,
But what it might be if with an inspired pen
Truth could be written on each secret thought.

Friendship is true, though misused and perverted,
Though oft with evil intentions asserted;
What is not true is not worthy the name.
Friendship is not for a day, but unending,
Ever expanding and ever ascending;
Though man no more should its sacredness claim.

I will not cast you away, little token,
Friendship's worth cannot be written or spoken,
But it looks out from your sweet eyes of blue;
Crushed are the petals so fresh when first gathered;
Yet ye shall lie with mementoes long treasured,
Breathing so sweetly that friendship is true.

WITHOUT

(Rev. 22:15.)

When the King hath returned to His City of Light,
And gathered His glorified in
From the shadow of death, from the darkness of night,
From the blight and contagion of sin ;
God's glory shall light up the shining pearl gates,
Girt with precious jewels about,
But what in the dread outer-darkness awaits
For the lost wicked nations without?

Oh, rayless shall be the dark maze where they grope,
Who learn at a terrible cost,
No beacon of morn, and no day-star of hope
Shall cheer the lone land of the lost !
Glad anthems shall rise from the myriads within,
'Till the echoes with rapture shall shout ;
But sorrow unending shall swiftly begin
To the dwellers of darkness without.

They were bought with a price, by the King on His throne,
They were purchased from bondage and sin,
Redeemed to be prophets and priests of His own
And shine in His temple within ;
But they trailed their white robes in the low dust of time,
They groveled in error and doubt ;
They stained their pure hands in the black pools of crime,
They are dwellers in darkness without.

Through the cities of earth, they have passed in their pride,
They have scattered their harvest abroad;
But they find only those of the Lamb's spotless bride
Can enter the city of God.
The pure and the upright, alone shall go in
To that realm, girt with glory about;
The kingdoms of crime and the nations of sin
Are lost in the darkness without.

O City of Cities! thy bright natal star
Shines o'er, where thy strong walls are built,
Through thy gates shall not enter, thy brightness to mar,
One shadow of darkness or guilt.
The kings of the earth bring their honor to thee,
Their glory is lost in thine own;
Forever and ever thy Kingdom shall be
Immortal as He on thy throne.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

'Tis glorious to live and know
That my Redeemer lives,
And that where'er my footsteps go
A lamp of light He gives.

'Tis happiness to live and know
That life shall never wane;
For though man dieth here below,
Yet shall he live again.

To live and know that not for time
Each thought and deed shall be;
But for (oh, calling grand sublime!)
For all eternity.

'Tis wonderful to live and find,
In all below, above,
The stamp of the Infinite mind,
The story of God's love.

To live with guardian angels near
And peace an hourly guest,
To face the darkness without fear
Amid the storm to rest.

To feel the strivings of a soul
That nevermore can die,
Longings whose wide, unbounded goal
Is immortality.

'Tis beautiful to die and feel
This earthly house decay,
Then rise and seek with new-fledged zeal
That mansion far away.

To bid the stream of death roll on
Though rolling very near;
To say, "The chilling tide is gone
There is no river here."

'Tis glorious to live and know
That my Redeemer lives,
And that where'er my footsteps go
A lamp of light He gives.

'Tis happiness to live and know
That life shall never wane;
'Tis Christ for me to live, but oh,
To die is endless gain!

A FAREWELL

Goodbye, perhaps forever here,
With God 'tis but a little while,
To sleep and wake and find you near,
To hear your voice and see your smile,
The few brief years that intervene
Will only be a cloud between,
When to our clearer sight,
As unto God this Life appears,
A thousand of her little years,
As a watch in the night;
Goodbye, 'till endless day is born,
Goodnight, until the morn.

A VOICE FROM THE RIVER

I have come from the mountain's rugged path,
Where my weary feet have trod;
I have come from the mountain's cloudless height,
Where I walked alone with God.
I have come to the dark, dark valley now,
Where the river rolleth near;
I have felt its dew, damp on my brow;
But there is no river here.

I said: "Roll on, dark river, roll on,"
When I felt it drawing near,
"Roll on, roll on, dark river, roll on,
With Jesus, I cannot fear."
But the valley's gloomy night is gone
And there is no river here.

For One, there is in the valley dark,
Who bade the waters divide;
And I'm safely, gladly passing now,
Dry shod, to the other side.
I have no chilling flood to brave,
No perilous bark to steer;
There's a lamp of light in the valley dark,
And there is no river here.

I said: "Roll on, dark river, roll on,"
When I felt it drawing near,
"Roll on, roll on, dark river, roll on,
With Jesus, I cannot fear."
But the valley's gloomy night is gone
And there is no river here.

I have almost gained the other shore
And my spirit soon will sing,
Its darkness past, its storms all o'er,
In the palace of the King;
Where the loved and lost will welcome me,
Who entered the valley drear,
Long years ago, with the Christian guide,
And found no river here.

Roll on again dark river of death,
For the angel choir I hear.
Ah, many will cross with faltering breath,
In terror and darkness and fear;
But the Christian's strong Guide whispereth:
"There is no river here."

THOUGHTS

Words cannot change my worth

 Within God's sight;

I stand the same whatever you have said;

Those cruel words will fall back on your head,

 To ban and blight,

Because there are white angels overhead

 To guard the right.

Because there are white angels 'round about

 The truth of things

In their still tents where lurks no darksome doubt

 Or lie with wings;

And love walks clothed in radiance in and out,

 And softly sings;

Can mere opinions change gold into brass

 Or make a diamond paste?

Then let the unjust judgment pass

 Like worthless waste.

LONGING

Beat, beat, oh Soul, thy panting wing
 Against these earthly bars,
Thou, destined yet to soar and sing,
 Beyond the stars!

Though this strange rapture be the pain
 Of prisoned wings,
Yet shalt thou break thy bondage chain
 Ye fettered things.

Free, free, oh Soul, not all for naught
 Thy fruitless strife,
If one sweet note thine ear hath caught
 From higher life!

Fold patient pinions, longing Soul, and wait
 Thy destiny,
When wide shall swing the iron gate
 And thou art free.

LIFE'S FRUITION

What would life be if these few years
Of thankless toil and bitter tears
 Were all and naught beyond?
An utter failure void of hope,
A sunless maze of narrow scope
Where phantoms of despair would grope
 Throughout its narrow bound.

If like a sear and withered leaf,
Unmindful grown of joy or grief,
 We fell asleep,
Forevermore in dust to lie,
While centuries passed us heedless by,
Our endless heritage to die,
 Our doom a moldering heap.

Why were hearts given to strive and long
And suffer by the hand of wrong;
 Is this their destiny?
Why were minds given to grope for light,
And wing through time and space their flight,
But to go out in starless night,
 From life's dread mystery?

Alas for Love, if o'er her tomb
The flowers of Hope forbid to bloom,
 Went quaking to the dust!
Alas for Love, if her bright smile
Could claim but this world's little while;
Could Earth her children reconcile
 To shattered shrines of trust!

Alas for Thought, if fleeting time
Could crumble her immortal shrine
And quench her brightest flame!
Alas for Thought, if o'er her skies
No star of hope could ever rise!
Alas for Thought, when promise dies,
To never bloom again!

O Faith, thou brightest sun of earth,
What heart can sing thy matchless worth
To helpless mortals given!
Saviour, thy love's bright presence shed
Gilds the dark vaults where sleep the dead,
And lights the gloomy vale we tread,
As with the hues of Heaven.

THE GRANITE BOULDER OF THE BEACH.

Who could be sterner, colder,
Who could be grander, older,
Than I, the granite boulder,
 Monarch of beach and shore;
Colder than human coldness,
Older than human oldness,
Bolder than human boldness,
 Who was my peer before?

Born in an age chaotic,
Born to a throne despotic,
Breaker and rare exotic
 Tremble beneath my frown;
Resting from Nature's revel
Back in an age primeval
Who shall my grandeur level?
 Older than king or crown.

Brief are the generations,
Boastful and weak the nations
Time's mighty revelations
 'Graved on my armor cold,
Science with eyes far seeing,
Error oft-times decreeing
Draws from my birth and being
 Fancies and facts untold.

Waves in their aimless revel,
Tossed up the glistening gravel
'Till a beach firm and level
 Lies at my broad, gray base;
Here happy children playing,
Here happy lovers straying,
To me their homage paying
 Gaze upward to my face.



O'er my broad brow are bending
Branches, their blooms suspending
Fair, fragile beauty blending
 With grandest symmetry,
While a blue breaker tosses
To me her tangled mosses
Fashioned in wreaths and crosses
 Flowers of the land and sea.

* * * * *

Steady the sculptor's chisel
Surer than deadly missile
Moves while his careless whistle
 Mockingly floats o'er all,
Dark earth, oh, be my pillow!
Hide me, oh drooping willow!
Chant dirges faithful billow,
 Great is my fall!

Held like a captive quaking,
No strife for freedom making,
Never a fetter breaking,
 Broken, defaced and scarred,
Man, who to earth hath brought me,
Man, who my ruin wrought me,
Man, who with shame hath fraught me,
 Man, who my beauty marred,

Brief are thy generations,
Boastful and weak thy nations,
Transient thy best creations,
 Thy longest life a span;
Owning in all thy science
Mine as a race of giants,
Darest thou our defiance

Weak, dying, timorous man?
Slain by the storm's caressing,
Choked by the breaker's blessing;
Nature's great laws transgressing,
 Changing and weak and small.
Man of decay partaker,
Only to Nature's Maker;
Ruler of storm and breaker,
 I shall arise to fall.

* * * * * * *

Alas! a broken column
Reared in a city solemn,
Thus hath my glory fallen,
 All things are new and strange.
Far from the wild waves' rollic,
 Far from the billows' frolic;
At last to rise symbolic
 Of death, decay and change.

SONG

YOU WILL FORGET BUT REMEMBER AGAIN

When I grow weary and bid you good-night,
When I'm asleep on my couch cold and white;
Pillowed with blossoms so pure and so pale,
Hidden from sight by the mystical veil,
You will remember me just for a while,
When the clouds hang over Life's changing dial;
But when the sunlight breaks out from the sky,
You will forget me where lonely I lie.
You will forget me and if a chance thought,
Dim with the mists the long cycles have wrought,
Fresh on your mind my lost image renews,
Quickly will perish its few faded hues.

But when you turn from the world's fleeting joys
When you grow tired of its glamour and noise;
Folding your hands for your last silent sleep,
Closing your eyes for that slumber so deep,
Dead recollections around you will throng,
They who have slumbered forgotten so long;
All the fleet years while they silent have lain,
You will remember, remember again.
Where'er my spirit shall journey I'll know,
Down in the world with its sunshine and snow;
Down in the world with its pleasure and pain,
You will forget, but remember again.

THE REIGN OF THE ROSES.

Room for the roses, make room for the roses,
Coming by hundreds, a conquering race;
Not with their millions of tiny thorn lances
Raised to confront us, the brave host advance,
But with their beauty they conquer all foes.
Beautiful conquerors, dew-wet and tender,
City and town are bewitched by your splendor;
Every heart opens, all gateways unclose,
Room for the reign of the conqueror rose.

Room for the roses, the conquering roses,
Red as the blood that in battles is shed;
White, as the snows that brave armies have trodden;
Gold, as the sunshine that glitters o'erhead;
Pink, as the dawn, to the sunset's rose-amber,
Over old walls how they struggle and clamber;
Never a desolate place but they fill it;
Never a desolate heart but they thrill it,
Sharer of happiness, soother of woes,
Room among men for the conqueror rose.

Time for the roses, take time for the roses,
Plant them to brighten each bare flowerless place;
Plenty of roses for children to gather,
Plenty of roses to gladden dull weather.
Cut them for bouquet and basket and vase,
Send them to bring delight to a sad face;
See at their coming how aged eyes will brighten,
See at their coming how leaden cares lighten,
All they will say for you, melody knows.
Time in our lives, for the beautiful rose.

Time for the roses, plant gardens of roses,
Fair little Edens to brighten the years;
Wreathe the white cottage and garland the palace,
Richer than gold is each morn-jeweled chalice.
Greeting the sun with its dew-crystal tears,
Life would be grayer, dull care would be duller
But for their fragrance and beauty and color;
Every heart opens, all gateways unclose,
Long reign the beautiful conqueror, rose.

BROKEN HEARTS.

They beat beneath lace, jewels, flowers,
Fit decorations of their bier;
But none will stop to drop a tear,
Or watch through all the weary hours.

Or 'neath the cheapest garb they throb,
Their onward march to death and rest;
For night will come and it is best
For smothered sigh and stifled sob.

O do not scoff! If we could know
The sweetest faces that we meet
Smile above human hearts that beat
Sad minor strains in vespers low.

Hush, careless laugh and cruel jest,
Twine Sympathy's sweet flowers with Mirth;
Pray for the broken hearts of earth,
Deep buried in a faithful breast.

That broken harp that still sounds sweet,
Through night and storm, Hope's gladsome chords;
For wounded valor Earth hath words,
For this, the silence of defeat.

BURIED.

In the mystic realm of reason,
Hidden from the critic's vision,
In the vernal vale elysian,
 Where our cherished fancies throng,
Close beside affection's river,
Flowing from the heart forever,
Lie the tombs of thoughts that never
 Can be woven into song.

In the moonlight, sad and solemn,
Lighting up each broken column,
'Neath the willow branches fallen,
 Dipping in the surging stream.
Elegy and allegory,
Who can read the secret story,
In the pensive moonlight glory,
 Like the measures of a dream?

All alone within the glistening
Of the slanting starlight, listening
For the cold shroud garments rustling
 Of some silent sleeper there.
All alone, no fellow mortal
Ever passed that guarded portal;
Hush! No human sound shall startle
 One from out its sepulcher.

Just outside the cemetery,
In fantastic costumes airy;
Fancies dance in circles merry,
Dance to music lightly gay.
But within a hush unbroken,
Thoughts that lie and live unspoken,
Thoughts that time can never waken
From their silent lethargy.

There are graves and graves unnumbered,
That for years and years have slumbered,
Whether with white snows encumbered,
Or with sunshine gilded o'er.
Snows their outer forms may whiten,
Sunshine may their sadness brighten,
But their burden naught can lighten—
They are graves forevermore.

So beneath the smiles of gladness
Often lie the tombs of sadness;
Were it not a dream of madness,
Their existence to deny.
Spent may be the storm-clouds weeping,
Under smiles and sunshine sleeping;
Two perchance one record keeping,
Carved in stone and memory.

Long may we forget the hidden
Haunts that souls alone have trodden,
'Till some tolling bell unbidden
Calls away to other years.
Back to dream in twilight pausing,
While the gates behind us closing,
Entrance unto all refusing,
Rise like mighty barriers.

Ah, despair the brain would madden,
Did no flowers of promise gladden,
Even while their glories sadden,
 Every wreath-encircled urn.
All the burdened air they lighten,
For in bud and bloom is written,
These in midnight gloom forgotten
 To the sunlight shall return.

WE CANNOT KNOW EACH OTHER.

We cannot know each other,
 Though bound by strongest ties;
And though, oft with deep meaning,
 Soul to kindred soul replies.
Though we mingle in life's harvest,
 And our sheaves together glean,
Yet though no discord may part us,
 A great gulf is fixed between.

We cannot know each other,
 Little worlds we have apart;
From the busy world around us,
 Hidden deep in mind and heart.
Peopled with a thousand feelings,
 Aspirations, thoughts, desires,
Unrevealed to foe or loved ones,
 Yet alive with quenchless fires.

We cannot know each other,
And the great world may not see
If our souls are clad in blackness
Or in snowy purity.
Yet we mold that hidden empire,
In the sight of higher powers,
To a wilderness of thistles,
Or a paradise of flowers.

We cannot know each other,
And we know the plan is wise,
For so much of inward feeling,
Outward action underlies.
Love might die like withered blossoms,
Friendship's charm no more exist,
If from every hidden motive,
Were removed the shadowy mist.

Shall we ever know each other?
Oh! the boundless realm of thought!
Oh! the living worlds around us
That we comprehended not!
When we reach the many mansions,
And in angel anthems share;
Without fear of fault or blemish,
We can know each other there.

THE TWO ROADS.

There are only two roads of life, my friend,
Only two roads to take;
One, all of the way doth higher ascend,
And one, goeth down to the very end.
Yours is the choice to make.

You are standing now at the open gate
Beneath Youth's budding vine;
You must traverse one ere the dawn is late,
If you take the wrong, 'tis no freak of fate,
For the free choice is thine.

There are only two roads, oh! pause and think,
Hold rashness with bit and rein;
Lest low in the deep, stagnant mire you sink,
And only a trodden and broken link
Be left of life's jeweled chain.

The road may look easier now, my friend,
That leadeth forever more down;
Gayer flowers, I know, by the wayside bend,
But a bitterness with their bloom will blend,
And they weave but a fading crown.

The road may look difficult from afar,
That leadeth forevermore up;
But at every step there's a nearer star,
A laurel branch for each broken bar,
And a pearl in each bitter cup.

There are only two roads, then oh, wisely spurn
The glittering, tempting, snare;
Should you strive from its easy course to return
With torn, bleeding feet, you would climb but to learn
That the hardest steeps are there.

There are only two roads, 'tis reason's call,
The answer is yours alone;
Down! faster down! to a fathomless fall,
Or up 'till the mountains of triumph tall
Are steps to a victor's throne.

THE REVEALING.

How do we know how we love each other,
We who are never for long apart;
Daughter and son or sister and brother,
Husband and wife or father and mother,
Under the same roof, heart to heart?

Sometimes there cometh a sad revealing,
O, his terrible, terrible name is—Death;
Who enters the household softly stealing,
And puts out the tapers of thought and feeling
With one chill blast of his icy breath!

Comes he to test our loves and prove them,
Loves half forgotten in life's pursuit?
O but we learn how much we love them
When the cold grave clods lie dark above them,
With their bright eyes closed and the sweet lips mute!

"IN ALL THEIR AFFLICTION HE WAS AFFLICTED,"
(Isaiah 63:9.)

Thou, tempest tossed and wrecked in troubled waters,
Hope's anchor cast, and wait the coming morn;
In Bethlehem to Zion's troubled daughters,
The Saviour Christ was born.

Unto Faith's starry vision is depicted
The sympathizing Saviour at thy side;
He in all thy affliction is afflicted,
The angel of His presence is thy guide.

Look up, tried soul, when in His love and pity,
He who redeemed thee unto God from sin,
Prepares a place within His holy city
Where thou shalt enter in.

A rest, a refuge, midst those Heavenly places,
The Saviour's love prepares;
A waking to the light of loved lost faces,
Unchanged save in the loss of earthly cares.

Shall we remember all the vain regretting
In that bright world? Dark clouds that shadowed this?
No; we shall waken to a glad forgetting
Of everything save bliss.

For in Christ's presence can be felt no sorrow,
Regrets behind or threatening fears before;
To-day the cross with Him, but oh, to-morrow
Pleasures at His right hand forevermore!

SONG OF REJOICING.

Rejoice, to-day in David's house a prince is born,
Who shall Isaiah's prophecy fulfill;
And lo, above the little town of Bethlehem
The guiding star, the holy star, in peace stands still.

Chorus.

Heaven's gates are backward swinging,
Glad angel voices over all are singing;
Now behold the wise men bringing
Their precious gifts rejoicing from afar.

He is born the captive Nations to redeem,
This the rapture and the glory of their theme;
And the shepherds hear the singing of the angel throng,
"Glory to God, peace and good will," this is their song.

Chorus.

Precious gifts the wise men bring,
Glorious songs the angels sing,
Men and angels crown Him the eternal King.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

1884.

I watched the clouds at evening
When the Summer day neared its close,
As above the sentinel mountain peaks
Their pinnacled temples rose.

Mistily blending together
The faint, fleecy curtains unfold;
In the sky's magic mirror revealing,
Linings of silver and gold.

And here and there in the fluffy foam,
A twinkling star shines through; .
Mingling a golden radiance
With the filmy tints of blue.

'Till they seem like the pearly gateway,
With the city towers just beyond;
O'er whose walls of glittering jasper
Eternal day has dawned.

Oh! I almost catch the melody
That the angels sing in Heaven;
As I watch the faint, fair Summer clouds,
O'er the sky's blue curtain driven.

And my soul mounts up on eagle's wings,
To explore the realms unknown,
While life and death in a new, strange light,
Seem but a part to the throne.

When I think of the joy awaiting,
Beyond the bier and the shroud,
Death seems but a transient shadow,
A passing Summer cloud.

THEY WEEP NO MORE.

They weep no more, the glorified,
For whom Heaven's gates have opened wide;
Upon the river's peaceful shore,
Before the throne, they weep no more.

They weep no more, in cloudless day
Their tears forever wiped away;
Their sorrows past, their heartaches o'er,
Their fears forgot, they weep no more.

They weep no more, in Heaven's bright clime,
Who measure not the lapse of time;
While He, who all their burden bore,
Is in their midst, they weep no more.

They weep no more, ah! would we weep,
Could we unveil Life's mystery deep,
And catch one passing glimpse before,
Of those we wept, who weep no more?

Life's ills, how trifling would they grow,
How transient every earthly woe;
Our faith on wings of song would soar,
And join with theirs, to weep no more.

WHO IS HE?

Who is He of whom they tell me,
Who this Christ of whom they say
He was born in Bethlehem's manger
And He lives in Heaven to-day?
That His life taught noble doctrines
That should influence yours and mine;
O, so wonderfully human,
 Good and true, but not divine!

I am saddened by the story,
Wheresoe'er I hear it told;
O the ring of worthless metal,
Counterfeiting Heaven's pure gold!
O, this Christ of skeptic science!
Not what He professed to be—
Yet a human moral teacher,
 Lifted up for you and me.

I would turn away disheartened,
Sick and weary of the theme;
As their little ones are turning,
Who have dreamed this dreadful dream.
But so sweetly through the storm cry,
As to Peter on the sea,
Comes that voice divine, that speaketh
 From the life of Christ to me.

More than man—though grandly human;
More than God to fallen man
Who was lost, and wrecked, and ruined,
With no Christ in Heaven's plan.
Pause—before you rend the glory
Of God's Holy Word apart;
Read from Christ's own words the story
Falling on the human heart.
Stay the hand that reaches blindly
Where His sacred truths are found,
To tear down for cobweb fictions—
Holy, holy is the ground!

IF

Powerless shall the tempest rage,
Naught can take thy heritage;
Life in bloom from dark earth grown,
All that's sweet and true thine own.
Open heart and hand to hold,
Riches never bought or sold;
Let life's sweetness come to you,
If your life be sweet and true.

If your life be sweet and true,
All such things belong to you;
All that's sweet and true, all song,
Fragrance, beauty, all but wrong,
All but discord, darkness, death;
All the joy that trembleth
On the air in thought and form,
Raindrop music in the storm,
Raindrop splendor on the cloud,
Angel wings above the shroud.

ASPIRATIONS.

Could I but write some living thought,
Some truth to never be forgot;
Some pearl of feeling shed in love
That had its origin above,
Or sing a song sublime.
Could I but know their influence sweet
Had helped to make the work complete
Of touching, in some heart's domain,
Chords that shall never pause again
Throughout the bounds of time.

And when this pen with age shall rust,
This hand be summoned dust to dust,
This weary brain forget to think,
And sundered be each golden link
In friendship's jeweled chain,
Then may the dreams of vanished years,
Bathed in the tide of human tears,
Break forth like burning stars,
And guide some wanderer with their light
To sunlit heights again.

Then gladly would I leave behind
The chains that now my spirit bind;
Then peaceful would my slumber be
Unbroken as a summer sea,
Untroubled by regret.
This would erase life's parting pain,
To know I had not lived in vain;
To know my race was bravely run,
To know my work was truly done
Before my day-star set.

Is it for fame? Forbid the dream
To enter an unselfish theme.
But oh! to bloom like some sweet flower
Unseen in its sequestered bower,
Its modest name unknown,
Wafting sweet fragrance on the air,
That e'en the lowliest child may share,
Yet satisfied its fame untold,
To perish in the silent mold,
Unmarked by sculptured stone.

Or like some warbler bubbling o'er with song,
Whose clear notes ring, the forest aisles along;
Who hears unchanged remarks of slight or praise,
Content to sing through dark or summer days
Pure heartfelt notes, that wealth nor glory bring,
But leave unchanged the lessons they have taught
When the sweet singer long has been forgot
Forever in the minds that heard to glow
'Till hearts that know their fullness overflow,
And in a grander song their echo sing.

THE WAVES AND THE ROCKS.

O the beautiful, azure, white-capped waves,
And the grand, grey rocks,
Where the sea-gull's wing in the breaker laves,
And no tempest shocks.

Brightly the sky's blue banner streams
O'er the blue waves now,
And the daisy's sapphire gem that gleams
From the boulder's brow.

Is it a tale that the wild wind raves,
That each listener shocks;
Of the innocent, smiling, deep blue waves,
And the grand old rocks?

It is only a few short hours they say,
Since a human form
Was caught by the waves in their idle play,
Midst no wrathful storm.

But just for their cruel sport alone,
'Gainst the sharp rock dashed;
With their vast united strength upthrown,
Where the white surf splashed.

Struggling, despairing, reaching out
For some hold to clasp;
'Till the treacherous waves, while they laugh and shout,
Let go their grasp.

And the cruel rocks in their clammy hold,
Near the shell-strewn beach,
Lift the mangled form, now still and cold,
From the strong waves reach.

Ye may sport, grey rocks and breakers blue,
But your charms have fled;
For a mother and sister because of you
Weep o'er their dead.

With a dirge (through each swell that the rough shore laves)
Death's phantom stalks;
Ye chill, mocking, rollicking, treacherous waves,
Ye cruel rocks!

LAUREL DELL.

Where the California laurel droops its slender branches low,
'Till they play, caress and quarrel with the lake by which they
grow;
Where the flowers bloom the brightest,
Bluest, rosiest and whitest,
Where the water-lilies yellow
Lie like golden fruit and mellow
On the waters, azure waters, dreamy waters of the lake,
There to wander, dream and ponder,
Care and toil and pain forsake;
Cast them madly, sadly, gladly,
On the waters, dreamy waters, there to sleep and never wake.
Here the butterfly enraptured rises on the scented gales,
Gold from liquid sunbeams captured glimmers in his silken sails
As he floats in airy motion
O'er the miniature blue ocean
To the cat-tail flags that shiver,
And the slender reeds that quiver,
O'er the waters, azure waters, crystal waters of the lake.

RETRIBUTION

No human law can reach all human wrong,
Only a God can judge this world of ours
Where cruel hawks disturb the birds of song,
And coarsest weeds choke out the sweetest flowers.

Where Infamy can break sweet Virtue down,
And strew her lily petals in the dust;
Then turn to wear applause's proffered crown,
And fill a throne of trust.

Where Tyranny still holds in chains her slaves,
And helpless under Freedom's stripes and stars;
Where some who Honor crowns are greater knaves,
Than some who languish behind prison bars.

Where little lives, oft trampled in the dust,
Distorting all their promised symmetry,
Grow up to lie before some adverse gust,
Fallen and lost as snowflakes from the sky.

Where slander, cruelty and dark deceit,
Make misery to mar a world of bliss,
What human law for these can Justice mete,
Or quell the flood that drowns earth's happiness?

We suffer, body, soul and heart and mind,
Woe for which we can find no cure, no cause;
The direst troubles that afflict mankind
Are penalties of violated laws.

Wronged nature crushed by frailty and fraud
Cries out for justice and approves the plan
That all shall stand before the bar of God,
Who only can just judgment mete to man.

But God looks down from above and sees
Life's little drama through and through;
And clear to Him are the mysteries
Of wrongs and crimes that elude our view.

The grave of the murdered heart and brain,
The brow that is set with the mark of Cain;
And His retribution comes swift and sure
As the iron wheels of the evening train.

They yet may pity who of vengeance dream,
When falls the feeble arm of human might;
And the Great Judge, o'er countless worlds supreme,
Makes all things right.

Build strong the fortress of thy character,
Midst crumbling reputation, honor, fame,
To stand before the eternal judgment bar,
Acquitted of all blame.

COME.

Look, when Mercy's day is past
Heaven's pearly gates have closed at last;
Within victorious millions shout,
And the lost Nations wail without!
Was it their crimes that sealed their doom?
No; Christ has plead with them to come,
Not Earth's most heinous sins forgiven
Have barred one deathless soul from Heaven.
They come to-morrow and too late,
To enter at the pearly gate;
To-day is Mercy's open gate,
They come to-morrow and too late.

To-night be strong O faltering heart,
And bid the tempting one depart;
Come from the darkness into light,
While Jesus calls, oh, come to-night!
To-morrow, oh, the uncertain doom,
Christ and His mercy may be gone;
God and His justice, in thy sight
May stand where Jesus stands to-night!

To-night the evil one stands near
To turn thy courage into fear;
'Tis he who bars the living way,
'Tis Satan's voice that whispers "Stay."

To-morrow, oh, the dread abyss,
Where sinking hope and happiness,
The foolish lingering wait!
Come from that brink of danger, come,
That dread abyss may be thy doom;
To-morrow be too late!

To-night the loving Saviour stands
With gentle face, with beckoning hands;
O heart, with sin and anguish dumb,
'Tis Jesus' voice that whispers "Come!"

LOST HOPE.

The flowers will all come back again,
The flowers that faded on hill and plain;
The birds will return another Spring,
The birds that a while have ceased to sing;
But Hope that died with their song and bloom
Will wake no more from its Winter tomb.

The stars will twinkle another night,
The stars that faded before our sight;
And the sun that sank in the sorrowful west
Shall wake like the birds from their nightly rest;
But Hope that illumined the day and night
Has faded forever, forever, from sight.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Alone, alone, with my heart, alone with my heart to-night!
Was it an angel passing by swift in her vesture white,
Or a demon flashing an evil leer,
Bold in his blackness to venture near,
Haunting the place with a ghostish fear?

God is in Heaven to-night! Is He on earth?
Writhing in misery, reveling in mirth,
Man is on earth, O horrible man,
Under iniquity's terrible ban!
Go where he goeth to-night if you can.

Go where he goeth to-night, come not forever to tell
How thou hast trodden on earth, yes on earth, the veriest border
of Hell,
Come not to tell me of man's awful blight,
That wrong in his breast is the victor of right,
I know it, I know it to-night!

That evil, evil is king, and man but a trembling slave,
That evil passions have wrought his chains and darkness is
digging his grave;
That on womanhood's crowned brow burneth a darker brand
Than the mark by which guilty Cain from the presence of God
was banned;
Oh, the brand that is on her brow; oh, the blood that is on her
hand!

Why does the world not sink with its burden of guilt and woe,
Tottering on the abysmal brink of the chasm that yawns below?
Turn from the dens of vice with their gloom,
Come to the dwellings of virtue, come
To the house of God and the Christian home.

Come where an angel kneels in prayer for the erring feet,
Whose voice is drowned by the noise that reels up from the
drunken street;
Come where manhood and womanhood
Staunch through the dust of the fray have stood;
Thank God for the true and the good!

THE PATHS OF PEACE.

Perhaps God knew I was too frail to meet
Life's rough storm tossing or its scorching heat,
So He made smooth, quiet pathways for my feet,
Where dewy roses bloomed and birds sang sweet
Beside still waters, where rude tempests lull,
And even sorrow seemeth beautiful.

No fierce, wild joy is mine, no stormy woe,
Calmly He leads where quiet rivers flow;
This is my life to-day, I cannot know
How long 'twill last or why God wills it so;
In these green pastures, through these quiet days,
I'll tune my heart to incense sweet, and praise.

O loving kindness, broad, and deep, and wide!
O mercy, scattered free on every side!
O peace that every grief hath sanctified!
Thou, Thou art God and Thou for man hast died!

MOONLIGHT BOAT SONG

The night's pale queen her silvery sheen,
Has flung the waves across;
While 'round our boat in gleeful sport
The pretty wavelets toss;
Then splash, splash, dash, dash,
Ye merry oars at play!
Though shadows veil the distant sail,
'Tis moonlight on the bay.

The moonbeams fall on hut and hall,
And bathe the frowning cliff,
While shadows stalk 'round crag and rock,
As on our frail bark drifts;
Then splash, splash, dash, dash!
Gone is the twilight gray,
The splendor gilds the distant hills,
'Tis moonlight on the bay.

The island turf and beaten surf
Are steeped in mellow light,
Though day's proud king is journeying
Beyond the western height;
Then splash, splash, dash, dash,
Ye merry oars at play!
The night's pale queen has spread her sheen
Across the twilight bay.

SHE IS NOT GONE.

She is not gone, they do not know who say it,
How ever present is she in my thoughts,
The rainbow fades not 'till its threads of light
With Life's strong web are wrought;
The sunset fades not 'till its shreds sun-spangled
By the Soul's loom are caught;
The threads of other lives with ours entangled
Can never be forgot.

She is not gone,
Some little word just how I heard her say it;
Some little song I heard her sing and play it;
Some little thought, or look, Time cannot stay it;
Her life that still goes on.
The face still smiling on me faded never
Through time and space;
The love that lived and lives, and shall forever,
Still hath its place.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I have looked on the other side of life,
The side men seldom view,
I have stopped my ears to earth's jarring sound,
I have veiled my eyes, and on holy ground
I have planted my feet anew.

And I've seen the nobler side of life,
And I've found in this estate
That the things sometimes least prized on earth
Are really of the richest worth,
Somewhere in Truth's estimate.

And I fret no more 'gainst the prison bars
Where my soul beat deaf and blind;
For I know to-day that the best success
Is not to be blessed; but to live and bless,
And peace is the pearl I find.

I flutter no wings for forbidden things
That never were meant for me;
'Tis sweeter to know in the highest plan
I am doing the very best I can,
Whatever that best may be.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE

Lost in the labyrinth of life,
Groping in doubt and mystery,
Sweetly the voice of Jesus speaks:
"I am the Way."

Stumbling o'er errors, creeds and doubts,
To hoary age and heedless youth,
Softly the voice of Jesus speaks:
"I am the Truth."

Falling beside the weary road,
Wounded and dying in the strife,
Gently the voice of Jesus speaks:
"I am the Life."

Lost, stumbling, falling, still, oh still!
Above life's discord, wrong and strife,
The voice of Jesus speaks and says:
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."

A PETITION.

Father, the way is dark, Thy child is lost,
Lost on life's winding road;
Take Thou my hand until the wild be crossed,
Bear Thou my load.

My heavy load, the burden of my heart,
My weight of care;
Oh, let me bring it to Thee where Thou art,
And leave it there!

Give me the promise now for which I wait,
That Thou wilt lead;
That no vague phantom voice of chance or fate
Shall bid me speed.

I dare not trust the dearest friend on earth
To choose my path,
Nor pray Thee send the strongest angel forth,
High Heaven hath.

Hearken my Father, unto Thee I call,
To Thee alone,
Come to me quickly, quickly lest I fall,
Ere light is shone.

Clasp Thou my trembling hand in thine so strong,
Then shall I speed
Gladly and swiftly, joyfully along
Where Thou dost lead.

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS BITTERNESS

Every heart knoweth its bitterness,
Every spirit its own distress;
Every life hath its pain and care,
Every traveler his load to bear.

O, shall we sink 'neath our given load,
Hopeless and weak by the dusty road?
Thinking of all who must journey there,
Ours is the hardest load to bear!

Look where the wounded and worn have trod,
Sprinkling the pathway with tears and blood;
Look where the dying have struggled on,
Look where the burdened hosts have gone.

Hopeless and crippled, and blind, and old,
Grasping their burden with feeble hold;
Cheering the journey with jest and song,
Clearing our way as they passed along.

O, if our hearts are but strong and true,
We shall not stumble the long way through!
O, if our feet are but brave and swift,
Many another's load we'll lift!

What if our hearts a bitterness know,
Weigh it against earth's great deep of woe;
Only a drop in the world's distress,
Every heart knoweth its bitterness.

LIFE'S POSSIBILITIES.

O could I have the choosing
Of what my life should be,
I would make it all so lovely,
So grand, and broad, and free,
So strong in its high endeavor,
So sweet in its harmony.
Over and over and over
Will the useless wish repeat,
I have hushed it, bravely crushed it
Like a flower beneath my feet,
But only to make its fragrance
Grow stronger and more sweet.
What would my life be think you
Could I sit me down and plan
For myself each year and moment
That maketh the earthly span?
O, the perfect joy of living
With never a pain or care,
With never a blighted prospect,
And never a chill despair,
With never a weary burden,
Of thankless toil to bear!
I would make it a path of beauty,
Where loveliest flowers would grow;
I would make it a path of duty
Where an angel would gladly go,
I would cast all the sin and sorrow,
All the dread of my heart aside,
No evil to bear or borrow,
No triumph to be denied;
I would spend all the days in winning
Life's noblest and grandest good,
I would miss all the clouds that darken

The promise of womanhood ;
Life is a strange awakening,
And death is a stranger sleep ;
We wake from our infant slumber,
And from childhood's roseate dream,
To learn at first vaguely and dimly
That things are not what they seem ;
That the bright coals are hot and burning
That our eager fingers grasp,
That we cannot prison the sunbeams
That our hands so long to clasp ;
And later, that disappointment
And pain are the price of breath,
And one day we wake to ponder
The dread, dread mystery of death ;
And thicker and faster around us
Life's problems like snowflakes fall,
'Till they weigh us down with their burden,
And cover us with their pall ;
But the future is dark beyond me,
Not a single year can I plot,
I must do the best before me,
Make the most of my given lot ;
Take the pleasure and pain of living
With a cheerful heart and strong,
Nourish the good within me,
And trample the sin and wrong,
And strive, though my feeble striving,
Win never a longed-for prize ;
And live, though the boon of living
Be death in a strange disguise.
Forgetting the ideal splendor,
The "might-be," and the "wish," and "guess,"
And the little "ifs" that flutter
Like rose-petals on the grass.

NONE SHALL BE LOST WHOM GOD CAN SAVE

Could we only realize God's great love for us,
Tearing off Doubt's dark disguise,
Looking with Faith's cloudless eyes,
Would we grieve Him thus?

Sometimes we may almost feel that God scarce would care
Should the last dread thunder's peal
Set our doom's eternal seal
In the gulf—Despair.

Or like some great judge austere, righteous in His wrath,
Just, unchangeable, severe
One to honor, One to fear
For the power He hath.

God, who made the world so fair, God who gave us breath,
Lo, the sparrow knows His care!
Will He ought of effort spare,
View unmoved our death?

What last hope would we neglect that might save a dying friend?
O the horror to reflect
On one life eternal wrecked
Drifting to its end!

"God is justice," we may cry, fearing from His throne above,
For our sins He bids us die,
While the holy words reply:
"God is love."

Love repining at our fall, Love rejoicing to forgive,
Love that hears our every call,
None might perish, but that all
Turn to Him and live.

O that we could comprehend dimly the great height and depth
Who His pledge of love did send,
Through that kind and loving friend
Who o'er Lazarus wept!

'Round our souls are Satan's coils strong to weigh us down,
O that Love that tireless toils,
Robbing death of noble spoils,
Calling to our crown!

O inhuman would we prove, carelessly engrossed,
Mocking all a Father's love,
Love that warmeth from above,
Ere His child is lost!

ARCATA

O green hills of Arcata, I come thy Summer's guest,
As some tired bird from flying above the sea's unrest,
As some unquiet spirit longing for Nature's psalm,
And even now I hear it, that symphony of calm;
'Tis breathed by rocks and mosses, 'tis sung by stream and hill,
And all life's petty crosses for very shame are still!
O Nature, lovely Nature, thou hast no fevered dreams!
There's quiet in thy cloistered nooks, there's coolness in thy
streams,
Lend me thy daisy pillow to rest my weary brain,
Soft breeze and waving willow chant ye my slumber strain.

TRUE WORTH.

This is no place for envyings and strife,
Where Death stalks to and fro
With careless tread among the flowers of life
And bends them low.

No place for bigotry and high conceit,
Where Time with ruthless hand
Lays low the forest monarchs at his feet,
And all that man has planned.

We may fall short of all our highest aims,
But God alone can see
Deeper than he who censures us and blames
All that we tried to be.

MANZANITA BLOOMS

Not fairer the blossoms of April days,
Or June aweary with gay bouquets,
Or Autumn glowing with leaves and berries,
Or faint with the fragrance of lighted rooms,
Than the honeyed garland that Nature carries
In the heart of the Western Februaries
When the manzanita blooms.
But there on the sunny upland slopes,
And crowning the rocky hills,
Where the mountain oak tosses grey moss plumes,
They open, the sweet manzanita blooms.
And soon shall their fragrant pink-tipped flakes
Weight the bending branch where the bird-song wakes,
'Till the hill is white with their fragrant snows,
And the first March wind through the tree-top blows.

BE TRUE.

Though fortune frown on all thy cherished plans,
Though fades the bow that life's horizon spans,
Though promise withers on earth's barren sands,
Be true.

Though friends forsake thee in thine hour of need,
Though bruised and trodden like a broken reed,
Thou shalt arise if every thought and deed
Be true.

Not long to earth shall truth in sorrow cling,
Not long on barren sands lie withering,
Destined forever 'midst the stars to sing
Be true.

Be true, for truth shall triumph in the end,
Be true, for truth shall never lack a friend;
If thou wouldst soar and evermore ascend,
Be true.

Up rugged steepes thy weary feet may go,
If thou wouldst hear the tempest beat below,
If thou wouldst seas of endless sunshine know—
Be true.

If thou wouldst face the lurid storm unawed,
Rise from the foggy air and quaking sod,
Unto thyself, thy calling and thy God,
Be true.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Who drains the goblet of Success
To find it ever brimming,
Proves not to me by simply this
His undisputed worthiness
To wear the crown of kingliness
That pride is often dimming.

Who finds but Failure's bitter dregs
In some great undertaking,
Proves not by simply this to me
That rightly and deservedly
He forfeits true nobility,
All claim to honors breaking.

'Tis glorious to succeed and wear
Success's living laurel,
But when ennobling Effort's crown
But serves to weight that effort down,
As growing reefs of high renown
Reveal the hidden coral.

If some vain ego of disdain
Usurp the throne empyreal,
Some proud usurper to displace
King Kindness and each kindred grace,
And Queen Humility's sweet face
Of charms ethereal.

Success becomes poor Failure's twin
Blessed with prosperity,
One, plunged in misery and want,
Bearing low Failure's dismal taunt,
The other, in delight to flaunt
His title of feigned verity.

Yet Failure hath ofttimes a worth
To minds too high to grovel,
He, who beholds his chosen star
Grow day by day more faint and far,
Yet lets not this his nature mar,
Is great without approval.

And see'st thou one whom worth equips,
To be the great of sect or nation,
Yet through whose wisdom-guarded lips
No word of egotism slips;
And through whose daily acts there trips
No phantom of self-approbation,

That one sets first a Christian grace
In Grandeur's jeweled coronet;
That pearl whose heaven-enkindled rays
Shine on undimmed by slight or praise,
Rebuking false Ambition's gaze,
Dazed by Fame's golden parapet.

BEHOLD HE PRAYETH

No mind so lost in error's rayless night
That fervent prayer will fail
To reach by Faith's strong arm beyond the veil
Of reason's doubt,
And to the stars gone out
Turn on God's light.

And shall prayer not avail for you—for me
In all things—at all times? Look back and see
The power of evil in one life defied.
The prosecutor of God's saints prevail
And rise to preach the Christ he crucified.

Wanderers in error, false belief and doubt,
The light of truth from Heaven
Shines 'round about.

No seeker for Truth's pure and priceless gem
Shall be denied,

No traveler to a new Jerusalem
Need want a guide.

No heavy load too great for Him to bear,
No burden borne, too little for His care;
And oh, to live above the crush of doubt,
To walk with God among those higher lights,
Where when the flickering lamps of earth go out
Heaven's beacon fires illumine the darkest nights!

No more a slave to fear, and doubt, and dread,
Earth 'neath my feet, Heaven opened overhead;
From Faith's low altar, where in prayer it bends
This, the first heaven to which the soul ascends.
Ascends to learn that many things but seem,
That Heaven is real and only earth a dream;

Then tell me not that anything shall stand
Before God's will, His child's divine desire,
God, who could lift the ocean in His hand
To quench the violence of consuming fire.
By human reasoning wrong shall win the fight,
In utter darkness go out star and sun—
The Christian waits the triumph of the right—
Behold he prayeth and it shall be done.

MY CHOICE

Go revel in banquet, and dress, and wine,
In worldly pleasures without restraint,
Be triumphs of beauty and splendor thine,
Be this thy choice, but it is not mine
As I kneel at the grave of my little saint.
I would rather pass like my little May
With a victor's tread through the gates of day,
With a song of faith and an angel's smile,
Than be queen of the world for a little while.

I see not the coffin that holds her dust,
The grave where she slumbers is left below,
As borne on the wings of her Christian trust
To the land where she liveth my glad thoughts go;
I shall see her again, for she is not dead,
"I will wait in Heaven 'till you come," she said.

O DWELLER IN THE DREAMY PAST

Sad and sweet, sad and sweet, the heavenly notes are falling;
Throb and beat, throb and beat, O heart, that hears them calling.
Come back, come back while day-beams last,
O dweller in the dreamy past!

Soft and low, soft and low, the organ tones are floating;
Sad and slow, sad and slow, their mournful waves unnoting.
Wake up, with vanished clouds o'ercast,
O dweller in the dreamy past!

Far away, far away, let phantom dreams be banished;
Oh, to-day, oh to-day, dream not of moments vanished,
Wake up, the hours fly swift and fast,
O dweller in the dreamy past!

Long ago, long ago, those pulseless dreams were buried;
Sad and slow, sad and slow, their unseen pall was carried.
The hope-starred future still thou hast,
O dweller in the dreamy past!

THE HEAVENLY HOPE

Take not this hope, this high-born hope, I plead,
World, whose loud voices tell me to forget it,
For when those voices like lost waves recede
How shall I waken sadly to regret it!
O, take not that for which man lives to learn,
Cold World, thou givest nothing in return!

Take not this hope, this Heavenly hope away,
Let not ambition, love or sorrow drown it
Until I stand within Thy courts that day
When light celestial in Thy sight shall crown it;
Take not this hope, this one great hope away,
This be my prayer until I cease to pray.

GOD'S GIFT TO MAN.

Life is the greatest gift of God to man,
The one foundation of His perfect plan,
Whereon the great Almighty Architect
His boundless, endless structure doth erect;
Thereon the walls of Triumph have their hold
And Joy's bright columns hewn from Hope's pure gold
Spring up to part the curtains of the skies
And prop the farthest vaults of Paradise.

Life is the root of Eden's loftiest tree
Whose ripened fruit is immortality,
All joys, all triumphs from its branches grow,
While at the root God's love in streams doth flow;
Leaves, buds and blossoms and the ripened fruit
Are perfected and nourished by the root;
Let stern decay its hidden fountain doom,
And note the sudden blight of fruit and bloom.

REST

(Phil. 4:6.)

Think of it—to have spent long months of worry
And anxious prayer and nervous, useless dread,
Over a misery that like these waters
Is coming, gone, and now forever fled.
It is the things that never come upon us
That scar our souls and turn our tresses grey;
Learn, oh my soul, from these thy many lessons,
To rest and pray!

God gives us all the time there is for labor, and love, and rest,
Then why this needless rush, and fret, and hurry?
He hath all power in Heaven and earth—why worry
When just to calmly work and pray is best?
We'd cheat old Time of half his worry wrinkles
If we could cast aside this useless care,
That little star just waits, and shines, and twinkles,
That sun a universe with glory sprinkles—
God set them there.

No work is asked for which no power is given,
And what is least on earth may be the best in heaven.
That pinioned voice, that moves hearts, nations, thrones,
For truth and right;
And that winged soul, that flutters far from sight,
Amid the tempest spray on crags and stones,
To soothe some helpless birdling's weak despair,
Must fly alike to God for rest, and in His care
Fold their tired wings in prayer.

TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH

When we have overcome all things
That were so hard to meet down here,
I shall not care for crowns or wings,
Or anything that angels wear ;
And yet there will be something sweet,
I cannot half express the thought,
But with tired heart and aching feet,
A little glimpse my soul has caught,
When some soul-height in pain is won,
Of something brighter than the sun.

To him that overcometh, oh !
I cannot care for throne or crown,
My soul has met and wrestled so
With powers that tried to drag it down ;
I only know I did not fall,
But met and overcame them all ;
And yet not I, some unseen force,
And who shall say that Heaven's white horse
Bore not a silent warrior forth
To fight between me and the foe,
Because I prayed and struggled so,
Though tired and spent ?

A SUMMER MORNING

Welcome, glad morning, night's sable curtain
Rolls from the valley and mountains away;
Bursts the great sun forth in glorious splendor,
Herald of morning and king of the day!

Far in the distance the brooklet is singing,
The honey-bee hums o'er the fair, fragrant flower,
High in the tree-tops sweet bird songs are ringing;
And far to the west the tall mountain-peaks tower.

Up in the oak tree, canaries sing gaily,
Linnets perch, chirping, on trellis and wall;
Sweet, merry warblers, ye gladden me, daily,
As down from the tree-tops your merry notes fall.

Beautiful picture, mountain and green wood,
Clad in rich robes, like a fairy-queen's song,
Radiant Summer! to thy great storehouse
All of these beauties and wonders belong.

TO THE TREES

Trees of the forest and the wooded glen,
Say will ye claim companionship with men
Who with a smaller, weaker arm have dared
To spill thy life-sap on thy native sward,
And with remorseless hand thy fibers rend,
Say, canst thou make this enemy thy friend?
Not ours to choose, a thousand gifts attest
That we by thy existence are but blest,
We at thy feet might sit and learn,
Nor feel a spark of just resentment burn;
But ye possess a more than human grace
To smile upon the spoilers of thy race.

WORTH WHILE.

Yet after all, who knows?
To make a real living, growing rose
Grow stem and leaf and blossom from the soil,
May be as glorious as to paint in oil
Its perfectness.

To preach great sermons may not be more great
Than to live holy doctrines, to create
Immortal poems, not more than to feel
Ennobling songs, that wreathed in numbers real,
Flow forth to bless.

Then shall I count one little act as naught?
There is no little work—no idle thought;
Each shall accomplish—if for good designed—
Part of the plan of the Creator's mind
For human happiness.

BE PATIENT MY SPIRIT

Be patient my spirit,
This one thing is left thee—
Thy duty,
The lightnings of tempests have cleft thee
Still, only to bear it,
The burden down pressing,
Will it bring thee no blessing,
No beauty
Of cross-purchased crown that the patient inherit,
Of such perfect joy that 'twere Heaven to wear it?

Be patient my spirit,
This one thing remaineth—
Thy duty,
Full measure that each life containeth,
Though faithfulness merit
More sweet and less bitter.
Yet small will it matter,
The beauty,
The pride and success that the faithless inherit
To the cross purchased crown, when 'tis Heaven to wear it.

A RETROSPECT

They who enjoy most suffer most life's woes,
And ecstasies come not alike to each,
One little knows
What heights and depths another's soul may reach.

Two travelers gazing on one common scene,
One sees a weed-grown field and threatening sky,
The other sees a thousand charms between—
His is the Artist's eye.

THE ANSWERED PETITION

From the noonday cloud hung over the lone mount of Calvary
Hark! a human voice that speaketh in its human misery
From a bursting heart that throbbeth in its mortal agony:
"When thou cometh to thy kingdom, Lord, remember me."

Listen in soft notes of music upward floating to the skies,
Where the sun his glorious splendor to a guilty world denies;
Lo, a voice of matchless sweetness to the prayer of faith replies,
Gently saying: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

O my soul's lone cross of torture! O my guilt and agony!
Gazing upward through the darkness, lo, another cross I see
Close beside it in the shadow, this my spirit's only plea:
"Jesus, Jesus, in thy kingdom, oh, remember me!"

And from that lone cross of anguish where for you and me He
dies,
While the sun his glorious splendor to a guilty world denies,
In low tones of love and mercy lo, that holy voice replies
Gently saying: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

For a thousand years of waiting in His sight are as a day,
At whose word, eternal ages, all unmeasured glide away;
While before His cross of crosses all our weight of care we lay
Evermore in faith believing with the dying thief to pray:

"Jesus, Jesus, I am trusting, trusting only thee;
Jesus, Jesus, in Thy kingdom, oh remember me!"
While in wondrous love and mercy still that holy voice replies,
Gently saying: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

ROSEBUDS

Impatient children, we, who cannot wait
For time and sunbeams to unfold the buds,
We spoil His roses when we try to bloom
 These plans of God's.

These perfect plans, all folded close and tight
From curious, prying eyes,
Waiting for God to say: "It shall be light,"
 And give us sweet surprise;

For certain as the velvet buds unroll
To charm our eager gaze,
God shall unfold each sunbeam-painted scroll
 Writ with His mysteries.

Shall we make blighted and distorted things
(God's good work ruined by a human hand)
Of that which might become, we cannot think
 How beautiful and grand?

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN

(Rev. 14:13.)

I heard a voice from Heaven saying :
(The loud world did not hear) ;
My soul was sad, alas ! too sad for praying,
Tired of the drama that old Time was playing,
Too sad for thought, smile or tear ;
Then to my soul a vision sweet was given,
I heard a voice from Heaven.

Ah ! had the skeptic in that vision solemn
Then stood with me and heard
That sweet interpretation of the Word,
That voice from Heaven that floods each broken column
Of human life with light divine and solemn ;
Alas ! to those alone who knock is given
To stand a moment in the light of Heaven.

Sometimes the world stops carelessly to hearken
Where Death with sable wings her borders darken,
And the grand language of God's revelation
Links heart with heart, and Nation unto Nation,
My soul almost her earthly chain had riven
I heard a voice from Heaven.

MARGUERITES

There are many gayer, costlier blooms,
And blossoms more replete
With gaudy colors and rare perfumes,
But all love the marguerite.

They are such useful little flowers,
No other could fill their place,
With the mingling rays of their pearly stars
In garland or wreath or vase.

We have cut their slender stems to adorn,
God's house of praise and prayer;
We have seen their fragile blossoms worn
To the grave to perish there.

In cross and garland, in spray and wreath,
We have wound each slender stem;
For the hall of mirth and the house of death
Are open alike to them.

They have shone like stars on the festive crowds
In brilliantly lighted rooms;
They have waved in snowy breeze-blown clouds,
O'er silent and shaded tombs;

In France our blossom so modest and sweet
Is not without honor and fame,
Since the beautiful princess, Marguerite,
Gave the little flower her name.

And the nobles of England wore wreaths of it,
And on robes of princely price
Embroidered the flower of Queen Margaret,
Their lovely queen's chosen device.

Then bring to the scenes of mirth or gloom,
Where the young and the aged meet,
The flower that has faded on throne and tomb—
The beautiful marguerite.

THE CLIMBERS

You have reached the top of your earthly stair,
You must soon descend, descend,
He must be content to climb with care,
Whose ladder hath no end.

The climbers for wealth and earthly fame
Will leave him below, below;
He climbeth to write an immortal name,
An unending life to know.

Then rise to thy choice of a worldly crown,
Thy zenith is found, is found;
He pities thee climbing the endless way,
Though he stand on the lowest round;
His pathway is up and up and up,
And thine to the ground, the ground.

OUR AFFLICTIONS

(In all their afflictions He was afflicted and the angel of His presence saved them.—Isaiah 63:9.)

From that high Heaven so beautiful and pure,
Canst Thou look down and see
The bitter agony that souls endure;
Oh, is it aught to Thee?

Dost Thou not shrink from scenes of sin and woe,
O King upon Thy throne?
And all forget this suffering world below,
Remembering Heaven alone?

Ah, my afflictions! Every one is Thine!
The angel of Thy presence in my breast
Makes this dark world Thine own, Thy Heaven mine,
And mingles Heaven's own peace with earth's unrest!

A LIFE WORK

Yes, life is too short to be wasted in trifling,
And time is too precious to spend in regret;
Look up, though the past has been hopeless and clouded
There is much in the future worth living for, yet;
There is work for the lover of God and humanity,
When living souls perish with nowhere to cling;
There are golden sheaves waiting for hands that are ready,
And songs in the air for the reapers to sing;
Go treasure the songs grown immortal with beauty,
Go measure what kindness and mercy are worth;
For the crowns that will sparkle for life's noblest victors
Will not fade with the withering laurels of earth.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

Across the sleeper's dreamless rest,
The chills of death like shadows creep;
But pillowed on the Saviour's breast,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Peace, troubled ocean of despair!
Be still, thou ever raging deep!
From life's brief day of pain and care,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Over the cradle of her child,
Love doth her sleepless vigil keep;
While life's dark storm beats loud and wild,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Quenched is the flame of mortal breath,
Calm is the creature born to weep;
Oh peaceful rest, this is not death!
He giveth His beloved sleep.

THE END OF LIVING

Could I but trace one star of hope
On Heaven's high scroll, on Fear's cloud omen
Through Faith and Reason's telescope,
Life's darkened future to illumine;

Could I but stamp one fadeless thought,
On everything in God's creation;
Could I but teach one lesson taught,
To kindle nobler aspiration;

Could I but write one living truth
On human hearts to glow forever,
The zeal of manhood, age and youth
Inspiring with a new endeavor.

I'd write in starry rays, I'd blend
The one great hope that's worth the giving,—
Dust unto dust is not the end,
But life to life the end of living.

Dust unto lower dust consigned,
Life unto higher life ascending;
The past—forever left behind,
The future, vast—unending.

Behold the crowds of earth pass by,
One common groveling aim pursuing;
To strive, to gain, to love, to die,
One hour the plans of years undoing.

Poisoning souls and intellects,
That but immortal food can nourish,
On thought's decay and love's frail wrecks,
On hopes and aims that stand and perish.

What shall it profit us if we,
Whose hopes and longings are immortal,
Gather each fragile flower we see,
To wither at the future's portal?

Did the great Source of Life intend,
That death should end its noblest striving?
No; dust to dust is not the end,
But life to life the end of living.

The best success of time to make,
Should be our lives' supreme endeavor;
And teach these jarring chords to wake
The prelude of the vast forever.

Listen, oh myriads of mankind!
The eternal anthem rolls before us;
Soon will Time's prelude die behind,
Drowned in the still increasing chorus.

Height unto height the notes ascend,
Glory to glory ever weaving;
Dust unto dust is not the end,
But life to life the end of living.

PANSY FACES

Oh, the funny pansy faces,
With their odd and wise grimaces,
With their eyes so wide and staring,
And their cunning, witching ways!
Oh, the pretty pansy faces,
With their royal hues and graces,
Peeping from their shady places,
Through the spring and summer days!

Oh, the roguish pansy faces,
And the thoughtful pansy faces,
And the haughty pansy faces,
What a mingled company!
Oh, the purple pansy faces,
And the golden pansy faces,
And the snowy pansy faces,
What a mottled crowd are they!

How I love the pansy faces,
Smiling from their shady places;
How I love each quaint expression,
And each sprightly attitude;
Ever lively, glad and cheerful,
Never gloomy, sad and fearful,
With their merry little faces,
Full of love and gratitude.

Oh, the jolly pansy faces,
Looking from their brimming vases,
Or from out their shady places,
Nodding to the butterflies!
Pansy faces shy and saucy,
Pansy faces gay and glossy,
Captivating every passer,
By the magic of their eyes.

NO HOPE

1885

No hope? Yes, it is said there is no hope;
O woman, with thy patient, pleading face,
Is there no hope beyond the tomb for thee?
No hope beyond the coffin's cold embrace?
No hope? Alas, the verdict must be true,
And Death has set his seal upon thy brow;
But is there no star left in thy dark sky,
No promise in the future for thee now?
Listen, the Christmas bells are ringing yet;
Look, the dark sky is set with many a gem;
Read in their sweet and gentle ministry
The story of the star of Bethlehem.
Read of the cross and lonely sepulcher,
Read of the glorious resurrection morn,
Then listen while the silver bells repeat:
"To you in Bethlehem a King is born;"
Then ask with faltering breath: "Is there no hope?"
No hope? To you immortal hope is given,
The faithful star of Bethlehem still shines,
To make thy hopeless grave a gate to Heaven.

ABUTILON BELLS

Ring little bells from your leafy towers,
Ring for the fairies, ring for the flowers,
Ring for the sad and gay;
Never a sound from your belfry near,
Borne on the frolicking breeze I hear,
Yet I dream that a tiny fay
Lightly leans from the stem of a leaf,
And the chime of joy and the toll of grief,
And danger's stirring knells,
Are heard by the bright geraniums,
By the heliotropes, daisies and cyclamens,
From your little swinging bells.

Ring little pink bells in the showers,
Ring for the revelry of the flowers,
In the growing time of Spring;
For the fuchsias in their stately halls
Are robed for the fairies' moonlight balls,
Where the merriest crickets sing;
And the pansies' dewy faces glow
With the fresh young life in their roots below,
And sipping their dew-drop wine,
The butterfly is the sweet pea's guest,
And the bumble-bee in his Sunday best
Sits down with the rose to dine.

Chime little golden bells your strain,
For the primrose sweet in her fringed white train
Is the bride of the tuberose tall;
The hyacinths stand by the tuberose's side,
And the pink primroses wait by the bride,
And the cactus lists your call;

And the lofty calla stands in state,
At the nuptials gay, to officiate,
And the march æolian swells,
And the proud narcissus bows and bends,
And all the hosts of the flowery friends
Rejoice with the golden bells.

Clang little red bells, lightly swung,
Ring what larger bells have rung,
Danger's swift alarm;
For old Jack Frost in his armor cold
Is coming to-night with his armies bold,
And he brings but death and harm.
O loveliest, frailest, tenderest,
You will he have though he spare the rest;
List to the timely knell,
Come in from the threatening, frosty air;
Let the light of the coming morn declare,
What the stricken cannot tell!

Toll little white bells, to and fro,
Sadly and slow, softly and low,
Clappers of purest gold;
For the ghosts of dead blossoms are everywhere,
The beautiful and sweet and fair,
The icy shrouds enfold,
Like a fragment bright of the vanished Spring
Is the greenhouse warm, where your bright bells ring
From your little leafy towers,
Where safely kept from the frost and cold,
Through the cheerless winter the buds unfold,
Of the tender, tropical flowers.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF EARTH

My heart grows often sad when I review
At the going down of the sun,
The greatness of all I have planned to do,
And the little that I have done.

The hours go on and the days go on,
Though no idle hours condemn,
'Till the years, the beautiful years, are gone,
With so little to show for them.

Day after day hath its common round,
And the moments have swiftest wings;
Oh, what heights of ambition are lost and drowned
In the oceans of little things!

The little drops, then the large waves,
And at last the mighty flood;
They make for the mountains, deep silent graves,
In the depth's dark solitude.

There's a little bird of Trust that sings
That God will make all things right,
And perhaps after all the little things
Are the greatest in His sight.

LOST

When the last sunset ray has faded from
Life's troubled wave,
And earth and sky and yearning sea are dumb,
That once a solace gave;
When midnight darkness gathers very near
Life's little shattered raft,
And lips are chilled to silence with their fear,
That in the light have laughed;
When a great wreck of wordly hopes and aims
Looms up behind and we drift out alone
No help to find,
Then, then the sinking Soul will realize
The need of a great God to hear its cries.

EARTH'S SORROWS

You, who call transient absence trial to you,
Who count a Christian's death earth's deepest grief,
Let me declare to you a heart's belief:
That those are sorrows growing restful, sweet,
With the advance of time;
But there are woes
That wear and scar and rend the heart anew,
Each day, or week, or month, or fleeting year,
They look from eyes that shed no healing tear,
They draw the patient lines 'round silent lips,
And freeze warm blood from heart to finger tips;
O living sorrows! Would that I could hush
You all to sleep, and let the worn hearts rest,
As peacefully as do the Christian dead,
With all their sadness to the sun,
Carved on cold stone and silence overhead.

THE BLUE DAISIES OF THE CRAGS

Looking out on the restless sea,
Gazing up to peaceful skies,
Have they lent their sapphire hue to thee,
To glow at dawn in thine opening eyes,
Beautiful dweller on crag and cliff,
Rooted firm in the rock's rude rift?

Cold is the rock where thy rootlets cling,
Washed by the high tide's briny spray,
And the white gull sweeps with his flapping wing
Thy fragile crown in his watch for prey,
Hovering over with eager eyes,
Searching the waves for his welcome prize.

Come with me to my inland home,
Blue-eyed child of the ocean, come;
There the noise of the breakers' roar
Shall disturb the peace of thy dreams no more,
No narrow crevice shall be thy home;
Beautiful child of the stern crags, come.

I have torn thee loose from thy shallow hold,
In another home shall thy buds unfold;
No more shall the stern, grey boulder wear,
On his grand, dark crown a gem so fair;
Thy sapphire shall shine for another's pride,
In a warmer clime than the chill seaside.

Transplanted safe to a deeper soil,
Far, far from the ocean's loud turmoil,
Hast thou forgotten the cliffs so high,
And the mingling azure of sea and sky,
And the heavy fogs that thy thirst satisfied,
Or the rocky crest where thy rootlets did hide?

But evermore in the perfect blue
Of thy fragile petals' silken whorl,
The deep blue waves that thou bidst adieu,
Round a silvery boat of fancy curl;
And its glory sleeps in thy blossom heart,
For a fragment bright of the waves thou art.

MISTAKEN VALUES

I read a life in a face, and guessed
That there's little reward when we give our best;
I saw a soul that had counted small,
Life's duty and love, and its glory—all;

And I said to myself, 'tis a strange disguise,
When the faithful are foolish, the selfish wise;
I looked to my soul, from values of earth,
To learn what was truly of supreme worth.

And I saw there cometh, not gratitude,
Nor gold, nor fame, but a higher good,
To unselfish lives; that unselfishness
By its very blessing, itself shall bless.

The soul that would on itself exist
Will wake to know it has something missed—
Something without which it starves and shrinks,
And feels its loss while of gain it thinks.

Wait'st for heaven to reward thy worth?
Soul, thou art richer to-day, on earth;
For selfish glory and gain are small,
And duty and love and truth are all.

HAD I BUT WINGS LIKE THINE

Had I but wings like thine,
Free bird of flight,
To scale the heights that only wings can reach,
Or steer my passage o'er yon seas of light,
Whose cloudy beach
Is ever shifting like the sands of time!

Had I but wings like thine
To soar between
Those airy deeps and lower deeps more real,
Above the wrecks and ruins of the main,
The joy to feel
Of freedom on unfailing pinions mine!

Had I but wings like thine
To visit lands
Of ancient story and undimmed renown;
To roam and rest beside those glittering strands
That ages crown
With words and thoughts that lustrous gems outshine!

Had I but wings like thine!
In yonder skies,
Thy graceful form becomes a speck to view;
Had I but wings like thine I would arise,
A bird of passage too,
To pass beyond this narrow prison line!

Had I but wings like thine!
'Tis vain to long;
Ah! rather let me feel those hidden wings,
That to a higher, broader, flight belong;
Be mine a heart that ever soars and sings
Above the wrecks of wrong!

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME?

What shall it profit me to gain
All that this world to man hath given,
If I neglect to here obtain
A passport through the gates of Heaven?
The best success of life to make,
Be this my one supreme endeavor,
And bid Time's jarring chords awake
The prelude of the vast forever.

What shall it profit me to earn
The meed of Fame, the applause of Nations?
What shall it profit me to learn
The wisdom of God's vast creations,
If Time with a remorseless sweep
Shall blight the brightest hopes we cherish,
If all, yea all, we long to keep
With these dissolving temples perish?

O God! what shall it profit me,
Whose hopes and longings are immortal,
To grasp each fading flower I see
And leave them at the Future's portal,
To sell my soul for worldly gain,
To barter Hope for Pleasure's bubble,
To buy with Peace eternal pain,
And plunge my soul in endless trouble!

THE VEILED LAND

There's a land that is veiled from our vision
A land that is hid from our sight,
From whose shadow no traveler returneth
To tell us with joy where it lies.

Though its curtain is rent for a moment,
For the weary of earth to pass through,
We catch but a gleam or a shadow
Of the land that is veiled from our view.

O Christians! Our Hope's golden anchor,
Secure from the storm and the gale,
Is cast in the beautiful harbor
That lieth beyond the dark veil.

Unfurl the bright banner of promise,
Safely through the mists we will sail;
For our High Priest who passed on before us
Hath entered in through the dark veil.

ALDER CREEK

Will I ever forget you, O beautiful stream?
Wherever I wander sometimes I shall dream,
A dream of cool waters that rippled and played
Or lay still and restful in vistas of shade;
A dream of old alder trees towering above,
Green branches with sunshine and shade interwove,
And lily-white ducks, as they fed from my hand,
And children, who played at my feet in the sand,
And leaves, that went floating away with the tide,
As the days of our years oh so noiselessly glide!
Will they bear me from thee, is it only a dream,
This life with its changes, O beautiful stream?

ROSEBUDS

Silken sachets of perfume
Swinging in the sunny breeze,
Viands in the banquet room
Of the butterflies and bees.

Dainty ladies velvet gowned,
Or in lustrous satin dressed;
Fairy pictures thus abound
Childish fancy might suggest.

Oh, the poor unsightly thing,
Dwarfed, distorted, early doomed
Is the bud so promising
That the dimpled fingers bloomed!

Dimpled fingers cannot wait
Till the tempting bud expands;
Sudden wonders they create,
Naughty, willful, active hands.

Folded petals pulled apart,
Crimson satin backward pressed;
Luckless blossom, what strange art
Bloomed you long before the rest?

With your petals bruised and torn,
Only half your wonted size;
Weary, sad, and so forlorn,
What can your defects disguise?

Like the children, "we'll be good,"
Patient, while God's purpose grows,
He who formed the baby-bud
Can alone perfect the rose.

BERRIES

Berries! berries! beautiful berries!

Wearing a charm ever pleasing and new;
Daintiest food, fit for elfins and fairies,
Born of the sunshine, the breeze and the dew.

Drooping in delicate sprays of repleteness;
Nestling in green leaves, half-hidden from sight;
Hanging in rich, juicy globules of sweetness;
Peeping up shyly to drink in the light.

Perched on a twig is a saucy, red linnet,
Beak dyed with carmine, betraying his theft;
While birds of all colors, each sunshiny minute
Feast on the beauties his majesty left.

Lazuli-finches and golden canaries,
Hither and thither in ecstasy fly,
Warbling in unison "Berries! ripe berries!"
What ruby wine with their nectar can vie?

Laughing-eyed children, with lips dyed vermilion,
And finger-tips stained, the sweet secret have guessed;
And honey-bees joining the merry cotillion,
Meet with the birds at their lavish repast.

Berries! berries! bright luscious berries!
Ripening and melting the long summer through;
No sheaf-laden Ceres such tempting spoil carries;
Born of the sunshine, the breeze and the dew.

MY PRAYER

O God, when I look back upon my life,
And realize how many things are past,
My soul cries out to Thee.
Leave Thou not me
Alone, while life shall last!
I fear the future unless Thou shalt keep
In Thy strong hands, in Thy great heart my fate;
For there is none beside
Mighty and wise to guide
Where dangers are so great.

O God, unto me prove Thy ceaseless love,
Make Thou Thy promise known,
Through danger's land
Hold tight my trembling hand,
I cannot go alone!
Make straight these crooked paths,
Bid light upon this dark night break,
Inspire with trust
This trembling heart of dust
That Thou will not forsake.

This life is but the prelude of the next,
Whose endless melodies harmonious sweep
In notes of triumph borne from height to height,
And waves resounding on from deep to deep.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

Out of the dark, dark earth the lily blooms so white,
The stars shine brightly through the dark, dark night;
Thus from this dark, dark grief as from the sod
May spring the fair creations of my God.

O, can I wait! Can I have faith to trust,
Whose lilies lie forgotten in the dust,
Whose stars have faded amid clouds and tears,
'Till God shall write His rainbow on the years?

And yet as surely as His word is true,
Sure as the lily breaks the cold earth through,
Sure as the stars burst through the black cloud rift,
Up through this dark, dark grief God's hand can lift.

Some new creation not yet understood,
But than my dreams more beautiful and good;
High as the stars that dark, dark night have crowned,
Pure as the lily from the dark, dark ground.

THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS

Eye hath not seen those glittering towers,
Ear hath not heard those songs,
But endless praise and fadeless flowers
To that bright realm belong.

There never a weary tear shall start
Of pain or grief or care;
There is my treasure and my heart
And all my hope is there.

O mansion, grand, imposing pile
Of masonry and art,
Tower in thy pride a little while
But prison not a heart!

Let not earth's richest, happiest lot
Life's higher aims assuage,
And make the spirit treasure not
Its nobler heritage.

SUMMER

Summer, O beautiful Summer!
Sunshine and sea-breeze, green earth and blue sky,
Bees, buds and blossoms, tall ferns and low mosses
Wreathing with beauty life's silent gray crosses,
Summer, sweet Summer, I bid you good-bye.

Shall I come back to you ever, oh ever?
No, you are dead as the flowers I have pressed;
These like sweet memories of you I have carried,
While in the past my sweet Summer is buried
From the fair garlands that lay on her breast.

ONE AND ANOTHER

One is searching in the highways
For a budding life to blight,
One is toiling in the byways
For a soul that's lost in night,
Pointing to the distant skyways
Where God's stars are still in sight.

One a country's law is making
On a high and noble plan,
While another one is breaking
All the laws of right he can;
Bold, defying and forsaking
The commands of God and man.

One in battle wounds his brother,
Leaves him bleeding on the field,
Far from friends and home and mother,
Mercy vainly hath appealed;
Yet with tenderest care another
Binds his wounds till they are healed.

A FAREWELL

Farewell, but oh, where'er you go,
O'er rolling land or surging sea,
Remember that the same blue sky
As one roof covers you and me!

And when the morning sunbeams shine,
Night's gloomy darkness to dispel,
Think that the same bright beams are mine,
And morn has dawned for me as well.

And when the evening stars arise
To set the skies' supernal blue,
Look up and think while daylight dies
That I am looking at them too.

Farewell, but oh, where'er you go,
O'er rolling land or surging sea,
Remember that the same blue sky
As one roof covers you and me!

A SONG OF JOY

My heart is full of thankfulness,
My soul o'erflows with song,
My mind has caught some unknown notes
That to the birds belong;
I find no language for my tune,
No utterance to my praise,
Only a sweet forgetfulness,
A breath of sunny days.
I'll fling my song away from earth,
It can no language wear,
My praise shall seek the angel choir
And find an echo there.

ESTELLA

Chapter I (The ballroom)

A mingling of soft colors and the sound
Of footsteps echoing to a rapturous strain,
The rustle of rich silken robes, the air
Perfumed with flowers, awoke the notes again
And bore them out upon the balmy breeze;
The light of laughing eyes, of merry hearts,
The gleam of jewels clasped in waving hair
Spoke but of Pleasure and of Beauty's reign
While flew the unmeasured moments unaware.

To the gay revelers who thronged the hall
Forgotten were the problems of the day,
Care fled like darkness from the tapers' glance,
Light, jest and laughter filled the thoughtless hours
While light feet caught the spirit of the dance,
And so the eve flew onward to the dawn.

A group beneath a canopy of flowers
Gathered around the ballroom's reigning belle,
From her acknowledged throne she viewed her slaves
And held them captive by a magic spell
While her devotees worshiped at her shrine.
Her brown eyes, pensive first and almost sad,
Bright as gems or twinkling as the stars;
Her wand, a lily clasped in dimpled hands,
Her hair fantastically wreathed with flowers
Seemed to have caught its lustre from the sun,
Flattery fell like music on her ear;
She spoke and many doubting hearts admired,
She smiled upon the captives she would win;

She conquered and each dim distrust expired
And satisfied she held them in their chains,
Held them, until tired of their servitude
She snapped the subtle chains and turned aside
To win some other heart on which her charms
Had been before unwasted and untried
And left them hopeless, ruined, in despair.

Thus had she lived, success she boasted hers
And loved the life of coquetry she led,
And counted with exultant victory
The hearts whose love for her had long been dead,
Some in a real, some in a living grave.
No pangs seemed ever to disturb her calm,
Mercy was not to her a transient guest,
Estella, ever gayest of the gay,
With countless fascinating talents blest,
Was said by many to possess no heart.
She reigned a feared yet a resistless queen,
No other dared with her rare charms compete;
She caught her victim with a smile, a glance,
She left him in the dust, low at her feet
And mocked his frail endeavors to arise.

Ah, fair Estella! Can that lovely smile
Dimpling the cheek and pearly brow of youth,
So like the innocence it should have been,
Be but the masking of a dread untruth,
A thing of base, despised hypocrisy?
Can those fair words in cadence soft and sweet,
Befitting to a soul exalted, high,
Be but a garment by dark falsehood worn,
Or but a covering of a hidden lie,
A snare, a gilded cloak of vile deceit?
'Tis hard to think yet it is even so.
Thy bud of promise faded ere it bloomed,

Thy purity that might have been thy crown
Is in the grave of selfishness entombed,
Thy youth devoted at the shrine of pride;
We leave thee in thy thoughtless revelry,
Surrounded by the glories of a day,
Smiling and beautiful as any queen,
Amid the alluring brightness of display,
Gracefully joining in the giddy dance.

Chapter II (After the dance)

The lights had vanished from the deserted hall,
The floral festoons wither where they hang,
Unbroken silence reigns supremely where
Before glad sounds and merry music rang,
And overhead the moon looks coldly down.
Unbroken save by the night-owl's hideous screech,
And now and then a cart that rattles by,
The houses stand like dense, unbroken clouds,
In the pale light the moon and stars supply,
And in the east the roseate peep of dawn.

A sad, mysterious air pervades the place,
The banquet hall when all the guests depart,
Reminds one of a lonely sepulcher,
Hiding within it a once joyous heart,
And keeping silent vigil o'er the dead;
But where is now the ballroom's beauteous queen?
She sits alone beside a glowing hearth,
Not with the radiant smiles and sunny air,
By which she shone within the hall of Mirth,
For none are near to praise her loveliness.

Weary and petulant, she languidly
Watches the smoldering embers, 'till at last
The clock's shrill voice intrudes upon the muse,
Reminding her that time is flying fast;
And calling to the mystic land of dreams,
The sunbeams struggle through the window blinds,
And play for hours upon the chamber wall;
They strive to wake the dreamer from her sleep,
But all in vain; she does not heed their call,
And so the morn wears onward to the noon.

At last she wakens from a troubled dream,
The day far spent; a linnet in the oak
That shades her room trills forth a joyous lay;
The song no echo in her soul awoke,
For Nature held no varied charms for her;
Sauntering out along the garden walk
Sweet with the perfume of a thousand flowers,
She does not realize how fair they are;
Her mind is busy in the by-gone hours,
Rehearsing Fashion's fascinating toys.
The sunbeams kiss the violets at her feet,
The lilies tremble as she passes by,
The daisies from their beds of living green
Strain their bright eyes to view the clear blue sky,
The divers feed with fleecy Summer clouds.

She passes slowly on and comes at last
To a cool Summer-house o'errun with vines,
And sinks down on a sheltered rustic seat;
Over her head the fragrant jasmine twines,
And sports its snowy blossoms in the breeze,

But heeding not the beauty 'round her spread
Turns to the novel in her idle hand,
And soon is lost to all the world without,
Roaming within some fancied fairyland,
Mingling with heroines of charmed romance.

The story done, she lays the book aside,
And o'er her face falls an unpleasant cloud,
As conning some deep problem in her mind,
Unconsciously she speaks her thoughts aloud,
Thoughts not unlike the cloud her features wear :

"Shall I be baffled by a simple child,
In this one conquest I have vowed to win?
I shall have my way and gain my ends,
I never fail in what I once begin;
Estella, shall yet be a rival there,
He would avoid me, yes, 'tis well—
He knows his weakness, but I know my power—
She trusts him in her simple innocence,
But she will live to hate and rue the hour
When she presumed to wander in my way;
I will accomplish what I have begun,
What beauty and what wit have failed to do,
And they have very seldom failed before,
Scheming and stratagem shall carry through;
Yes, I will try the merits of my plan."

With a low laugh she rises from her seat,
And leaves the garden wrapped in solitude;
The birds have hushed their merry twitterings;
And o'er the flowers the twilight shadows brood;
The sun has said "good-night" and set behind the hills.

Chapter III (Lucia)

All day the rain fell in a tedious drizzle,
All day a dreary wind blew cold and chill,
The very air seemed clouded with depression,
Weighed down with doubts and murmurings until
The glorious sun burst from behind a cloud,
For a brief moment glancing on the raindrops,
Setting the dripping roofs aglow with light,
Making bright gems of every pearly crystal,
Painting sweet Hope upon the clouds of night,
In the bright bow that spanned the impending gloom;

Only a moment, then a cloud came over
And hid the vision in its misty fold,
Shutting the bright transforming gates of beauty,
Leaving but raindrops for the gems of gold,
Erasing the great Artist's marvelous lines.

Lucia stood watching the slow rain falling,
Gazing with a sense of awe upon the change,
Such a brief, unexpected transformation
Wakened her mind to feelings new and strange;
And then the transient inspiration vanished
Almost before she realized its beauty,
Almost before the fullness of its dawn;
She looked and lo, the clouds were touched with glory,
She looked and lo, the shining bow was gone,
And the dark clouds hung heavy as before;
But with it went her hopelessness and sadness,
And the deep crushing weight of untold grief,
Leaving instead a promise for the future;
O Vision, thy existence was but brief,
But thy sweet influence cannot be forgotten!

She stood a moment with her eyes uplifted,
Scanning the heavens for one last lingering sign,
Or one last token of the wondrous promise
Writ in the purest light of trust divine,
And looked upon by eyes undimmed by sin;
Then sitting down, burst into bitter weeping,
Shedding the tears that long refused to flow,
But had been falling drop by drop unnoticed,
Wearing away with steady steps but slow
The youth and gladness of her fresh young heart.

A letter lay upon her open desk,
A letter not yet sealed, a little ring
Lay glittering by it in the shadowy light;
Why had the presence of that sable wing
Left on this fair young head its withering blight?
Alas! the fairest, frailest barque must meet the storm!
At last she rises with a fresh resolve,
Rises as one braced for a coming blast,
Firm is the hand that seals a just decree,
Calm is the soul whose victory is past,
Who soars triumphant on the wing of Faith;
The shades of night fall silently about her,
O, do not wake her from her peaceful sleep!
O, do not wake sweet dreams to real trials!
O, do not wake the tearless eyes to weep!

Hush! let no footfall break her calm repose;
What is this thing, this quiet rest from troubles,
This sweet forgetfulness of tempests past,
This blessed gift to soul, to mind, to body?
O, do not break it, 'tis not long to last,
Let the tired spirit slumber while it may!
Yes, it will if when the heart is burdened,

Consciousness wanders into sweet repose,
For lost in sleep Nature finds strength and courage,
And for a time the heart no anguish knows,
While mind and soul regain their wasted strength.

Yes, let her sleep, assured that she will waken
Better prepared life's arduous tasks to meet,
Better prepared to find in paths of duty
True pearls of happiness strewn at her feet;
Poor tired child, thy idol was but clay;
May loving guardian angels 'round thee hover,
And twine their sweetest garlands through thy dreams;
What though the morn beheld but heavy clouds,
The starlight floods the night with holiest beams;
Surely at eventide it shall be light!

Chapter IV (Despair)

Alone in the twilight with thoughts for companions,
He walks to and fro like a sentinel guard;
Once hopeful and handsome, but now every feature,
With a settled despair, like a heavy cloud, marred;

A hopelessness, pitiful in one so youthful,
Seems taking possession of body and soul;
No music can lift the dark shroud from his spirit,
No friend can the stone from its sepulcher roll.
Shall he go to the one who has trusted him fully?
But no, she can never believe him again;
Oh, why had he traded true worth for vain beauty,
That brought at the last but its merited pain!

Deserted by her who has led him to ruin,
And made of his honor a hideous lie,
He sees now his unblinded madness and folly
Standing out clear and plain when the dream has passed by,

And wearily gropes for some light in the darkness,
For some bow of promise the storm to abate,
But not a gleam comes to scatter its blackness,
And in low, husky whispers he murmurs: "Too late!"

Too late; oh, the darkest most horrible message
That ever chilled hope in the heart of the brave,
That ever hushed gladness to slumber forever,
That ever doomed beauty to fade in the grave!

Is there hope for him yet? (He looks wildly about him.)
No; not on the land where his day-star has set,
But perhaps on the ocean, the great surging ocean,
Sweet Mercy may comfort and solace him yet.

As the day dawn is breaking a strong iron-bound vessel
Launches out from the harbor to traverse the deep,
A calm, peaceful ocean lies tranquil before her,
As if tempests and breakers had fallen asleep;

One passenger stands on the deck, pale and haggard,
Gazing anxiously back to the receding shore,
As if fearing to lose the last glimpse for a moment
Of the hills that shall gladden his vision no more.

No kerchief for him flutters trembling with feeling,
No loving farewell falls like balm on his ear,
But he stands like a statue surrounded by mourners,
And moves not a muscle and sheds not a tear;

But a bitterness deeper than tears or emotion
Makes the dark eyes grow darker, the pale face more white,
As the land of his fathers, the home of his childhood,
Grows dim in the distance and fades from his sight.

Farewell, noble ship, may the waves bear thee onward,
'Till in some sunny harbor thy anchor is cast,
And oh, mighty deep, may thy wonderful music,
Bring mercy and peace to the erring at last!

Chapter V (The wreck)

A storm fierce and sudden swept over the waters,
The lightning's red gleam glanced afar on the wave,
A mingling of voices in helpless appealing,
A struggle in vain from a watery grave;

A man clings alone to a fragment of timber,
His eye on the tempest, his thoughts far away,
Traversing the past with its thousand green islands,
And the mirage that beckoned his footsteps astray.

The cold, chilling sea-spray all glistening and sparkling
Falls damp on his brow, but it breaks not the chain
That binds him to days that have vanished forever,
And wakens the dream of his boyhood again.

He thinks of the love that for him never faltered,
'Till slighted by cruel untruth and neglect,
And the heartless coquette whose unprincipled scheming
Had the hope of two lives in an evil hour wrecked;

A bitter remorse for the past and the present
Sweeps over his soul as he faces his doom,
And with one last look upward, one low-breathed petition,
He welcomes the breakers and owns them his tomb.

As the eagles exultantly sweep o'er their victim,
So the surges triumphantly hurl him from sight,
And over the spot where a thousand had struggled,
The waves in a transport of victory unite.

Around their lone graves no sad mourners shall gather,
To bring floral offerings glistening with tears,
But the blue waves shall wreath graceful anchors and crosses
Of seaweed and coral to lay on their bier.

No dirges shall echo through aisles and through arches,
No gravestones for these shall stand lonely and grim;
But sleeping with those who sank long years before them,
The surges shall chant their funeral hymn.

We might weep for the weak could we catch for a moment
A glimpse of the pearls in the sea's hidden crown,
Where clasped to the heart of the faithless and friendless,
A little gold band and a ringlet went down.



*"They grew where waters tumbled down
In little falls and whirlings,"*

EASTER LILIES

They grew where waters tumbled down
In little falls and whirlings,
A canyon, where wild maidenhair
Grew thick, and little frog-choirs sung
Their Easter melodies among
The fern-fronds green uncurling;
Oh, I can almost see the spot,
So shaded, cool and stilly,
Whence came the creamy delicate
Sweet Easter wild star-lily!

Every day is a little life
To live at our very best,
Every night is a little death
When the weary workers rest;
If we make each day a small success
The sum of our days cannot be less.

Though scattered be my mortal dust
By worm, or wind, or wave,
Oh, priceless is the Christian trust!
My God shall mark my grave.

SOMETIME IN HEAVEN

Sometimes when the world grows old and stale,
When our best seems only to try and fail,
When we raise up to God the bitter cry,
When we sit in the darkness and question "Why,"
Then comes an answer on Mercy's wings,
To hover above all these vexing things,
With its triumph of wrong and defeat of good,—
"In Heaven earth shall be understood."

With freshened thought and heart more light,
To gain the mountain's rugged height,
While joy the pulses thrill,
To see no summit crowned above,
To know, to realize, to love,
The everlasting hills.

My Soul's a harp
Whose music never sleeps
Through Summer's smiles, through Winter's wails and weeps,
Upon its pulsing chords Life plays her strain
Of gladness or of grief, of peace or pain;
My Soul's a harp, a golden harp to me,
Prisoning Earth's sublimest melody.

A QUESTION

I might have died then,
I, who was so near
The shadowy entrance to the land of peace;
And oh, how much of sorrow would have swept
In a deep river o'er me where I slept;
But no, someone prayed long and earnestly
And a white angel stooped,
Or God's hand reached,
And drew me back from rest that men call—death,
Yes, drew me back from rest to life's unrest,
And could it have been best?

Wake, Jubal, wake, thou father of song!
Thy children mourn, for thy sleep hath been long;
Gather the notes from the vocal spheres,
And sing of the dead and the living years;
Send the first note from thine organ key
To startle the centuries yet to be.

Keep fresh the sweet legacies, love, music, beauty,
The poetry twined with life's barren thorn-wreath,
For hard and bereft were the pathway of duty
With no sunshine above and no roses beneath.

THE BLOOMED BUD

Poor, distorted little rose
Not yet ready to uncloze,
Who's to blame for all your woes?

What impatient little sprite
Wrought your ruin and your blight?
Torn and rumped, such a plight.

Active fingers could not wait,
Sunbeams were too slow and late,
Strangest wonders they create.

I saw a rosebud folded close
Just waiting to expand,
Each petal of the perfect rose
Formed by an Artist hand
Lay like a tiny satin scroll,
Only a sunbeam could unroll.

Faithful be the friends who love you,
Rainbow hope your clouds dispel,
Ever smile the sky above you,
Daily gladness with you dwell.

WHERE TRUE WISDOM IS GAINED

Not from the schools of learning,
Not from the halls of pride,
Not from the breeze returning
Over the murmuring tide;

Not from the words of sages,
Not from fair Beauty's shrine,
Not from the stores of ages,
But from a source divine.

You may traverse the paths of knowledge,
That millions before have trod,
But if a man lack wisdom,
Let him ask of God.

My heart is like the butterfly,—
One Summer to anticipate,
One Summer full of glorious things
Wherein to flutter happy wings—
Then Winter and her fate.

Lift up thine eyes unto the hills
Whence all thy help must come,
Thy path, so strewn with care and ills,
Is but to lead thee Home.

CHERRY TIME
(In Santa Clara Valley)

Merrily mounting ladder and limb,
The cherry-picker swings his pail of tin,
The chimney's purple spiral
Curling through the morning mist,
The wild rose-linnet's carol
From the cherry orchard, list!
Ripple of laugh and repartee
Vibrating gaily from tree to tree,
Maidens in fresh-ironed calicoes
Sit in the packing-house in rows.
Merrily mounting ladder and limb,
The cherry-picker swings his pail of tin.

How often Virtue rears an humble stone,
In shade of Vice's sculptured mausoleum;
The greatest heroes Truth has ever known,
Error and Ignorance hastened to condemn.

FORGET NOT GOD

One prayer my heart would write in pearls,
One wish in gold or jewels bright,
And keep unmoved when life's mad whirls
Can never hurl it from God's sight;
And this my heart's best prayer would be :
"My God, may I remember Thee !"

The dizzy march of all things seen,
The idle talk of all things heard,
How high a wall they build between
God's children and His living word ;
'Till wake they oft to reap regret
Among the Nations who forget.

Goodness is the only greatness,
Titled Infamy is small,
Just as Truth's the only wisdom,
Error nothing learned at all.

Whose is the hand so masterful that touched to life and being
Such wondrous pictures everywhere that man is slow in
seeing?

Wherever human feet have trod
Are beauteous paintings wrought of God
In earth and air and ocean.

A villain may be a lover,
A fraud brief service lend.
But it takes the worth of this tired old earth,
To make a lasting friend.

Up rugged steeps thy toilsome way must go,
If thou wouldst heights of endless sunshine know.



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